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IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS

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IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS

By

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PREFACE

THIS book is the outcome of a month spent in Greece in the early spring of 1905. From my own experience, I am led to hope that other travellers will find their pleasure in visiting scenes of classic association increased by reading on the spot passages from the ancient poets and story-tellers, which those scenes recall.

The following pages contain a number of such passages, connected by a slender thread of narrative.

Many of the passages are very famous, and have already been admirably translated. My only excuse for offering new translations of these is that, as the best translation in the world can only partly reproduce the *feeling* of an original poem, each new translation may possibly contain something which will contribute its mite towards the unattainable total.

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“SHIP OF THE PHEACIANS,” CORCYRA *Frontispiece*
GORGE OF THE CASTALLIAN SPRING,
DELPHI *Vignette on Title*

NOTE ON THE TRANSLATIONS

IN most of the translations I aim to be as nearly literal as possible. I usually reproduce hexameters by hexameters, and Iambic trimeters by blank verse. It seems quite impossible to reproduce in English the more difficult meters without wide departure from the original words. In such cases I make an attempt either by an occasional rhymed ending, or by a faint echo of the general rhythm, to preserve something of the ancient lyrical spirit. When this has seemed impossible, all that I have attempted is a division of the passages into verses of lengths varying somewhat in harmony with those of the original.

For the sake of variety, I have done a few passages into English rhymed verse. In these instances the translation is, of course, less literal.

The spelling of proper names is not strictly consistent. Where a name has become thoroughly anglicized, I use the familiar spelling.

The original text of the principal poetical passages is printed in the Appendix.

IN GREECE WITH THE CLASSICS

CHAPTER I

ACROPOLIS

THE historian, the archæologist, and the architect have told the world so much about the Acropolis that a detailed account of the buildings would be superfluous in these pages. It is purposed rather to invoke the ancient writers of song and story to repeat to us the legends of the Holy Hill.

The Acropolis rises high over the city and is seldom out of the sight or the thoughts of the traveller. One acquires the habit of visiting it nearly every day. As we mount the crowded streets and long stone stairways leading from the lower town on the north, we pause for a moment near the spot once occupied by the Prytaneum, or we search in vain for traces of the Temple of the Dioscuri which must have been somewhere near. We lift the eyes and high above us we see, built into the walls, the drums of the ancient Temple of Athene

which were utilized in the rebuilding of the Acropolis fortification after the Persian War. Lower down we catch sight of a small opening in the jagged rocks, and after a rough and difficult scramble, the opening enlarges and we find ourselves at the entrance of the grotto of Aglauros.

Aglauros was one of the three daughters of Cecrops, the ancient king of Athens. Her sisters were Herse and Pandrosos. To the care of the three princesses Athene committed the mysterious infant Erichthonius. The child was hidden in a chest which the goddess bade the sisters by no means to open. Pandrosos obeyed the injunction, but Aglauros could not be content. The chest was opened, and behold an infant with a serpent coiled about him. Smitten with terror or with the madness of remorse, the sisters leaped from the cliff and perished. At this very time Athene was busy at the work of fortifying her beloved citadel, and was carrying a small mountain through the air to buttress the northern wall. A crow brought her the news of the opening of the chest, and in her agitation and rage, she dropped the mountain which now dominates the town as Lycabettus. The crow, as bearer of ill-tidings, was forbidden thenceforth to light on the Acropolis.

Another tale relates that Athene, to punish Aglauros for her curiosity, inspired her with jealousy of her sister Herse, who was loved by the god Hermes.

In punishment Hermes turned her to stone. Yet another version of the story of Aglauros tells that she leaped from the cliff to save her country, when an oracle had demanded a victim as the price of victory in war.

It was doubtless in connection with this nobler tradition that in after times, when the Youth of Athens reached the age of military service, they received in this cave the shield and spear, and in the name of Aglauros, took the oath of devotion to their country. Henceforth “They¹ swear to regard as the boundaries of Attica, ‘The Wheat, the Barley, the Vine and the Olive;’ being taught to consider as their own all lands that are cultivated and fruitful.”

When Pisistratus wished to disarm the citizens, that his tyranny might be the more secure, he bade them all bring their weapons to the Anakeion.² “They came, and his henchmen advancing took away the arms and deposited them in the sacred precinct of Aglauros.”

We enter the cave, and overhead, in the dim light, we can make out a staircase hewn in the rock. Wooden steps doubtless continued this to the floor of the cave in ancient times. It was the staircase of the maidens who, at the yearly festival, carried a mysterious chest down from the Erechtheum

¹ Plutarch: *Alcib.*, 15.

² Temple of the Dioscuri a little below the grotto.

through the cavern to the precinct of Eileithyia in the city below. To the westward of the grotto, another stairway climbs the steep rocks — the Makrae,¹ as they were called, — and leads to the Pandroseum, the open platform lying to the westward of the Erechtheum and named for the good sister Pandrosos. It is a difficult climb. This is the way² by which Herodotus tells us³ the Persians, after many fruitless efforts to capture the Acropolis, at last succeeded in effecting an entrance. They quickly massacred the remnant who stayed behind when the rest of the Athenians had fled to Salamis, and they burned and destroyed everything in the Citadel. Yet though they burned the sacred olive planted by Athene herself, lo, within two days, the immortal tree shot up higher than before.

We follow a difficult path to the westward along a slightly lower level. In a few minutes we come to a second grotto — that of Pan — bestowed on the god in gratitude for his assistance at the battle of Marathon. Euripides, who is not sensitive about chronology, tells us how Pan was wont to sit in his cave and pipe for the maidens to dance in the Pandroseum overhead:

¹ Long Rocks.

² Or possibly the above mentioned staircase inside the grotto.

³ Herodotus, viii. 53 and 55.

“ Oh ¹ thou haunt of the mighty Pan,
Rock by the Long Cliff cavernous,
Where with their feet the sisters three,
 Aglauros’ ² daughters fair,
Oft tread their dances beside the fane
Of Pallas, over the verdant lawn,
In time to the varied sound of Hymn
 When thou art piping there;

“ Oh Pan, within thy cavern grot,
 Where once of old a maid,
A mother too, ah hapless one!
 Her tender infant laid —
Offspring of Phoebus — as a feast
 To winged creatures wild,
And bloody banquet to the beast
 She left her helpless child.

“ Ah dreadful deed! — the fruit
Of union bitter — never have I learned
 In tapestry embroidered,
 Nor yet in story told,
That happiness to mortal’s lot
Hath been vouchsafed through offspring god-
begot,
 Now or in days of old.”

¹ Eurip.: Ion, 492-508.

² The mother of the maidens was also called Aglauros.

The Western Grotto — that of Apollo — is less interesting in itself, though lately it has figured in Dr. Dörpfeld's able exposition of controverted topographical problems.¹ According to Pausanias, it was here and not in Pan's cave that Apollo begat Ion. The walls are covered with shallow niches for votive offerings similar to those in Aphrodite's sanctuary in the pass of Daphne.

We climb a rough staircase only to find our upward way blocked by modern masonry. We stoop, however, and enter at the left a low chamber, used at one time as a Christian chapel — “Of the Apostles” — and adorned with rude Christian paintings. In the centre is the mouth of the cistern called Clepsydra, which supplied the water-clock in the Tower of the Winds in the city below. When, during the war of Independence, the Turks were besieged in the Acropolis, they were in sore straits for want of water. After the citadel was won by the Greeks, Odysseus Andritsos built a wall enclosing the Clepsydra, and the supply was secure.² The name “Water-Stealer” refers to the frequent fluctuations in the depth of the well.

Traces of masonry below the shrine of Apollo mark the beginning of the Pelasgicon. This was an ancient precinct, extending from this point round

¹ See chapter ix, line 1, note.

² Long before this, in the early days of Athens, Cylon and his conspirators suffered from thirst in the same manner.

the western end of the Acropolis, and along the southern slope nearly to the sanctuary of Asclepios. It was against the law to erect buildings in the enclosure. Just after the Persian War, however, when the Athenians returned from Salamis, they were permitted to live here temporarily.

A little to the northwest there rises a rough rock with a gloomy cavern in its eastern side. To most people it is a disappointment to learn that this barren, uninteresting place is the famous Areopagus, believed by many to be the Hill of Mars,¹ where St. Paul stood, and, with the great temples of the Periclean Age full in view, declared to the Athenians that "The Lord who made Heaven and Earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands." A few rough steps lead to the top of the rock, and there are some traces here of the spot where the great Life and Death Tribunal sat. We are told of two stones on which plaintiff and defendant used to stand. The one was called the Stone of Outrage, the other the Stone of Shamelessness. The court was sanctified by the goddess Athene herself, when Orestes was tried here for the murder of his mother. The vote was a tie, and the goddess decreed that forever after a tie should mean acquittal. The Plaintiff Furies in their rage and disappointment threatened dire consequences to the

¹ The name Areopagus may not refer to the God Ares. The meaning is perhaps The Hill of the *'Apai*, i. e. Curses.

land, until at last they were appeased by Athene, and induced to take up their abode in a cavern beneath the rock, where they were henceforth to be honoured as Eumenides — Reverend Well-Wishers. The end of the great Trilogy of Aeschylus represents the solemn procession which conducts the Eumenides to their new abode. Blessings unbounded are now invoked upon the land, reversing the former imprecations.

Chorus of Eumenides: “ Oh¹ hail, all hail in the blessings of wealth —

Hail ye people of the town, ye whose dwelling is near Zeus.

Loved of the beloved Maid, blest with wisdom now at last

High in the esteem of Zeus, since 'neath Pallas' wing ye rest.

Athene: “ All hail ye as well, but first I must go

To show you the place of your future abode,
By the sacred torches of these your guides,
With sacrifice solemn, your path we attend.

Go, haste 'neath the Earth, every evil henceforth
To keep from our land, but all blessings to send
To our city victorious ever.

¹ Aeschylus: Eum., 949.

And ye lead the way for these our new guests,
Oh Kranaos' sons, ye guards of the State,
 And be good their intent
Of every good thing to the people.

Chorus: “ Oh hail, all hail again in portion double!
All ye dwellers in the land, deities and mortal men —
Ye who Pallas' city sway, — and if ye my dwelling place
Shall with piety revere, no disaster need ye dread.”
• • • • •

Marshals of the Procession: “ Go to your homes,
ye Mighty Ones, high honoured;
Children of Night, by joyful throng attended —
 Keep holy silence, people of the land!
'Neath ancient darkness of the lurking-places
Of Earth, with honourable off'rings splendid, —
 Keep holy silence, all ye citizens!

“ Propitious and kind to our land
Come hither, oh reverend train,
With torch brightly burning your glad path discerning;
Ye people respond to our strain,
 With shout of rejoicing again.

“ Libation and torchlight attend.
For Zeus hath vouchsafed to descend
As champion all-seeing, and Fate too, agreeing; —
Ye people respond to our strain,
With shout of rejoicing again.”

We mount the long flight of steps leading to the citadel, and stop to rest on the platform of the Niké Apteros Temple. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there was left of the beautiful little temple not one stone upon another, when Ross discovered its fragments built into a Turkish bastion. Wonderful to relate, little of importance was missing, except a piece of the frieze taken by Lord Elgin to London. The temple was rebuilt in 1835 in almost unimpaired beauty.

“ Most holy Victory, my life attend
Nor weary, crowns bestowing! ”¹

“ From ² this place there is a wide view over the sea, and here Aegeus having thrown himself down, as they say, perished. For the ship which carried the youths and maidens to Crete, put to sea with black sails. Now Theseus — for he sailed forth with some confidence against the so-called Bull of Minos — agreed with his father that he would use

¹ Eurip.: Iph. Aul. end.

² Pausanias, i. 22. 5.

white sails, if he should sail homeward victorious over the Bull. But he forgot all this, when he carried off Ariadne. Accordingly Aegeus, when he saw the ship approaching with black sails, supposing his son to have perished, hurled himself from the height and was destroyed." The "wide view over the sea" well deserves its fame.

In Plato's *Phaedo* we learn how the expedition of Theseus influenced the circumstances of the death of Socrates.¹

Phaedo. "It chanced that on the day before the trial the wreath had been hung on the stern of the ship which the Athenians are wont to despatch to Delos."

Echecrates. "What ship is that?"

Phaedo. "That refers to the vessel — as the Athenians say — in which once upon a time Theseus carried the 'twice seven' to Crete, and wrought them deliverance and was delivered himself. Now they vowed then to Apollo, as it is said, that if they should be delivered, they would conduct a sacred embassy to Delos each year. And they despatch this embassy yearly in honour of the god from that day even until now. Therefore, when they begin the mission, it is their custom to keep the city pure from defilement during that space and to put no

¹ Plato: *Phaedo*, 58a and b.

man to death publicly, until the ship come to Delos and return hither again. And this is sometimes a long interval of time, when it happens that winds detain them. And the beginning of the mission is the moment when the priest of Apollo places a wreath on the stern of the ship. And this took place, as I say, the day before the trial. So then a long time elapsed for Socrates in the prison, the time between his trial and his death."

Upon the Niké platform once stood the group of the Three Graces by Socrates. The imagination finds it difficult to connect the good old sage with such work, and the archæologists are inclined to doubt the authorship. It must be remembered, however, that Socrates was the son of a sculptor, and we can find in his sayings hints of a special devotion to the Graces as well as of his practical knowledge of the art of sculpture.

" For ¹ what without the Graces is by man
To be desired? Ever be my lot
Beside the Graces cast."

" Of ² waters of Cephisus sharing,
Ye who dwell in the land of goodly steeds.

¹ Theoc.: 16. 108.

² Pindar : Ol., xiv. 1-17.

Oh theme of poet's song, oh Queens
 Of bright Orchomenus,
Ye Graces, guardians of the ancient Minyaean,
 Hear when I pray.

“For with you all that is delightsome,
 All that is sweet,
On mortals is bestowed,
If one be wise or fair or splendid.

“For not without the Graces holy,
Even the gods rule dance or festival;
But ministers of all in heaven,
Their throne they set beside Apollo Pythian,
And reverence the glory everlasting
 Of their Olympian Sire.

“Aglaia queenly and Euphrosyne,
 Lover of songs, oh hearken!
Ye daughters of the mightiest of gods.
And thou Thalia who in hymns delightest,
This joyful troop beholding
Beneath the smile of Fortune
As with light step it treadeth.”

The Propylaea seems, next after the Parthenon, to have been the building in which the Athenians took the greatest pride. It is indeed a glorious entrance to the glorious sanctuary. The great

buildings of the Acropolis have, however, been often described. Let us rather note minor details of our stroll about the citadel, which recall some tale or excite some reflection of interest.

We enter the mighty gate, passing the northwest wing which was once adorned with the paintings of Polygnotus,¹ and the southwest wing, altered and cramped from the original design. The ancient precinct of Artemis Brauronia near by might not be entrenched upon. Just inside the entrance is the base of a monument which recalls the care and affection bestowed by Pericles on the works undertaken, during his administration, for the adornment of his City. One of the workmen employed on the roof of the Propylaea, fell and was seriously injured. In gratitude for a miraculous recovery, the head of the State himself caused a votive offering in honour of Hygeia, the goddess of healing, to be erected on this base.

In spring the rock is carpeted with wild flowers, which peep out between the innumerable fragments of masonry and sculpture lying about the whole inclosure. Anemones of all colours, daisies, asphodels, and certain beautiful pink and yellow

¹ One of the pictures represented Polyxena. A Greek epigram tells us that "The whole story of Troy might be read in her eyes." Protogenes painted for the Propylaea a picture of the Paralos, one of the two State ships of Athens.

flowers unfamiliar to foreign eyes, spring up wherever there is enough soil, and supply in some measure the brightness of colouring which must have pervaded the scene in ancient times. To understand why the undoubted custom of using colour on the sculptural and architectural details did not strike as vulgar and gaudy this most sensitive of peoples, we must try to recall the brilliant surroundings, in the days when the gaily dressed throng advanced in the Panathenaic procession along a road lined on both sides with innumerable votive offerings. All the bright bronze and gilded chariots and shrines are gone, and there remains only the hard rock of the road bed, deeply rutted by the ancient wheels. Naturally then it is not easy for us to realize that a statue or building of unrelieved whiteness might have seemed cold and cheerless to the eyes of the festal throngs.

As we advance towards the Erechtheum, we pause with interest at the remains of the pedestal on which stood one of the three colossal statues designed by Phidias. This was the Athene Promachos, champion warrior goddess, less serene and calmly beautiful than the gold and ivory maiden of the Parthenon hard by; but dear to the sailor and to the traveller returning from abroad.

For “ of ¹ this Athene the point of the spear and

¹ Paus., i. 28. 2.

the crest of the helmet become visible to those approaching by sea from Sunium."

The statue was of bronze from the spoils "of the Medes who landed at Marathon."

In the *Odyssey* (viii, 80 and 81) the Goddess Athene "came to Marathon and entered the stoutly-built house of Erechtheus."

This building—

" Where ¹ first Athene brought to light
The shoot of the gray olive
— A heavenly crown —
And ornament to brilliant Athens," —

has lately undergone a good deal of restoration. The work has been well done, and has doubtless preserved from ruin the famous North Porch which has served as a model for so many doorways. The Porch of the "Caryatides" is more beautiful than photographs might lead us to expect, and we recall the pretty modern saying that "These maidens in their mournful dignity are thinking of their sister in distant London."

It was in or near the Pandroseum, on the western side of the Erechtheum, that the great discovery was made in 1886 of the charming statues of archaic maidens. These are now in the Acropolis Museum.

¹ Eurip.: *Tro.*, 799.

One grows more and more to admire — even love — these dear ladies. One has somewhat the feeling about them that one has about the maidens of Botticelli, while to the historian of art they are of inestimable value.

South of the Erechtheum may be seen many traces of the Old Temple which stood here before the Persian War. These ruins are of great interest to the archæologist, but are not easy for a layman to comprehend. We pass gigantic drums of prostrate columns and at last enter the Parthenon. Even in its wrecked condition the wonderful temple overwhelms the senses, the head, and above all the heart. What it must have been in the days of its glory we cannot attempt to conceive; but though shorn of almost all ornament, and with most of its columns overthrown, it is still the Parthenon. Stand where the great statue stood and look East to Lycabettus,¹ over which the morning sun still climbs; or mount the little stairway that leads to the southwestern corner of the roof, and gaze down over the valley of the Ilissus or across the bay to Aegina; or sit on the western steps with the back resting in one of the flutings of a mighty column, looking forth to the far mountains of the Peloponnesus, as the sun sinks behind Salamis, and darkness steals across Piraeus and the Attic plain; — it is

¹ *Light-trodden*, according to a now abandoned etymology.

still overwhelmingly the Parthenon, though London claims the greater part of the frieze and pediment and metopes, and though much of what remains is battered beyond recognition or has perished utterly. The western frieze is beautiful still, and several of the best slabs of the eastern frieze are preserved in the little Acropolis Museum whither we next bend our steps, to spend a happy hour among the queer monsters from the archaic temple, and the fine work of Pisistratid and early Phidian times.

As we emerge and stroll along the south wall of the Acropolis, we pass the site of the famous votive offering of Attalus, replicas of the chief figures of which are to be found in many of the museums of Europe. To one of these figures is undoubtedly owed the inspiration which produced the “Dying Gaul.” We are told that part of this offering was once blown over the wall by a mighty wind, and was found in the theatre of Dionysus below.

We descend from the Acropolis and take the path leading to the left along the southern slope. Skirting the top row of seats of the well-preserved Odeum of Herodes Atticus,—a public-spirited benefactor of the Roman epoch, who built this monument to the memory of his wife Regilla,—one passes a succession of fragmentary remains of old Pelasgic work, and finally reaches the much ruined precinct

of Asclepios,¹ where it is still possible to drink a cup of the healing water of Hygeia's fountain.

One is glad to rest in the theatre of Dionysus, and dream of the scenes enacted here. Though nearly all the present building dates from a period far later than the days of the Mighty Four, yet here is the very spot where the most intelligent audience in the world met at the festival of the God to witness the great dramatic contests. Here were enacted the woes of the cursed line of Pelops, and the horrors of the house of Oedipus; here Prometheus made his immortal appeal against the tyranny of the gods; here Alcestis taught the depths of woman's self-immolating love; and here too, in joyful hours, the holiday crowd took its delight in the merry squibs flung at their wiseacres and demagogues.²

Above our heads just under the Acropolis walls near the cave of Hagia Speliotissa stand two columns. They are relics of a Choragic victory, and as we turn our steps homeward to the modern city, we pass close to another such memorial, the beautiful little Corinthian monument of Lysicrates.

¹ The precinct of Asclepios is familiar to us in the amusing account in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, of the cure performed in this place upon the blind god of wealth. It is a ludicrous medley of charlatan priest, sham patient, gluttonous old woman, thievish servant, and medical hocus-pocus.

² In the days when good-natured Socrates stood up during a performance of the *Clouds*, to give the spectators a good chance to compare him with his namesake on the stage.

CHAPTER II

COLONUS AND THE ACADEMY

PERHAPS most excursions in foreign lands should be made in the company of one or more friends. So much is gained by exchange of ideas, and so much of the beauty of nature is doubly enjoyable, when one feels that another is sympathetically affected, even if no word be spoken. The walk here described, however, should be a solitary one, at least for the first time. Afterwards the scenes may well be revisited and the memory refreshed by expression to a companion of that which at first was all impression.

Down the long hill from the northeast corner of the Acropolis slope to the Dipylon, we take our way through crooked streets and past somewhat bewildering ruins chiefly of Roman date. We receive a confusion of impressions of Athens Modern, Roman, and Hellenic; Athens Ecclesiastical, Commercial, Christian, and Pagan. First we pass the ugly Metropolitan: then a better Byzantine church; then a busy street of shops; an old monastery, a Roman Market Gate, and a portico of distorted

giants; then the calm Theseum high on the left, the railway station; and at last we reach the ruined City Gate, and the peaceful cemetery of the Outer Ceramicus.

We wander slowly among these tombs where sleep the ancient dead, the poor and the rich, the lowly and the great alike. Here we are particularly struck with the incredible productivity of Greek Art. Hundreds of the grave monuments of the Ceramicus are without special renown, and yet nearly every one is of great beauty. Most of the masterpieces have been taken to the Museum for shelter from the weather, but enough remain in place to give joy and wonder to the beholder, and send him on his way with high and holy thoughts. Here is the brave young knight who fell at Corinth, for ever striking down the foe beneath his rearing charger; beyond is the great lady, taking her necklace from the jewel-case held by her comely maid; near by is the splendid charging bull; the great hound with the upward glance of despair; the grave elder with his wife and sons; and at last the pathetic empty tombs consisting of four simple gray slabs and lid. This scene of solemnity and beauty is surely a fitting place in which to bid farewell to the city and the works of man, before turning our steps onward to nature and the Attic spring time.

It was in the first year of the Peloponnesian War

that Pericles uttered on this spot the famous funeral-oration preserved for us by Thucydides:

“ I¹ will begin first with our forefathers. For it is right and seemly on such an occasion, to lay at their feet this tribute of remembrance. For the same stock, ever dwelling in this land, have handed it down free through their virtue by succession of descendants to this day. They are worthy of all praise, and of greater praise still our own sires are deserving. For, after winning in addition to their inheritance, the great dominion we now rule, they transmitted it intact to us not without toil on their part.

“ But I pass on to the encomium of these men. For I deem it were not idly spoken, and that this mighty throng of citizens and strangers would hear the same with profit.”

“ For we enjoy a polity which needs not emulate the laws of our neighbours, but which rather serves them as model. . . .”

So began the proud oration. Athens, the true democracy of Moderation, the home of Piety, and of all that adorns civilized life — this was the theme of Pericles, and we can picture to ourselves the great crowd as it departed from the cemetery filled with undying devotion to such a fatherland, and with

¹ Thuc., ii. 36.

high resolution to face for her sake all that the oncoming days of war and pestilence might have in store.

“ And¹ more — we have provided for the spirit resting places after toil, religious games and services throughout the year, adorned with the grace and beauty our own liberality provides, the joy of which day by day makes us forget our sorrows. Through the greatness of our state, all things flow hither from all the world, and it falls to our lot to reap with no more familiar enjoyment the blessings our own land provides than those which come to us from alien peoples. . . . In our education, our sons by toilsome effort from their earliest youth pursue the path of manliness. . . . We love the Beautiful with chastened taste, and pursue Philosophy without effeminate weakness. Wealth we enjoy more as furnishing opportunity for deeds, than as occasion for empty boast; and it is no shame to confess poverty. . . .

“ Wherefore also I have dwelt at length on our polity, in order to teach the lesson that for us the struggle is for a far nobler stake than it is for those who share in no such blessings; and also in order to manifest by illustration the praise of those concerning whom I now speak. And the chief part of the eulogy has been spoken. For the brave deeds

¹ Thuc., ii. 38.

of these and such as these have adorned the tale of our city which I have told, and not in the case of many Greeks could words and deeds balance thus equally in the scale. . . . And these our dead were such in their lives in wise beseeming such a city. But it behoves the survivors to pray that they may maintain a spirit more fortunate in the event, perhaps, but not a whit less daring towards the foe. . . . For of famous men the whole world is sepulchre; and not only the inscriptions written on their steles at home proclaim their story, but even in alien lands, the unwritten remembrance of their spirit even more than of their deeds abides in every man. Do you then emulate these men to-day and, holding that Happiness consists in Liberty, and Liberty in Stoutness of Soul, shrink not from the dangers of war. For it is not the wretched who have no hope of good, who should more justly be unsparing of their lives; but those in whose case the opposite lot in life is still in the balance, and in whose fortunes the change will be most tremendous, if in aught they stumble."

The road¹ leads northward for about a mile, until it passes the foot of a bare hill which rises on the right. It is a dreary little hill. Scant grass, gray pebbles, red, muddy soil, no trees. A forlorn and

¹ Near this road was the house of Timon, the hater of his kind. This was also the course of the torch race held in honour of Prometheus.

ugly place. But the view is the recompense. The hill commands a beautiful prospect of the Acropolis-crowned city, the Attic mountains, the olive groves of the Cephisian Plain, the road winding up the pass of Daphne, Salamis, Aegina, and the glorious sea. To the north the Plain of Attica is defended by the range of Mount Parnes. The clouds float over our heads from the mountain towards the city as they did in days of old to alight on the stage of the theatre of Dionysus.

“ Let¹ us rise to view
Clouds ever floating,
Of nature unstable,
Shining with dew.

From our Father Ocean groaning deep
To tree-clad mountain-summits steep,
Where our far-gazing watch
O'er the sacred soil,
Moist with its fruitage,
We still maintain.
And we hear the murmurs
Of holy rivers,
And the roar of the heavy-thundering main.

“ For the eye of Ether unwearyed gleams,
Bright with its marble-dazzling beams.

¹ Aristoph.: *Clouds*, 275 ff.

“ But cast we aside our wrapping of storms,
And gaze over Earth
With eye far-seeing,
Clad in our native immortal forms.

• • • • •

“ Virgins Rain-bearing,
Let us go to the radiant
Country of Pallas,
Of Heroes daring.
Of Cecrops the lovely land to behold,
Of the awful sacred rites untold,
Where the mystic shrine
With service pious
Is opened wide;
And gifts most rare,
And high-roofed fanes
With images holy,
And the pomp of the blessed ones are there.

“ And service and festival fair-crowned
In every season still abound.

“ And the Bacchic mirth as the Spring ad-
vances,
And the heavy murmuring
Music of flutes,
And the joy of the sweet-resounding dances.”

Colonus itself is incredible. For this desolate hill is the one of which Sophocles sang. In his old age the poet was accused of imbecility, and, instead of making a defence, he read before his judges the famous ode in praise of his birthplace, thereby giving proof that his fires were burning undimmed.

“ To ¹ the fairest spot in the land, oh guest,
Of steeds of goodly training,

Thou art come, to Colonus the gleaming-
white,

Where the nightingale, loud complaining,

“ With wail incessant doth fill the grove,
In the verdant coppice hidden,
Where the ivy dark is her haunting-place,
And the shrine of the god, forbidden

“ To mortal footstep — the leafy shrine
With myriad fruitage teeming,
Unshaken by breath of wildest storm,
Unscorched by the sunlight gleaming.

“ There the reveller-god, Dionysus, oft
In the midst of his nymphs attendant —
His nurses divine — doth lead the dance,
And with heavenly dew resplendent,

¹ Soph.: Oed., Col., 668 ff.

“ Narcissus, of mightiest Goddess-Pair
The chaplet in ancient story,
Its lovely clusters each passing day
Unfoldeth in constant glory.

“ And golden gleameth the crocus bright,
Nor ever the Springs unsleeping
Which feed the streams of Cephisus fail,
In their task through the meadows creeping.

“ But still unstinted from day to day
O'er the land's broad bosom streaming,
The river poureth its stainless flood
With swiftest foison teeming.

“ Nor the holy band of the Muses nine,
As they ply their mystic dancing,
Nor Aphrodite the golden-reined
Avoid the spot entrancing.”

It was at this blessed place that weary Oedipus heard the voice which bade him rest at last from his long sorrow, and here the exile found peace.

Messenger: “ But ¹ when he came to where the path descends,
With brazen pavement rooted in the earth
He stayed at one of many parted ways,

¹ Soph.: Oed., Col., 1590 ff.

Near to a hollow, where Pirithoüs
And Theseus made their ever-faithful league.
Halting 'twixt this and the Thorician Rock,
Beside the Hollow Sloe and stony vault,
He sat him down, and loosed his squalid robes,
And, calling to his daughters, bade them fetch
Baths and libations from some running stream.
But they their sire's behest fulfilling, climbed
Verdant Demeter's hill of prospect wide,
And in brief time the water fetched, and washed,
And with fresh garments clothed him, as is wont.
And when the task was done to his content,
And naught remained undone that he desired,
Zeus of the nether world loud thundered — they,
The maidens, shuddered when they heard, and wept,
And, falling at their father's knees, they spared
Nor rendings of the breast, nor wailings long.
But straightway he, hearing the bitter cry,
Folding his arms about them, spake to them:
'Children, ye have this day no father more.
For lo, my time hath all run out, and ye
No more shall ply your toilsome ministry.
Hard task I know, my children, but one word
Alone redeems the whole of this your toil.
For dearer love from no man have ye had
Than from your father, and, of this bereft,
Ye now must pass the remnant of your lives.'
With words like these, and mutual embrace
Sobbing, they wept together till they reached

An end of wailing, and their crying ceased.
A silence fell, when suddenly a Voice
Of one who summoned him, — the hair of all
Erect with terror stood, for sudden fright.
The god had called him, called and called again:
'Oedipus, Oedipus, wherefore lingerest
In thy departure? Long hast thou delayed.'
Then he, well knowing 'twas the god who called,
Bade summon Theseus, ruler of the land.
And when he came, 'Oh dearest life,' he said,
'Give me thy hand in pledge of lasting faith
To these my daughters — ye to him — and vow
Ne'er to forsake them willingly, but aye
Vouchsafe such boon as thy kind purpose will.'
But he, as gentle knight, without delay
Promised by oath to do his guest's command.
And when he promised, straightway Oedipus
Stroking with feeble hand his daughters, spake:
'Oh children, it beseems the noble heart
To bear this grief, depart then from this place,
Nor seek to hear or see what heaven forbids.
But go with speed, let only Theseus bide,
The Sovereign, to behold what comes to pass.'
These words he uttered, as we all could hear,
And, with a copious flow of tears, the maids
With loud lament were led away, but when,
Brief time elapsing, we returned, we saw
The man no longer present, but the king
Shading his eyes, with hand before his face,

As if some dreadful vision had appeared,
And one no man could bear to look upon.
After a little then — in no long time —
We see him do obeisance to the Earth,
And to Divine Olympus, in one prayer.
But by what fate the stranger perished, none
Of men, save Theseus only, could reveal.
For 'twas no fire-bearing bolt from God
That ended him, no blast from Ocean driven,
But either Heaven-sent guide conducted him,
Or Earth's foundation gaped with kind intent,
And took him to the world below unharmed.
For, not with groaning, nor disease, nor pain,
The man departed; but of human kind
The most to be revered, — and if my words
To some seem madness I shall make no plea
To be believed of those who deem me mad."

The distance is not great from Colonus to the bridge which crosses the Cephisus at the pretty village of Colocythu, whence one can return to Athens by tram. It is far preferable, however, to turn aside and wander along the river-bank, beneath the famous olives, till the Sacred Way is reached, and the cypresses guide one cityward. This is the precinct of Academus, and here we hold communion with Plato and his band of intelligent, high-souled Athenian Youth.

When Plato was sojourning at the court of

Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, the liberality of his views once enraged the despot to such an extent that he caused the philosopher to be seized and sold into slavery. He was ransomed by a friend at an unusually high price, and on his return to Athens, the city offered to reimburse the friend. The offer was refused, and the city then voted to use the money in purchasing the plot of ground destined to be immortalized under the name of the Academy.

The plot of ground was already famous. When the Dioscuri came to Attica to rescue their sister Helen — whom Theseus had carried off — an old man, named Academus, revealed to them her place of concealment. Whenever, therefore, in later times the Spartans invaded Attica, they spared his farm — the later Academy — in gratitude for the information. The Tyrant Hipparchus founded here the famous open air gymnasium wherein the youth of Athens might¹ descend to the Academy and run races beneath the Moriae² “crowned with white reed, amid temperate companions, smelling of smilax and of leisure and of the leaf-shedding poplar, rejoicing in the season of spring, when the plane tree whispers to the elm.”

As one walks beside the Cephisus in the shade of

¹ Aristoph.: *Clouds*, 1005 ff.

² These were sacred olive trees, offshoots of the tree planted on the Acropolis by Athene. They belonged to the nation, and were under the care of the court of the Areopagus.

the olives, one seems to hear the words of Plato, as he reasoned with his youthful friends, concerning Justice, Courage, Temperance, and Immortality.

“ And ¹ thus, oh Glaucon, was the mystic tale preserved and perished not; and it will save us too if we obey it, and we shall safely pass the stream of Lethe and keep our souls unstained. But if we follow that which I counsel, and believe the soul immortal and able to bear all woe and all weal, we shall ever cleave to the upward road ² and practise Justice with understanding.”

The air was sweet with the early spring flowers. Far in front rose the Acropolis fortress sharp cut in the transparent air against the dark background of Hymettus.

“ Happy ³ in days of old Erechtheus’ sons;
Children of blessed gods were they.
Glorious wisdom’s fruit they ever reaped
From fatherland inviolate.

“ Ever they proudly trod through clearest ether,
Where once Harmonia, golden-haired,
Brought forth the Holy Nine,
The Muses of Pieria.

¹ Plato: Republic, end.

² Described in the vision.

³ Eurip.: Medea, 824 ff.

“They sing the Cyprian Goddess how she drew
Streams from Cephisus flowing-fair,
And sent to breathe forth o'er the land
Swift-blowing, moderate breezes of the winds.

“ And as she casts upon her locks
Garlands of roses odorous,
On Mortals she bestows
Loves that abide with Wisdom, furthering
All deeds of goodness ever.”

CHAPTER III

ELEUSIS

WE made the journey to Eleusis by train. The line runs by a circuitous way to the northward of Aegaleos which separates the Thriasian Plain from the rest of Attica. It was a bright morning of early spring and the fruit trees were in full bloom. The finest orchards were in the township of Acharnæ, the sufferings of whose inhabitants in the Peloponnesian War are immortalized by Aristophanes.

Phyle, with its memories of Thrasybulus, the Liberator, was not far to our right, and we could see near the top of the mountain pass the remains of a rough stone wall running north and south. This was built by the Athenians as a defence against the Spartans in the beginning of the Peloponnesian War.

The train began to go faster and faster, and rushed down through a region of barren rocks and dwarf pines into the pleasant Thriasian Plain.

The Plain was covered with olive groves, and carpeted with anemones of every colour. This

region must have been indeed tempting to the ravages of King Archidamus in the first years of the war, when the Spartan military operations began each spring with the destruction of the crops of this the most fertile plain of Attica; and naturally it is fertile; for the Rarian fields near the town of Eleusis were sown with corn under the direction of the Great Earth Mother herself.

We sped through the plain and approached the shore. The Bay of Salamis was like a mirror. It is here practically a lake, with narrow passages east and west past the spur of Aegaleos on one side and the cape from which rises the hill of the Kerata¹ on the other. Salamis appeared to be of entirely different shape from that with which we had become familiar looking from the Athenian Acropolis or from Aegina. The island really stretches nearly as far from east to west as from north to south, and is much larger than one would suppose. From Athens, one mentally pictures it as terminating opposite Piraeus, and the view of it as one emerges into the Thriasian Plain is a beautiful surprise. The sharp mountain tops were reflected in the glassy waters of the Bay, and the picturesque fishing boats from the island with their lateen sails added a touch of life to the somewhat lonely scene. At the western end of the plain, where it is

¹ The name of "The Horns" is well chosen.

limited by the bay and the Kerata, was our goal Eleusis.

Eleusis received its name from the Advent of the mighty Goddesses. It was the birthplace of Aeschylus and the home of the Sacred Mysteries which played such a wonderful part in the spiritual life of the Athenians from the earliest times down to the sad epoch when all the glory had departed from Greece. Cicero,¹ himself an Initiate, could still say of them that "In the Mysteries, we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope." Long after Christianity began to make its way, the rites of Eleusis survived; and it was not till 395 A. D. that the splendid buildings were thrown down, at the prompting, it is said, of the fanatical monks in the army of Alaric. The orator Aristides bewails the fury which destroyed the shrines. "They alone still stood as a memorial of the old glory and dignity, for Athens and for all Greece."

Pindar² says of them:

"Blessed is he who, after beholding them,
Beneath the Earth departeth.
For he knoweth the end of Life;
Knoweth too its God-given beginning."

¹ Cicero: *De Leg.*, ii. 14. 36.

² Pindar: *Thren.*, 8.

Sophocles:¹

“ Would I might be —
By the gleaming shore,
Where the Queenly Ones do cherish
The holy mysteries for men;
Concerning which a golden key
Is laid on lips of ministering Eumolpidae.”

Aristophanes:²

“ Advance ye now
Through the Goddesses’ sacred circle,
Through the flowery grove in mirthful sport,
Ye who have share in the heaven-loved feast;
And I with these maids and matrons go,
Where they vigil keep in the Goddesses’ honour,
To carry my holy torch.”

“ Let ³ us go to the flowery meads

O’ergrown with roses fair,

Keeping our mirthful fashion

Of dances beauteous;

By the blessed Fates ordained.

For to us alone is the light of the sun propitious,

To us who the Mysteries have learned,

And a righteous life have led,

Toward citizen and stranger.

¹ Soph.: Oed. Col. 1049.

² Aristoph.: Frogs, 440.

³ Aristoph.: Frogs, 324.

"Iacchus, oh thou most honoured, here dwelling
on thy throne.

Iacchus, oh Iacchus!

Come join the dance, o'er this meadow, join

The holy revelling band.

Shaking on thy head the fruitful crown of myrtle;

Treading with valiant step

The unbridled sportive measure,

Which hath full portion of the Graces,—

The pure, the sacred dance of the holy Mystae.

· ·

Awake, for he cometh bearing in his hand the
blazing torches!

Iacchus, oh Iacchus!

Fire-bringing star of our rite nocturnal.

The old men's limbs begin to dance,
And off they cast the cares and weary days

Of lengthy years;

By influence of the holy service;

But thou with blazing torch lead forth

Over the soft-flowering field,

The blessed band of dancing youth."

The Propylaea and the great hall of the Mysteries are sadly ruined, but of much interest to the archaeologist. The great hall was partly the work of Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, and the blue limestone known as the Eleusinian was used largely in its construction. We climbed the hill on

which stood the citadel used as a refuge in the Revolution of 403 b. c., and on the way down we visited the little museum of local antiquities. The collection is small but good. The same is true of the museums of many small towns in Greece, and perhaps one enjoys a visit to such a museum more than to one of the fatiguing and bewildering treasures of the great cities of the world. We lunched in the grotto of Pluto, where it is thought that a representation used to be given of the Resurrection of Proserpine from the world below. Here we rested for an hour and read the beautiful Homeric hymn: —¹

“ Fair-haired Demeter to sing I begin — most reverend goddess;
Her and her daughter fair-ankled, whom once the dread ruler of Hades
Rapt — and deep-thundering Zeus, far-seeing, had granted permission —
Far from gold-sworded Demeter, the goddess of harvests resplendent,
While with her comrades she played, the deepbosomed daughters of Ocean,
Gathering flowers, the rose, and the crocus, and violets lovely
Over the meadows soft, the hyacinths too and the iris,

¹ Homeric Hymn, Dem., 1. ff.

With the narcissus which Gaea, as snare for the
flower-faced maiden,
Planted by counsel of Zeus, the Many-receiver to
favour.
Wondrously radiant it bloomed, a miracle to the
beholders;
Both unto mortal men and unto the blessed im-
mortals.
Out from its root there grew a hundred blossoming
faces.
Sweetest odour it breathed, and all the wide heaven
above it,
All the Earth laughed with delight, and the billows
salt of the Ocean.
She in delighted amaze her arms stretched forth
for the plaything —
Lo, before her the Earth yawned wide, and opened
a chasm,
Straight through the Nysian Plain, and forth from it
Lord Polydegmon
Dashed with his coursers immortal, the many-
named scion of Cronos,
Seizing the maid unwilling, away in his chariot
golden
Bore her — In piercing shriek of terror her voice she
uplifted,
Calling on Father Cronides, most high of the gods,
most holy.

But of immortals none to the cry of Persephone
hearkened;
Nay, nor of mortal men, nor even the rich-fruited
olives.
Only Persaeus' daughter in light-hearted idleness
playing,
Hecate radiant-stoled, the wild cry heard from her
grotto.
Helios heard it as well, Hyperion's glorious off-
spring,
Heard the girl calling her father Cronides, but he
far-abiding,
Far from the concourse of men in his prayer-
thronged temple was sitting,
Offerings holy and fair from mankind mortal re-
ceiving.
Sore then against her will, by permission of Zeus
he conveyed her,
He her own father's brother, Dictator, Receiver
of many,
Far with his coursers immortal, the many-named
scion of Cronos.
While then the maiden divine the earth and the
firmament starry
Still could discern, and still the fish-teeming current
of Ocean,
Still see the rays of the Sun, and hope her reverend
mother

Once more to greet, and the troops of the deities
ever existing, —

So long her heart was beguiled with hope, though
broken with anguish,

So long the peaks of the hills, and the depths of
ocean reëchoed

Loud her immortal cry — and her reverend mother
heard her.

Then sharp anguish clutched her heart and with
quivering fingers

Wildly she tore the veil which covered her tresses
ambrosial.

Quickly o'er both her shoulders she flung a mantle
of sable;

Then like a bird sped forth in her search over earth
and ocean.

Yet to reveal the truth no god and no mortal con-
sented,

Nor from the omens of birds true messenger came
with the tidings.

Nine days then over Earth, with blazing torches to
guide her

Held in her hands, in her quest the queenly Deo
had wandered.

Ne'er in her grief she consented to taste the im-
mortal ambrosia,

Ne'er the sweet draught of the nectar; nor suffered
the waters to bathe her.

Now when the tenth bright dawn at last came to
visit the goddess,
Hecate, holding her torch, came to meet her and
thus spake tidings:
' Queenly Demeter, who bringest the seasons with
splendid abundance,
Who of the heavenly gods, or who of mankind can
have wronged thee,
Stealing Persephone fair, and grieving thy spirit
beloved?
Lo, I have heard her cry, although with mine eyes
I beheld not
Who it might be; so I come to tell the story un-
erring.'

Thus did Hecate speak, but the daughter of fair-
haired Rhea
Answered her not a word, but swiftly, with her as
companion,
Darted in search — and high in her hand the torches
uplifted.
Helios first they sought, the watchman of gods and
of mortals,:
And, by his chariot standing, the goddess divine
made question:
' Helios, show me compassion, a goddess divine, if
I ever
Either by word or deed thy heart and thy mind
may have gladdened.

Lo the sweet blossom I bore, the maiden of beauty
enchanting,

Hers was the voice of lament I heard through the
waste of the Ether,

As of one ravished away, although with mine eyes
I beheld not.

But, for that thou with thy rays from aloft in the
heavenly Ether,

All upon Earth and Sea beneath thee ever be-
holdest,

Tell me the truth of my child, if anywhere thou
hast perceived her.

Who by compulsion hath snatched her unwilling
away from her mother?

Who of the gods immortal, or who of mankind hath
essayed it?'

Thus spake Demeter — and he, Hyperion's son
made answer:

' Daughter of fair-haired Rhea, Demeter, oh Sov-
ereign Lady,

This shalt thou know, for greatly I reverence thee
and I pity,

When I behold thee grieving for loss of thy daughter
fair-ankled.

None of gods else, 'tis Zeus Cloud-Gatherer only
is guilty.

To his own brother, to Hades, he granted the
maiden, to call her

Fair-blooming bride henceforth; but he, to the
regions of darkness,
Far to his misty realm, bore the maid in his chariot,
shrieking.' "

The sun god strives to comfort Demeter by dwelling on the glory of a marriage with the great god of the world below; but Demeter refuses to listen, and, departing from the haunts of the gods, she roams in disguise throughout the cities and haunts of men. At last she reaches Eleusis, the home of King Celeos.

" Then by the wayside sat, her heart nigh breaking
with anguish,
Near to the well of the Maids, where the townsfolk
came for their water,
Sat in the shade, — and above her there grew a fair
bower of olive —
Like to an ancient dame who has passed the season
of bearing,
Henceforth far from the gifts of Lover-of-wreaths
Aphrodite.
Such are the nurses of sons of kings, who administer
justice,
Such, through the echoing halls of their palaces,
house-keepers stately.
Her then beheld the daughters of Celeos, son of
Eleusis,

Coming to fetch the water fair-streaming, that so
they might bear it,
Bear it in buckets of bronze to the house of their
father beloved.
Goddesses four as it were, fair maidenhood's flower
possessing,
Callidicé and Cleisidicé and Demo the lovely,
Callithoé as well, the eldest of all the sisters."

The ladies fail to recognize the goddess, but address her with courtesy, bidding her welcome to the palace. She answers with a fictitious tale to the effect that she has wandered hither in flight from a band of pirates who carried her from Crete. Her name is Dos, and she would gladly take service in the palace as nurse or sempstress. Callidicé answers with a brief account of the royal house, and proposes to run home and suggest to her mother, Metaneira, that the stranger be employed as nurse for their baby brother.

" Thus spake the maid. The goddess assented,—
so quickly their vessels
Filled with the sparkling water, they bare to the
palace, exulting.
Quickly the house of their father they reached, and
straight to the mother
All they had heard and beheld they related. She,
without pausing,

Bade them return and summon the stranger at
wages unstinted.
They, as the youthful deer and heifers in season
of Spring-time
Over the meadows leap, with pasture their hunger
contenting,
So did the girls, upholding the skirts of their dresses
enchanting,
Dart down the hollow path and round them the
hair on their shoulders
Tossed as they ran, resembling the golden bloom
of the crocus."

The goddess follows them to the palace, where she is courteously received. She sits silent and sorrowful, till at last the jests of the maid Iambé provoke a smile. The child Demophoön is given into her charge, and thrives "like a divinity," though it receives no mortal food. Demeter anoints it with ambrosia, and at night buries it in the ashes of the hearth. One night she is surprised by Metaneira, who shrieks and protests. The goddess in disgust declares that the process of rendering the child immortal has been interrupted; but she consents to promise him all earthly blessings, because he has slept in the arms of the mighty goddess whom she now confesses herself to be. Meanwhile the poor child is lying neglected on the floor.

“ Then ¹ was the pitiful cry of the infant heard by the sisters.

Down from their well-spread couches they leaped,
and one of the maidens,

Taking the babe in her arms, did soothe it to rest
in her bosom.

Kindled a fire a second, and, forth from the sweet-scented chamber,

Hastened on delicate feet a third in quest of her mother.

Gathered about him they bathed him, and coaxed him all helplessly gasping.

Ah, but the heart of the child refused to be won by their petting,

Far less skilful the nurses who tended him now and caressed him! ”

In the morning the king gave instructions to build a temple as commanded by the goddess. Therein she dwelled a whole year far from the blessed gods, “ pining with longing for her slim-waisted daughter.” A dreadful famine visited the earth, until Zeus, in apprehension lest the race of men perish utterly, sent Iris to Eleusis to entreat the goddess to come forth from her seclusion. Demeter remained obdurate, and at last Hermes was despatched to Hades. Permission was granted Proserpine to return to her mother; but Pluto

¹ Line 284.

craftily induced her to eat a few seeds of pomegranate, "that she might not remain all her days beside the reverend dark-robed Demeter."

"Then¹ she mounted the car, and beside her the
Slayer of Argus,

Seizing the reins and the goad, sped forth from the
palace of Hades.

On dashed the coursers eager, and quickly the
journey accomplished.

Nor could the sea, nor waters of rivers, nor grass-covered valley,

Stay the rush of the horses immortal, nor rocks of
the mountains.

Over them all in their flight they cut the deep air
as they hastened,

Halting at last where she, Demeter, their coming
awaited,

Seated in front of her temple all sweet with the
odour of incense.

When she beheld her daughter, she dashed like a
Maenad to meet her,

As it had been a Maenad o'er mountain dark with
the forest.

But when Persephone saw the beauteous eyes of
her mother,

Down from the chariot leaping, she ran, and with
tender embraces

¹ Line 377.

Fell on her neck; — but the goddess, while yet her arms were about her,
Boded some crafty deceit, and terribly fell she to trembling —
All the endearments were checked, and quickly her daughter she questioned:
‘ Child, hast thou tasted of food in the region below abiding?
Speak, nor the truth conceal, that we both may know it together.
So mayest thou forsake the loathed kingdom of Hades
Dwelling with me and thy father the cloud-wrapped offspring of Cronos,
Henceforth held in esteem of all the blessed Immortals.
But if it prove thou hast eaten, to earth’s dread caverns returning,
All the third part of the year henceforth thou art doomed to abide there,
Dwelling by me for the rest, and among the other Immortals.
Then, when the Earth shall bloom with sweet-smelling flowers of Spring-time,
Forth from the misty gloom of the regions of darkness infernal,
Once more a marvel mighty, thou risest to men and Immortals.’ ”

Proserpine confesses that her husband has constrained her to eat of the pomegranate, and describes the event of her carrying off. Mother and daughter converse a long time with mutual satisfaction, and Zeus requests Rhea to descend to the Rarian Plain, and to ratify in his name the compact by which Demeter is to return to the converse of the gods, and to enjoy the society of her daughter for eight months in the year. Rhea carries the message, and Demeter consents.

“ Quickly¹ she caused to spring the fruits of the deep-soiled pastures,
All the broad Earth was covered with leaves and blossoming flowers.
Then to Triptolemus King, and Diocles smiter of horses,
Mighty Eumolpus as well, and to Celeos, Lord of the people,
Showed she the doing of rites, and the mystical orgies’ performance.
Mysteries holy no mortal may violate, mysteries secret
None may divulge — the awe of the gods the speaker constraineth. —
Blessed is he who hath seen, oh blessed of Earth-dwelling mortals!

¹ Line 471.

He who the rites knoweth not, who hath missed
them, shall destiny never

Bless with his fellows — but lost he abides in the
gloom and the darkness.”

We saw the well of Callichorus — Fair Dances — whence the daughters of King Celeos were wont to draw water, and where they met the Awful Dame as she sat wearied and comfortless. Here, before temples and halls existed for the formal celebration of the rites, they danced and sang in honour of the goddess:

“ He¹ shall see,
Beside the fountain of Callichorus,
The torch that witnesseth the holy eikad²
By night his vigil keeping.
When too the star-eyed ether of Zeus
Joineth in the sacred dance,
Danceth too the moon,
And Nereus’ fifty daughters,
Who weaving their steps through Ocean’s halls
And eddyings of rivers ever-flowing,
With their dances celebrate
The gold-crowned maid
And the holy mother dread.”

¹ Eurip.: Ion, 1075.

² The 20th Boedromion, the night of the march from Athens.

It was now time to return to Athens, so we mounted our wheels and proceeded along the Sacred Way. Clouds had gathered, and the placid waters of the bay on our right had become ruffled by a rising wind, which made progress slow as we swept round the curve where the road bends at the Rheitoi to enter the pass of Daphne.

The Rheitoi are large pools of salt water, the fish of which were reserved exclusively for the Priests of the Goddesses. The ancients fancied that these lakes derived their waters from the Euboean straits, through a channel flowing under Attica. The Rheitoi formerly marked the boundary between the domains of Athens and those of Eleusis when the latter was an independent state; and near by was the monument of Eumolpus, ancestor of the priestly family of Eleusis.

Eumolpus came from Thrace. He was the son of Poseidon and Chione — the snow — and grandson of Boreas, the North Wind, and of Oreithyia — her who rushes madly over the mountains. After the fight between Eumolpus and Erechtheus, King of Athens, Eleusis became subject to the greater city, while Eumolpus obtained the office of high priest of the Mysteries. Such is the story told by Pausanias. Apollodorus says Eumolpus was slain; for the oracle revealed to Erechtheus that he would be victorious if he would sacrifice his daughter. He slew the youngest, Chthonia, whereupon her

sisters slew themselves. A fragment from the lost Erechtheus of Euripides gives the words in which Praxithea, wife of Erechtheus, devotes her child to death. "In stout-hearted wise, not unworthy of her city and of being daughter of Cepheus."

"But¹ I will give my daughter dear to death.
And many things I ponder — first the State.
A better one than this no man can find.
Where, first, the people come not from abroad,
But from the soil we spring, while other states,
Founded as if by random fall of dice,
Are filled with immigrants from divers lands.
Now he who goes from one State to another
Like some ill-fitting joint in carpentry
In name's a citizen, but in deed not so.
And then 'tis for this end we children bear,
That we may guard our land and altars safe. . . .
Now if at home instead of sheaf of girls,
A male crop flourished, and the blaze of war
Assailed the State, should I not send them forth
To war, because forsooth I feared for them? . . .
But when a mother's tears speed forth her sons,
They oft make soft the hearts attuned for fight.
I hate those women who prefer mere life
For their own children, rather than the Right;
So counsel ill — and more, when men in war
Fall amid many, they a *common* tomb

¹ Eurip.: Frag., 362.

And glory *shared* attain, while her, my child,
Dying alone, alone the State shall crown,
And me and her two sisters she shall save.
What of all this is not a precious boon?
Her who is no wise mine, save by mere birth,
I sacrifice for fatherland; for if
The city fall, what portion will remain
To me of offspring? Thus my duty done,
Others may rule, but I shall save the State.
And this — whereof the greatest share to all
In common is — no man, with my consent,
Our ancient laws ancestral shall o'erthrow,
Nor, for the Olive and the Gorgon gold,
The Trident stand upon our fortress, crowned
By King Eumolpus and the Thracian horde,
And Pallas nowhere held in reverence . . .
Oh Country, would that all who in thee live,
Might love thee e'en as I; then should we dwell
In safety, and no harm should'st thou endure!"

Swinburne's Erechtheus¹ contains a paraphrase of this fragment of Euripides. His beautiful poem is one of the most essentially Euripidean plays in existence. Through the whole speech of Praxitheia, we hear an echo of the conflict for the land of Attica between Athene and Poseidon, as it is depicted on the western pediment of the Parthenon.

¹ 495 ff.

As the road began to rise at the entrance of the pass of Daphne, we dismounted and turned to look westward for a parting view of the bay and plain. Far in the distance we could see the long ridge of legend-haunted Cithaeron, and south of it, the rounded mass of Geraneia. Our thoughts turned to the solemn hour when, after the Athenians took refuge in Salamis, and the Attic land was ravaged, Dicaeus and Demaratus, Athenian and Spartan exiles high in honour at the Persian court, found themselves “In¹ the Thriasian Plain, when they beheld a cloud of dust moving from Eleusis, as it were of three myriads of men. And they wondered at the dust-cloud, from what men it rose; when straightway they heard a voice, and the voice seemed to them to be that of the mystic Iacchus. Now Demaratus was unskilled in the rites which are celebrated at Eleusis and asked Dicaeus what this sound might be. Dicaeus replied: ‘Oh Demaratus, it is not possible but that some mischief is in store for the army of the king. For this is clear that, now that Attica is deserted, this which makes the sound is something divine advancing from Eleusis, to take vengeance in behalf of the Athenians and their allies. And if the cloud light on the Peloponnesus, there is danger at hand for the king and his army on the land; but if it turn to the ships in Salamis, the king will be in danger of losing his naval

¹ Herod, viii. 5.

host. And the Athenians keep this festival yearly in honour of the Mother and the Maid, and he who wills, of the Athenians or of other Greeks, is initiated. And the sound thou hearest is the Iacchic cry they raise at the festival.' To this Demaratus answered: 'Be silent, and tell this tale to no man else. For if these words be carried to the king, thou shalt surely lose thy head, and I shall not be able to save thee, nor any other of mankind. But keep silence, and the gods will provide for the army.' Such was his advice, and from the dust and the voice arose a cloud which floated toward Salamis to the host of the Greeks. So they learned that the army of Xerxes was destined to perish."

As we climbed the pass, we noticed the deep ruts worn in the rocky Sacred Way by the wheels of centuries. On the left is the ancient sanctuary of Aphrodite with its innumerable niches for votive offerings. We could fancy the processions pouring through the pass, the light of their torches "all night long" reflected from the rocks on either side. At last we reached the monastery and church at the top of the pass, and remounted for the long descent to the olive-planted plain of the Cephisus. Athens burst upon our view illuminated by a western sun, and after a descent of more than a mile, we reached level ground and the famous crossing of the Cephisus. This was the scene of the "Gephyrismoi" or Bridge-jokes which formed a feature

of the sacred processions, recalling the jests of the maid Iambé which first evoked smiles from the broken-hearted mother.

From the bridge to Athens, the way led us past the Botanical Gardens, and we entered the city near the Dipylon.

CHAPTER IV

AEGINA

ON a bright morning in early March, we embarked at the Piraeus on the small steamer Argo for her first trip of the season. A stiff Norther was blowing, and the snow-white clouds, sailing across the blue of the sky, were repeated in the white caps of the still bluer sea. The little steamer sailed out of the quiet harbour, past the headland of Munychia, and soon was in the tumbling sea of the Saronic Gulf. As she “ran over the billows accomplishing her course,” the three mountains which curtain the Attic Plain receded, and the Peloponnesian shore grew more and more distinct. Across our bow passed a tossing brig bound seaward with all her sails set and filled by the blasts which swept down from Parnes. Here and there tiny fishing boats could be seen with gunwales awash, their crews often consisting only of an old man and a boy. Salamis lay to our right, its central mountain rising sharply in the background, while its coast stretched low, hard, and utterly barren.

As the Island dropped astern, we read the account

of the battle of Salamis from the Persians of Aeschylus:

*Messenger:*¹ “ The Gods preserve the goddess Pallas’ town.”

Atossa: “ Then is the Athenians’ city still unspoiled? ”

Messenger: “ For so her men live, safe her walls abide.”

Atossa: “ But how began the conflict of the ships?
Who first adventured, was it Greeks, the fray,
Or, boasting of his myriad ships, my son? ”

Messenger: “ Mistress, the spring of all this misery
Was some Avenger or some angry God.

For, from the Athenian host a Greek arrived,
And to thy son, King Xerxes, tidings spake:
To wit, that if night’s blackness should arrive,
The Greeks would stay not, but upon their decks
Leaping in panic, seek their lives to save
By secret flight, one here, one there afar.
Now Xerxes heard, yet, marking not the trick
Of Greek informer, nor ill-will of Heaven,
To all his captains proclamation makes:
When Helios lighting with his rays the Earth
Shall cease, and gloom the Ether’s temple hold,
To range the throng of ships in triple lines
To guard all exits and the seaward paths;

¹ Aeschylus: Pers., 349 ff.

Others he bade round Ajax' Isle to wheel;
For if the Grecians should escape their doom
By finding hidden loophole for their ships,
Beheading was to all the stern decree.
So much he spake with heart too much at ease,
For naught of Heaven's decree he understood.
But they, in order due and discipline,
Made ready supper, and each sailor skilled
Looked to his oars, his tholes, and all his gear.
But when the light of sun had passed away
And night approached, each master of the oar,
Each warder of the tackle took his post,
And rank to rank of warships cried the word.
And as to each the post had been assigned,
They sailed, and all night long the captains kept
Manoeuvring the entire naval host,
And night advanced, nor yet a Grecian ship
Had anywhere attempted secret flight.
But when Aurora, with her coursers white,
Held all the Earth, fair-shining to behold,
An echoing shout first sounded from the Greeks
Like song of joy, and, at the instant, loud
The answer echoed from the Island Cliff,
And dread on all the host barbaric fell,
Their hopes frustrated, — Not as if for flight
The Grecians hymned their holy paean then,
But as to battle roused with courage stout;
And all the coast blazed with the cry of trump.
Then straightway with the clash of dashing oar,

They smote the watery brine at order given,
And swiftly all were plainly in our view.
The right at first led on in line of war
In goodly order, then the fleet entire
Followed, and at the moment one might hear
A mighty cry:—‘ Oh sons of Greeks, advance!
Deliver your ancestral soil, your sons
And wives set free, and shrines of tribal gods,
And tombs of forefathers! The Stake your All! ’
From our side too, the roar of Persian tongue
Leaped in response; and now delay was past.
And straightway ship 'gainst ship her brazen beak
Dashed — and a Hellene prow the shock began,
And from a Punic ship the figurehead
Broke off entire, and then, one here, one there
Her stem directed — Now the Persian host
At first withstood, but soon the throng was pressed
In narrow strait, and mutual aid was naught.
But, by their own bronze-armoured beaks assailed,
The line complete of oarage swift was crushed.
In circle round, the Grecian ships their blows
Not heedlessly inflicted, till the hulls
O'erturned, concealed the reddened sea beneath,
Covered with wreck of ships and blood of men,
The shores around and reefs with corpses piled.
Then, in disordered flight each ship was rowed,
So many as were left of Persian host.
But they, as 'twere some tunny shoal, the foe
With splintered oars and wreckage fragments smote,

And tore to shreds the wretches, while their groans
And shriekings covered all the briny sea,
Till night's dark eye concealed the horrid scene.
But, to recount to thee the sum of woe
I could not, if I spake for ten full days.
For know this well, that on a single day,
Never so vast a host of mortals died."

The Argo was by this time approaching the cliffs of Aegina, and she soon rounded the black spire of rock which rises from a ledge running out into the sea at the northeastern corner of the island. This is doubtless one of the many reefs planted by King Aeacus as a protection against pirates, as we are told by Pausanias. The black spire is all that is left of the mound built at his father's bidding by Telamon, that he might stand thereon and plead defence for his part in the murder of Phocus.¹

We dropped anchor in the little bay of Hagia Marina, and landed by rowboat. The clearness of the blue-green water and the purity of the white sandy bottom are remarkable even for the Aegean.

The island was named of old Oenone, the Island of the Vine, and the gnarled bushes, with no signs as yet of their verdure, covered every field and slope. The later name of Aegina points to Theban invasion. Aegina was the daughter of Asopus, god of the Boeotian river, and witness of the mighty battle of

¹ See below.

Plataea, which finished on land the work begun on sea by Salamis. The River God married Metope — her of the fair forehead — and begat two sons and twenty daughters. Zeus loved and carried off the fairest of these, Aegina,¹ and when the father sought her sorrowing, the mighty god drove him back by the thunderbolt to his native banks,² and bore Aegina across the Saronic Gulf to Oenone. The island has borne since that time the name of the nymph, for she became the mother of Aeacus the Just, and ancestress of the mighty line from which Achilles sprang.

The goddess Hera took vengeance for the loves of Zeus and Aegina upon the inhabitants of the place. Ovid describes the pestilence which depopulated the island in language which reminds us of Thucydides, Boccaccio and Defoe. Aeacus in despair prayed to Panhellenian Zeus of the great temple on the mountain:

“ ‘Oh³ Jupiter,’ I prayed, ‘if fables be not false which say thou didst embrace Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if thou takest not shame, mighty father, to be called my parent; then give me

¹ Pausanias (ii. 5) tells us that it was the wicked Sisyphus of Corinth who revealed to Asopus his daughter's fate, in return for the gift of the fountain of Pirene on Acrocorinthus, supplied by the waters of the river. He pays in Tartarus the heavy penalty for the revelation.

² Where coal abounds to this day.

³ Ov.: Metam., vii. 253 ff.

back my people, or hide me too in the grave.' Zeus gave a token by lightning-flash with thunder following — 'I accept,' I cried, 'and be this a happy sign of thy intentions! I take as pledge the omen thou givest me.' Hard by there chanced to stand an oak, with far-spreading branches. Sacred to Jove it was, and sprung from Dodonaean seed. On this I beheld corn-gathering ants in long array carrying in tiny mouths enormous burdens and keeping their straight path upon the wrinkled bark. I noted the vast number and exclaimed: 'So many citizens give me, oh mighty father, and fill my empty walls.' The tall oak quivered, and uttered a sound from its branches which were shaken though by no breeze. My limbs stiffened with quaking fear, and my hair stood erect. Yet gave I kisses to the Earth and to the tree trunk. I dared not say I hoped; but hope I did, and cherished in my heart my longings. Night fell, and sleep possessed my limbs with sorrow worn. Lo, before mine eyes that same oak seemed to stand, those branches, and it carried creatures on the branches in number as before, and in like manner it seemed to shake and scatter upon the field beneath the grain-laden throng. When suddenly, lo, they grew, and became ever taller and taller to look upon, and lifted themselves from the ground and stood with form erect. They cast off their tiny size and many feet and dark hue, and clothed their limbs in shape of men. My slumber left me, and my

waking thoughts rejected the vision I had seen. I cried in anguish that there was no help in heaven. When lo, a great sound arose in the halls. I seemed to hear men's voices long unwonted. But while I fancied this too must be dreaming, lo Telamon rushed in and cried, ' Oh father, thou shalt see things too great for hope or credence. Come forth!' I came, and just such men as I had seemed to see in my dream, just such in rank I saw and recognized."

The new population were called Myrmidons¹ and retained in subsequent days the habits of gallant industry of their ancestors. Aeacus became so famous for the efficacy of his prayers that once when Greece was afflicted by famine, the oracle at Delphi declared that deliverance might be obtained if Aeacus would offer prayer in behalf of the land: " And² when Aeacus prayed, Greece was freed from her fruitlessness, and after his death he was honoured in the realm of Pluto and he guards the keys of Hades."

Donkeys met us at the landing rock, and for half an hour, the rugged path wound under the pines up the hillside spangled with anemones — flowers of the wind indeed. At the top of the hill stands the old Doric temple of Aphaea.³ Aphaea was a nymph of

¹ Μύρμηξ, ant.

² Apollod., iii. 12. 6. 10.

³ Athene has of late been dethroned by the archæologists.

Artemis-Dictynna, and used to dwell in Crete. Shunning the love of Minos, she fled for nine long months through mountain, forest, and morass, and at last in despair, leaped from a crag into the sea. A fisherman named Andromedes rescued her in his net,¹ and carried her in his skiff to Aegina. He too offered the cold nymph his love, and once more the flight began from this new pursuer. At last she vanished in the sacred grove which crowns the temple hill, and from her disappearance² comes her name Aphaea.

We lunched among the ruins of the temple. Noon was upon the Aegean, and the “brilliant wind” blew from the shore with the vigour of a New England Norther. The air was so clear that far Belbina could be plainly seen. Landward lay the smiling fields and olive groves, the scattered farmhouses, and the pine-clothed hills of Aeacus’ ancient kingdom.

Aeacus left his throne to judge the spirits in the world below, assessor of Minos and Rhadamanthus, so righteous had been his peaceful sway in this happy island. But righteousness and peace soon fled from the hills and valleys. The strife of brethren brought about the first migration. Peleus and Telamon, sons of Aeacus, were worsted in the sports by their brother, Phocus; and plotting his death

¹ δίκτυον.

² ἀφανῆς ἐγένετο.

together, they cast lots to see who should be the fraticide. Telamon, at the discus-throwing, hurled his quoit at Phocus with fatal aim, and with his guilty brother hid the body in the forest. But the deed became known, and the just king banished his unworthy sons. Telamon fled to Salamis where the childless king, Kychreus, was ruling a desolate island. For a dreadful serpent was ravaging the fields and destroying the folk. Telamon slew the monster, and received the throne as his inheritance. He prayed to Zeus for a male child, and lo, an eagle appeared to him as a sign from heaven. When the boy was born he was named Aias. For Aietos signifies Eagle, and Aias is none other than the mighty Ajax of the Trojan story. But Aegina remained without a king for ever, for the sons of the murdered Phocus fled to Parnassus, and bestowed their father's name upon the land of Phocis.¹

The centuries witnessed the incessant strife against the great city across the Gulf, until this "eyesore," as the proud Athenians named it, fell at last and its inhabitants were altogether driven out. Yet these early Aeginetans had been men of no mean stock. The pottery they fashioned was used in Italy and Egypt, and in the Euxine towns. Their coins passed current in the markets of the world, the talent of Aegina long continuing to be known more widely than even the Solonic talent

¹ Pausanias, ii. 29.

of Athens,¹ and it was Aegina's fleet that earned the prize for valour in the fight at Salamis. When evil days came to the conquering state, and the power of Athens fell at Aegos Potami, some scanty remnant of the Aeginetan race returned to the ancestral island; but the old glory never returned, and through the ages which history leaves hidden in darkness from our eyes, the mingled stock seems gradually to have been reduced to the handful who inhabit the island to-day.

Aegina was a favourite theme with Pindar:

“ Land ² of the long oars, fatherland, Aegina
Judgment throne where sitting Themis, the Pre-
server

By the side of Zeus the guardian of Strangers,
More than all mankind is honoured with observance.
For a matter weighty, many ways inclining
Rightly to adjudge, and not with false proportion,
Is a problem hard to overthrow by wrestling.

“ But of immortals some ordinance
Hath stablished this sea-fenced land,
Pillar divine to support
Strangers of every clime.
Nor may the years in their flight
Weary maintaining this law.”

¹ Ephorus, quoted by Strabo, says the Aeginetans were the first who used stamped coinage.

² Pindar: Olymp., viii. 20.

“ Not ¹ from the Graces far
Hath fallen the lot of the Isle,
 City of Justice and Right,
 Sharing the glorious fame
Of the deeds of Aeacus’ line.

“ Perfect her glory from olden time —
 Oft is she sung victorious
In struggles of heroes she nursed.
 Highest in contests swift,
 In mortal men no less
 Shineth her fame.”

“ Broad ² are from every side the ways
For chroniclers, the glorious Isle to praise.
For by the mighty deeds they showed,
 On her the Aeacids bestowed
 Surpassing other lands, a fame
And over Earth and far beyond the Sea is spread
 their name.”

“ No ³ maker of images I
To build enduring forms
On bases immovable standing —
But oh my song, on every bark,
In every ship, sweet song,

¹ Pindar: Pyth., viii. 21.

² Pindar: Nem., vi. 51.

³ Pindar: Nem., i. ff.

Go from Aegina, tidings spreading,
How Lampon's son,
Pytheas of broad strength,
The crown of the Pancration won
In games Nemean.

“ While yet his cheek showed not
The tender summer, of the wine-bud mother.
With glory hath he crowned
The warrior heroes, sprung
From Cronos and from Zeus,
And from the golden Nereids —
The line of Aeacus.

“ His mother city he hath glorified,
Dear soil of guests,
Which once they prayed might be
Renowned for men and ships;
As standing near the shrine of Hellene Zeus,
They spread their hands aloft,
Endais’ ¹ sons right famous, and the might
Of Phocus princely.”

The temple has been shorn of its chief glory — the Pediment sculptures — which are the pride of the Munich Glyptothek. We used to like to be told to note the proud smile on the lips of the Greeks as they met death, the stern joy in their eyes as

¹ Wife of Aeacus.

they faced the foe. This was before the world had learnt so much about archaic sculpture and the work of the predecessors of Phidias. Yet perhaps the fancy was not wholly untrue. However that may be, we cherished the old thought as we looked up at the gray architraves now robbed of their crowns. The columns stand high and clear in the brilliant sunshine, and we strolled among them, placing ourselves to get vistas now of Argolis, now of Geraneia, Cithaeron, Parnes, and at last of Athens with the golden Acropolis, and Pentelicus rising behind, with Hymettus and its foothills east and south to Sunium.

These lesser ruined temples of Greece offer little perhaps of grandeur or of architectural splendour to the eye. It is to the heart they speak, and that most surely they do — every one of them. They are so truthful, so sincere. The effect is produced with so little effort of elaboration. The Colonnade, the Fore-house, the Cella, the Rear-house, that is all. Every trace of ornament has disappeared, and all colour save the glow of pink and gold and gray which time has bestowed instead of man's devices. And the temples are nobly placed. They look forth from headland or from hill-top, over island-studded gulf or fertile inland plain, simple and serene:

We filled our lungs with the wholesome cold March air, and descended with clean hearts and minds to the landing place once more. The Argo

got up steam, and round the headland met the waves which by this time had become boisterous. She plunged valiantly into them, but we saw that it was going to be slow work to reach a point where the influence of the windward shore would give relief. “’Εισ ὥφελ’ Ἀργούς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος !” Far to the left rose Acrocorinthus and the Arcadian mountains. The Argo struggled on past the little islands which stud the Saronic, till at last Salamis offered a lee, and we ran past Psittaleia and Cynosura¹ — on into the quiet waters of the Bay of Salamis.

We turned before reaching the narrows, and saw in the distance the navy-yard where the modern Greek fleet lay at anchor. It consisted of but a handful of gunboats, but it was sufficient doubtless to have scattered all the hosts of Persia by a few broadsides. To the north rose the “Rocky brow that looks o'er seaworn Salamis.” To the south, the Island in its immortal glory, lit by the last ray of the setting sun.

“Paths² of the dashing sea surge, caves by the ocean’s edge, grove on the promontory’s brow,” mourned Ajax of his “long-time exile round the walls of Troy,” his dying thoughts turning to the beloved island home.

“The³ son of Telamon, in prosperity swaying

¹ The Dog’s Tail, behind which the Greek fleet lurked.

² Soph.: Ajax, 412.

³ Soph.: Ajax, 134.

Salamis, founded where the sea floweth round.” But Ajax, the mighty, Ajax, the heir of Salamis fell, as strength so often falls overcome by wit, and as in after days, the rugged Salaminians fell under the sway of clever Athens and Solon the Wise. Yet Athens in her glory never forgot the shelter which the Island gave in her hour of need. Always in her navy was a “ Salaminia ” used for highest and holiest purposes. And The Sea Fight needed no special name, when it was used to point the exhortations of the great orators in the days when Grecian liberty was once more threatened, and sinking to its end on the fatal plain of Chaeronea.

Psittaleia, the island of massacre, where Persia’s noblest were slaughtered like cattle in a pen, was lighting its beacon as we rounded the northern end, and headed across for Piraeus.

“ There ¹ is an island fronting Salamis,
Small — a mean roadstead offering for ships.
Dance-loving Pan oft treads its ocean verge.
Thither the king his noblest sends, that when
The routed foe for refuge seek the isle,
They smite the Grecian host, an easy prey,
And friends may rescue from the ocean paths.
The future ill discerning, — for when Heaven
To Greeks the glory gave in fight of ships,
Their bodies clad in armour of good bronze,

¹ Aeschylus: Persians, 449 ff.

At once they leaped to shore from off the decks,
And circled the whole island, nor our chiefs
Knew where to turn for safety, for in showers
They pelted them with rocks, and, from the bow,
The arrows pouring wrought destruction swift.
At last, in one fierce rush the Greeks dashed on,
They smote, they hacked their wretched victims'
limbs,
Until they reft the life from all the band.
When Xerxes saw the depth of ill, he groaned,
For on a throne conspicuous to the host,
He sat, on mountain brow near ocean's brine.
Rending his robes, he cried in loud lament,
And, leaving to his host on land the fight,
In flight unseemly thence he rushed. — Such woe
Is thine to weep for, added to the first."

CHAPTER V

MARATHON

WE made an early start from Athens, and after leaving the city, we quickly came to true pastoral country of a kind very characteristic of Greece. Attica for the most part is barren, but here we found meadows of soft grass as green as those in the fertile lands of the Peloponnesus. We passed flocks of sheep tended by handsome young bearded shepherds in cloaks of rough wool and carrying real crooks. They represented precisely one's idea of Meliboeus or Tityrus. The pastures were fields of grass of the type of good golf turf, dotted with clumps of furze bush or thistle, and covered with anemones of every colour. Here and there a gnarled olive tree offered a tempting spot, should Tityrus feel inclined to try his pipe.

We passed an occasional ruined church, or a new one situated in a group of three or four cottages with a modest inn, where the driver stopped to give water to his horses. Soon we crossed a low spur of Hymettus and began a long gentle descent through olives and pines. This part of the road is

lonely but very beautiful. At one point we crossed a bridge and drove through a perfect tunnel of foliage. Pines, olives and vines, planted thick on either side, afforded shade, rare indeed in this land.

One of the favourite haunts of the great god Pan was near this spot. The stalactites in his cave bear, to this day, the forms of his goats, and he must have loved the Marathon region well. As Phidippides traversed the Arcadian mountains in quest of help for Athens, the god suddenly appeared before him. There is no panic terror now in his mild countenance, but good cheer, as he tells Phidippides that all will be well. For he himself — the resistless power of Nature — will be present at Marathon on the great day. And the Athenians, who had hitherto neglected his worship,¹ gave him in gratitude a shrine in the grotto on the northern slope of their own Acropolis.

We reached a wayside inn, where we changed horses, and rested half an hour. This spot is the scene of the last instance of kidnapping by brigands.² We had passed the Diacria, the high ground between Hymettus and Pentelicus, and from now on our road, for the most part, was a long slow descent, until we suddenly caught sight of the sea. Far to the northeast we saw the snow-clad Euboean mountains across the Euripus. To the southeast a

¹ Pausanias, i. 28. Pace Eurip.: *Ion*, 492.

² In 1870.

low gray island was Ceos, the birthplace of Simonides, the poet whose name is associated with the war of which our minds were full, as we approached the scene of the first battle. Simonides wrote many epitaphs in honour of those slain in the Persian War.¹ In competition with Aeschylus—who had himself fought at Marathon—he composed an inscription for the famous picture by Mikon, Panaenus, and Polygnotus in the Painted Stoa of Athens.²

“ Fighting as champions for Greece on Marathon’s plain, the Athenians
Low on the ground the might dashed of the gold bearing Medes.”

Here is the inscription offered by Aeschylus, but rejected as inferior to that of Simonides:

“ Men³ of Plataea and Athens, on Marathon’s meadow embattled,
Low on the ground the might dashed of the gold-bearing Medes.”

We wound up a hill scarred by the marks of a recent great conflagration, and at last far away, we could descry a broad plain shut in on three sides by hills, and washed on the fourth by the Euboean

¹ The most famous ones refer to Thermopylae.

² Simonides, 90 Bergk.

³ Aeschylus: Elegy, i. Bergk.

Strait. This was Marathon; but, for the half hour of approach, our attention was held by the view of the mountains across the Strait which is here very narrow. Northeast, the promontory of Cynosura runs out from the mainland. It is curious that there should have been points of land with identical names at both Marathon and Salamis. Here the name "Dog's Tail" may recall Aelian's statement that in the above-mentioned picture of the Painted Stoa, there appears a dog, taken as "fellow soldier" to the battle by one of the Athenians. "Both¹ are painted in the picture, the dog not being left unhonoured; for he obtained this meed for the danger he faced that he is to be seen together with Cynaegiros, Epizelos, and Callimachus."

Conspicuous in Euboea rises snow-crowned Dirphys. Simonides² wrote an epitaph on the peasant lads who fell for their country:

" Under the slope of Dirphys we fell. This mound
in our honour
Hard by Euripus stands, raised by our countrymen
here.
Just was the tribute. We lost the early prime of
our manhood,
We who holding our ground, met the rude cloud of
the war."

¹ Harrison: *Myth. and Mon. of Ancient Athens*, page 139.

² Simonides, 89 Bergk.

The road to Rhamnus runs north from the plain. Here stood the famous statue of Nemesis. For the Persians brought with them to Marathon a huge block of Persian marble, whereof to make a trophy in celebration of the expected victory. From this very bit of stone Phidias wrought the statue of the goddess, whose wrath had been stirred by their presumptuous confidence.¹

Upon reaching the edge of the plain of Marathon the carriage stopped at a group of farm buildings, and we alighted and proceeded to the mound which rises from the centre of the plain. This is the famous “Soros” heaped over the bodies of the Grecian dead, and while its genuineness has at times been disputed, archæologists have at last pronounced in its favour. In the fight, the Athenians were marshalled tribe by tribe, that friend might be encouraged by the proximity of friend; and so, tribe by tribe, the bodies of one hundred and ninety-two heroes were laid in this mound. Beside it, “Each night and all night long, one may hear the sound of champing horses and of fighting men.”²

The Soros is the only elevation in the perfectly level plain, and we lunched under the shade of the clump of trees on its northern side.

Modern military critics have proved that Marathon was not much of a battle after all. It was

¹ Pausanias, i. 33.

² Pausanias, i. 32.

merely a rear-end engagement with Persians who were already embarking. In the Greek imagination, however, it holds high place after Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. For it was the first conflict, and as it turned out it led to a ten years' respite. We can hear throughout Greek oratory and poetry the echo of the exultant consciousness that from this first conflict between Slave and Free, Liberty came forth triumphant.

In the *Persians* of Aeschylus, Queen Atossa asks the chorus for information concerning these strange Athenians:

*Atossa:*¹ "Tell me, who is their commander, who
is despot o'er the folk?"

Chorus: "Of no mortal man the servants, nor the
subjects are they called."

Atossa: "How then could they bide the onset of the
foeman pressing hard?"

Chorus: "In such fashion that Darius saw his
mighty host destroyed."

"The² greatest orator of the ancient world swore
'by those who lay buried at Marathon,' as if they
were gods, and no appeal was more inspiring to
Athenian ears than that to the memory of those who
fought at Marathon."

¹ Line 243.

² Wordsworth: *Greece*, page 114.

" Our ¹ ancestors conquered the barbarians who first trod Attic soil, and made plain that Manhood is stronger than Wealth, Valour than Numbers."

Pausanias ² tells us how the fight was depicted on the walls of the Painted Porch.

" Of the Boeotians, those who dwelt at Plataea, and the whole of the Attic force, are advancing to close quarters with the barbarians. And in this part of the picture the fight is equal. But further on, the barbarians are fleeing and pushing one another into the swamp. And at the end of the picture are the Phoenician ships, and the Greeks killing the barbarians, who are rushing towards these. There is also painted the hero Marathon — from whom the plain has been named — and Theseus ³ is depicted like one rising from the Earth, and Athene and Heracles. For Heracles was regarded as a god by the Marathonians first, as they themselves say. And of the fighters, those most conspicuous in the picture are Callimachus,⁴ who had been elected Polemarch by the Athenians, and Miltiades of the generals, and the hero called Echetlos."⁵

¹ Lycurg., 163. ² Pausanias, i. 15. 3.

³ Theseus in earlier times had brought deliverance to the dwellers in Attica by slaying the Marathonian Bull. We see him in the quaint group in the Acropolis Museum with the bull over his shoulders.

⁴ Callimachus was pierced by so many spears that his body was unable to fall to earth.

⁵ Echetlos was the mysterious figure who appeared on the

We picked our way shoreward over the firmer parts of the marsh, and found a comfortable heap of dry seaweed on the beach, where we spent an hour enjoying the bright sunshine and the glorious view of the Euboean Strait. Herodotus was our guide. Off this very beach, Hippias, longing to recover the throne whence he had been expelled, “ Guided¹ the ships of the barbarians, . . . and anchored them, and marshalled the Persian troops after they had disembarked on the shore. And as he was thus employed, it befell him to sneeze and cough more violently than was his wont, and as he was elderly, his teeth for the most part were shaken. So then he lost one of his teeth by the violence of his coughing, and as it had fallen upon the sand he used great diligence to find it. But as his tooth appeared not, he groaned and said to the bystanders: ‘ This land is not for us, nor shall we prove able to make it subject; for so much of it as was to have been my share, my tooth already has obtained. . . .’ ”

The famous narrative runs on in the historian’s delightful style of sober narrative, quaint anecdote, and historical digression. The unexpected arrival

field during the fight and dealt mighty blows with his plough-share. The oracle afterwards bade the Athenians “ honour Echetlos,” and they built him a monument of marble. Cf. Browning.

¹ Herod., vi. 107.

on the scene of the heroic Plataeans *en masse* must have cheered the hearts of the anxious Athenians. There is something quite touching in the almost romantic affection of the Athenians for their humble, oppressed Boeotian *protégés*; and the devotion of the Plataeans to the city that alone had helped them in their need, appears again and again in Grecian history. Herodotus, after telling of the arrival of the Plataeans, and after commenting on this ancient tie of friendship, describes the anxiety of the Athenian generals, and their patriotic self-abnegation and resolution at the last. We could follow, without difficulty, his description of the positions of the contestants, and the details of the fight.

"When¹ their dispositions were made, and the omens were propitious, . . . they rushed at full speed against the barbarians. . . . But the Persians, when they saw them approaching at a run, prepared as if to receive their onslaught. And they imputed madness to the Greeks, and a right fatal madness, when they saw them so few, and these pressing on at a run aided by neither cavalry nor archery. . . . And the Athenians, when they had joined in close conflict with the barbarians, then they fought in wise worthy of description. For they were the first of all the Greeks whom we know, who went at running speed against enemies, and the first who endured the sight of the garb of

¹ Herod., vi. 112.

the Medes and the men clad therein. For before this, even the name of the Medes was a terror for the Greeks to hear."

We could picture to ourselves the temporary success of the Persians at the centre of the line, where they drove their opponents well towards the hills. Then our imagination recalled the Grecian wings victorious, the flight through the marshes, and the wild rush for the ships; the effort to set these on fire; Cynaegiros grasping the prow of a vessel, and falling, his arms severed by a battle axe; then the final retreat of the fleet round Sunium; the flashing shield signal given by traitors from mount Pentelicus; the hasty return of the Athenians to their city to thwart the treachery; — and finally, the arrival of help from Sparta when all was over.

The historian gives a dry account of the conduct of the Lacedaemonians. When Phidippides came with his agonized appeal, "It¹ pleased the Spartans to send help to the Athenians. It was impossible, however, to do this at once, for they did not wish to transgress their custom. For it was the ninth day of the waxing moon, and they said that they would not go forth on the ninth day for that the disc of the moon was not full. So they awaited the full moon. . . . But after the full moon,² two thousand of the Lacedaemonians came to Athens, in hot haste to be in time, so that they reached Attica

¹ Herod., vi. 106.

² Herod., vi. 120.

on the third day from Sparta. But though they had arrived after the collision, they desired nevertheless to gaze upon the Medes. So going to Marathon, they gazed. Then, commanding the Athenians and their work, they departed homeward."

The fountain of Macaria mentioned by Pausanias is no longer to be found. Marathon had been the scene in mythical times of the brave deed of a woman who here offered her life that victory might be assured to Athens and that the race of Heracles might not perish. The Heraclidae of Euripides tells the story. The persecuted children of Heracles, fleeing from Eurystheus of Tiryns, reach Marathon, and beg protection of King Demophon, who now rules Attica as successor of his father Theseus. The king promises succour, and Eurystheus, seeing the prey about to escape, makes preparation for battle. An oracle declares that, as a condition of victory, a maiden, sprung of noblest stock, must be sacrificed to Demeter. Macaria, the eldest daughter of Heracles, surrenders herself to voluntary death. "Worthy of her father, worthy of her noble birth this deed hath been done. And if the death of the brave thou dost revere, I join with thee."¹

It was time to return to Athens. The day had been warm and bright, but in March there is always

¹ Eurip.: Heracl., 626.

a sharp chill in the air when the sun begins to approach the horizon. As we drew near Athens, the Acropolis rose clear against the glory of the western sky, and the lights of the city shone forth one by one as we entered the suburbs.

CHAPTER VI

CORINTH

FROM Eleusis to Corinth the scenery is very beautiful. The railroad skirts the sea during nearly the whole of its course, often creeping along the edge of cliffs or crossing deep clefts in the rocks with the waves actually roaring beneath the train. Usually, however, this part of the Saronic Gulf is calm, and from the windows of the railway carriage one looks down through limpid blue-green to the clean sandy bottom far below.

After leaving Eleusis the line runs round the spur of the Kerata, through a very extensive olive plantation which reaches more than half the way to Megara. On the left is still the Bay of Salamis, now widening, now narrowing so much that a good swimmer might easily cross to the Island. Over the southwestern point of Salamis one begins to see Aegina and the far off Argolic mountains, and presently the train reaches Megara.

Megara was a Dorian town, and her enmity to Ionian Athens lasted almost unbroken through historic times. The final acquisition of Salamis

by Athens was something which Megara could not forgive; and the famous Megarian Decree of commercial non-intercourse was one of the inflaming events which led to the Peloponnesian War. Aristophanes in the Acharnians gives a horrible picture of the sufferings caused by the Decree to the inhabitants of Megara, and repeats the unpleasant tale of the personal affair which led to the promulgation of the ordinance. Apologists of Pericles deny utterly the culpability of the great statesman, and prefer to follow the account of Plutarch,¹ according to whom the decree was issued because the Megarians had appropriated to profane uses a part of the sacred Eleusinian territory. The situation was exasperated by the treatment of the ambassador Anthemocritus, who was put to death by the Megarians. In consequence of this outrage, Charinus brought in a “decree against them, that there should exist enmity without truce and without parley, and that whatever Megarian should set foot on Attic soil, should be punished with death; and that the generals, on swearing the ancestral oath, should vow in addition that twice each year they would invade the Megarid.” The Megarians in Plutarch’s time denied the execution of Anthemocritus, and claimed that the version of Aristophanes was the true one.

Modern Megara is proud of its pure Hellenic blood in the midst of neighbours of Albanian stock. The

¹ Plut.: Vit. Per., 30.

Easter Monday dances are famous, and the beauty of the maidens justifies the claim of pure descent. From Megara the land slopes towards the ancient seaport of Nisaea over against Salamis. Here is the Rock Aithyia where Pandion lies buried, and opposite is the Rock Minoa. The names call to mind many sad legends of these early kings of Attica and the Megarid.

Pandion, driven from his home in Attica, took refuge here and married the daughter of King Pylas whom he succeeded. His sons recovered their paternal inheritance, and made division of the territory. The sad fate of his daughters belongs more properly to Daulia.¹ The third son, Nisus, became King of Megara, and when Minos, King of Crete, made his famous invasion, Nisus was besieged in his citadel on the Rock since called Minoa. The king's beautiful daughter, Scylla, became enamoured of Minos, and, induced by love or perhaps by gold, betrayed her father to the invader. Now Nisus bore a charmed life. On his head there grew a lock of purple hair, and while that was safe, no harm could befall him. Scylla entered the chamber where he slept, and, after cutting off the purple lock, she presented it to Minos, who in scorn and loathing rejected her appeals and sailed away in his ships. Scylla in despair leaped into the sea, and strove to cling to the ship of the departing Minos. But her

¹ See Chapter x.

murdered father, changed into a sea eagle, appeared in pursuit, and Scylla was transformed into a strange new sea bird called Ciris.¹ Some say it was Minos who flung her into the sea, and that her body, which was washed ashore on the Argolic coast, gave the name to the Scyllaean Promontory.²

The first hundred and fifty lines of the eighth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* give a beautiful version of the tale. Here is the brief account in the *Choephoroe* of Aeschylus, where the chorus of slave maidens in expressing detestation of the crime of Clytemnestra, recall similar instances of the dreadful deeds of passion done by women.

“ Another ³ woman we in legend needs must loathe,
Scylla the murderous,
Who, by foes seduced, a dear one slew,
By Cretan gold-wrought necklace tempted,—
The Gift of Minos — and she severed
The lock immortal from the head of Nisus,
As in sleep he breathed unwitting —
Dog hearted woman!
But Hermes overtook her.”

After leaving Megara, the train begins to creep along the edge of the cliffs of Mount Geraneia.

¹ Ciris from *Kelpouai*, to cut the hair.

² This Scylla is sometimes wrongly confused with the monster of the Straits of Messina.

³ Aesc.: Cheoph., 603.

This mountain is said to have received its name from the Cranes.¹

Megaros² was the son of Zeus and one of the Sithnid nymphs, whose stream supplied the fountain of Megara, adorned with buildings by the famous tyrant Theagenes — “ a fountain worth seeing for its adornment and the number of its columns.”

Now once upon a time it befell Megaros “ to escape from the flood of Deucalion to the height of Geraneia — the mountain not yet having this name. But forasmuch as he swam, directing his course by the cry of flying Cranes; on this account the mountain was named Geraneia.”

We crossed a bridge over a chasm of the sea, and began to descend faster towards the low land of the Isthmus. This bridge is at the *Κακὴ Σκαλά*, the Evil Staircase, which the ancients called the Scironian Cliff. We were pursuing in reverse direction the famous course of Theseus, whose twelve labours vie with those of Heracles. While the Megarians state that Sciron was the first to build the road along the Saronic Gulf, the accepted myth represents him as a cruel robber, who lived on the rocks of Megaris. He would compel³ travellers to wash his feet, and while they were stooping to perform the task, he would kick them over the cliff in sheer

¹ Cranes, *Γέρανοι*.

² Paus., i. 40. 1.

³ Paus., i. 44. 8.

glee. A monstrous tortoise, lurking at the foot of the rock, devoured the bodies. Theseus visited him with the same treatment he had so often bestowed on others.

The Molurian Rocks are near those of Sciron. From them Ino leaped with her son Melicertes in her arms, and became the sea goddess Leucothea. Ino was daughter of Cadmus, and the second wife of Athamas. She¹ incurred the wrath of Hera for having nursed the infant Dionysus, her nephew. The goddess afflicted Athamas with homicidal madness directed against his own children. After seeing Learchus, her eldest boy, slain by his father, the frantic mother fled with Melicertes, and leaped with him into the sea, where they became divinities propitious to mariners. The² handmaidens of Ino traced her steps as far as the edge of the Cliff. Guessing the fate of their mistress, they made loud complaint of the cruelty of Hera. The goddess heard their outcry, and resolved to make one more example of her savage power. The maiden who had loved her mistress best tried to leap into the sea, when lo, she found herself powerless to move. Others, essaying to beat their breasts or tear their hair, found their arms grown rigid in the act. Others again were changed into birds, who, to this day, may be seen dipping their wings as they skim along

¹ Apollod., iii. 4. 3.

² Ovid: Met., iv. 542 ff.

the sea among the scattered rocks which once were living maidens.

Another account, given by Apollodorus,¹ represents Ino as having plotted the death of Phrixos and Helle, children of Athamas by his first wife, Nephele. Pausanias tells us that Melicertes was conveyed to Corinth by a dolphin. Others say that his body was washed ashore there. At all events, the famous Isthmian games were instituted in his honour. The Scholiast on Pindar² says that “The Nereids once upon a time in their dance appeared before Sisyphus,³ and bade him conduct the Isthmian festival in honour of Melicertes.”

“Sisyphus,⁴ son of Aeolus, they bade,
In honour of the boy to institute
The prize of far renown for Melicertes perished.”

We meet the new sea-goddess in a well-known passage of the *Odyssey*:

“Then⁵ the daughter of Cadmus spied him, Ino of the neat ankle, Leucothea, who of yore had been a mortal of human speech, but now, in depths of Ocean, the gods have bestowed honour upon her. She beheld with compassion the storm-driven Odysseus in his anguish, and in likeness of a flying

¹ Apollod., i. 9. 1. ² Isth.: Arg., i.

³ King of Corinth, and uncle of Melicertes.

⁴ Pindar: Frag., i.

⁵ Homer: *Odyssey*, v. 333 ff.

gull she rose up from the sea. Then she seated herself on the raft, and spake words to him: ‘ Ill-fated one, wherefore hath Poseidon, Shaker-of-Earth, so sore afflicted thee with his wrath, in that he causeth for thee so many evils? Surely he shall not destroy thee, though he is greatly enangered against thee. But verily do thou act thus — for thou seemest to me not without wisdom — cast off thy garments, and leave thy raft to be carried by the winds, and, swimming with thy hands, strive to attain a haven on Phaeacian soil, where it is thy destiny to escape. Take then this veil, and spread it beneath thy breast. It is immortal, nor is there fear that evil or destruction befall it. When, therefore, thou shalt touch the land with thine arms, unbind the veil, and cast it again into the wine-faced sea, far from the land, and turn thyself backward.’ When she had thus spoken, the goddess gave him the veil. Then she dove into the billowy sea, in likeness of a gull. And the dark waves covered her.”

The Chorus in the Medea of Euripides compares the cruel mother to the maddened Ino.

*Chorus:*¹ “ Unhappy one, of rock art thou or steel
Thou that by murderous hand wilt slay
The crop of children thou thyself didst bear?

¹ Eurip.: Medea, 1279.

“ Of one, one only have I heard
In ancient story.

Ino by gods distraught,
What time the spouse of Zeus
Drove her in wandering from her home afar.

“ For impious murder of her sons
She falleth — hapless one — her foot extending
O'er ocean cliff into the raging main.”

Simonides wrote an elegy on one wrecked on Geraneia and the Scironian Rocks.

“ Ill-omened ¹ cliff, mist-clad, Geraneia, would that
on Ister

Or on the Scythian Don far thou directedst thy
gaze.

Nor that at hand were found the Scironian billow
of ocean,

Bane of the maddened dame, near the Molurian
Crag.”

As we journeyed westward, further legends of the prowess of Theseus came back to us. We were near the haunts of the Sow of Crommyon and of the robber Sinis, who hurled his enemies into the sea as from a catapult by fastening them to a bended pine. Theseus visited him with righteous retribution by fastening him to his own pine.

¹ Simonides, 114 Bergk.

The coast of Argolis drew near, and the calm sea was almost glassy in its smoothness. We could see the snow-topped mountains reflected on the surface which the wildest storms cannot reach. Then came the Isthmus, and beyond it the same untroubled waters till, far to the westward, the Gulf of Corinth expanded and the mirrored picture came to an end.

Strabo¹ tells us that the eastern end of the Corinthian Gulf was called the Halcyon Lake. No wonder the halcyon chose this spot for her nest on

“ The ² mild ocean,
Which now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.”

We recall the words of Alcman:

“ Would,³ ah, would I were a king fisher,
Who, o'er the blossoming of the sea,
With halcyons flitteth
With heart enduring
Sea-purple bird of the Spring! ”

¹ Strabo, viii. 336.

² Milton's ode on the morning of Christ's nativity.

³ Alcman, 36 Bergk.

Simonides sings of the halcyon:

“ As ¹ when the fourteen days in winter month
Zeus calmeth by his power;
And men on earth have named the time
The wind-forgotten hour —
Her holy nursing season good
Hath then the Halcyon many-hued.”

The Isthmus is now pierced by a canal, and the isle of Pelops is really an island at last. The undertaking was begun by Nero and abandoned after a considerable amount of work had been done. Near the western end, a quaint little relief of the emperor is cut in the cliff.

The canal was finished in 1893, but is too narrow for the large Mediterranean steamers.

A Delphic oracle runs as follows:

“ Wall ² not the Isthmus nor dig;
An Island had he wished it, Zeus had made.”

Our train crossed the canal on a bridge. To the westward, one of the most beautiful panoramas in the whole of Greece was unfolded. The towering Acrocorinthus rose full in view and behind it the loftier heights of the Peloponnesus. Beyond Chel-

¹ Simonides, 12 Bergk.

² Anthol., xiv. 81.

mos, glorious Cyllene lifted his crown of snow; and across the Gulf were the still more famous heights of Cithaeron, Helicon, and — mightiest of all — Parnassus. The Gulf slept in the sheltering arms of these guardian giants, and reflected the dazzling white of their summits, as it was gradually dulled to the mournful gray of their sides, and at last to the stern red of their sea-washed feet. The repose of the scene is seldom broken. Occasionally the tiny sail of a fishing boat can be seen, more rarely a coastwise steamer; but often there is no sign whatever of human life upon the whole expanse.

We left the train, and hastened through modern Corinth, which, save for the beauty of its situation, is in no wise noteworthy. The ancient city, too, until a few years ago, would have served only as a temporary resting place for those whose goal was the great fortress. Nothing was then visible except the venerable ruin of the Temple of Apollo, one of the oldest Doric temples in the world. Of late, however, the excavations conducted by the American School have brought to light much that is of interest. The once magnificent buildings of the fountain of Pirene have been discovered, and many other ancient sites have been excavated. Nearly everything, however, is in such ruin that a feeling of bewilderment is unavoidable. Perhaps also a slight disappointment is felt that a city so brilliant in all worldly aspects should have perished so utterly.

Dire indeed was the work of pillage to which the rich and wicked city became a victim when Grecian freedom fell with her at last.

The aged temple stands on high ground looking forth over the Corinthian Gulf. It is a very sad temple. When the rude soldiery of Mummius trampled underfoot all that was left of Hellenic independence and "The eye of Greece" was darkened, this venerable mother of temples had lived too long.

"Where¹ is thy beauty renowned through the world,
Oh Dorian Corinth?

Where is thy battlement crown? Where thy processions of old?

Where are thy fanes of the blest, thy palaces, where
are thy Matrons,

Sisyphus' daughters? Thy folk numbered by myriads once?

Ill-fated one! No trace, not one of thy glory is left
thee.

All in one moment consumed, war hath devoured
the whole.

Only the Nereid nymphs, the daughters immortal
of ocean

Still unharmed we survive, Halcyon birds of thy
griefs."²

¹ Anth., ix. 151 Antipater.

² Symonds' "Sketches and Studies of Italy and Greece" has a beautiful paraphrase of this lament.

We toiled up the steep slope of the Acrocorinthus, and at last reached the top and rested for our reward. The view was glorious. Not only can one gaze northward over the prospect we already know, but eastward spreads the Saronic with its islands, and far off on a clear day even the hill of Athens can be made out. South and west rise tier after tier of mountains, and at one's feet spreads the fertile plain running along the shore of the Gulf to ancient Sicyon.

One of the finest stories in Plutarch is the account of the capture by Aratus of the Acrocorinthus. “The¹ Acrocorinthus, a lofty mountain, growing up from the midst of Greece, when it is garrisoned, . . . renders its master supreme . . . so that the younger Philip, not in joke but truly, called the citadel of the Corinthians ‘the Chains of Greece.’ . . . Now the place had always been an object of contention to princes and potentates; and the eagerness of Antigonus for it fell short in no respect of the maddest of passions.” Plutarch tells how Antigonus obtained the fortress by fraud, and prefaces his account of the recapture by reflections concerning the glory of the deed of Aratus as having been done in behalf of all Greece against a Macedonian foe, whereas the exploits of Pelopidas and Thrasybulus — to which he compares it — were done against Greeks in behalf of other Greeks.

¹ Plutarch: *Vit. Aratus*, xiv. ff.

There follows an account of the scene at the Bankers' in Sicyon where the brothers who had stolen some of the king's gold came to deposit their booty. Aratus was a friend of the banker, who had learned from one of the brothers of the existence of a hidden weak spot in the fortifications of the citadel. An agreement was made by which for a large bribe one of the thieves was to lead Aratus to this spot. An accident nearly ruined the whole plan. Technon, the servant of Aratus, had been sent to make a preliminary examination of the place, and meeting one of the brothers who knew nothing of the plot, revealed to him his errand. This brother proved a traitor, and was about to deliver Technon to the authorities, when the right brother appeared, and instantly perceiving the situation, made a sign to Technon to flee. Technon leaped from the rock where he stood and escaped. Aratus, not daunted by this set-back to his plans, sent money to bribe the traitorous brother to silence, and having gained possession of his person, locked him in a dungeon for greater security. When all the preparations were complete, Aratus chose a band of four hundred followers who were ignorant of his purpose.

"It¹ was midsummer and the time of the full moon. The night was cloudless, and the flashing of the weapons, reflecting the rays of the moon, caused fear that they might not elude the garrison.

¹ Plutarch: *Vit., Aratus, xxi.*

When, however, the leaders drew near, clouds ran up from the sea and covered the citadel itself and the region outside which became overshadowed." Bare-footed they climbed the ladders and slew the watchers at the wall. Plutarch describes the wild scene within the fortress; the awakened citizens, the trumpets, the moving torches, and the hand-to-hand combat. In one place, Aratus found himself bewildered in the dark windings among the rocks which had caused him to lose the road. Then the moon is said "in wondrous wise" to have dispersed the clouds and pointed out to him the path. No sooner had he regained it, than clouds collected and the shadows covered all once more. Again the combat raged with varying fortunes, but at last the liberators held the height just as the "day was beginning to glow, and the sun shone upon the task accomplished." Then the main body of the troops of Aratus arrived from Sicyon and the royal garrison were made prisoners. Plutarch goes on to describe the scene in the theatre in the city below, where the people thronged to see the victor and to hear his words. "He¹ advanced from his tent into the midst, armed, and with his countenance altered by reason of weariness and sleeplessness, so that the joy and exultation of his soul seemed overcome by the languor which depressed his frame. But when the people at his approach poured themselves out in

¹ Plutarch: *Vit. Aratus*, xxiii.

congratulation, he took into his hand his spear, and leaning slightly upon it, he stood for a long time listening to their applause and shouts in praise of his valour and envy of his good fortune. And when they ceased, he collected himself, and delivered a speech in behalf of the Achaeans appropriate to his exploit, and bade the Corinthians adopt the Achaean cause as their own. Then he gave them the key of the gates now for the first time in their control since the times of Philip."

The walls of the Acrocorinthus were built and rebuilt, captured and recaptured, many and many a time during the dark ages of Grecian thraldom, and in the war which brought freedom at last. Churches and dwellings cover the enclosure, but of these there is little left but ruin. We descended into a cavern and drank the waters of Pirene, which supplied — so we are told — the great fountain building in the city below. Like Hippocrene on Mount Helicon, the fountain was created by the hoof of Pegasus who sprang hence to the sky. It was granted to Sisyphus for playing informer as is related in the annals of Aegina.¹

As the sun declined we reluctantly descended and,

¹ The account of the origin of Pirene as given by Pausanias in his chapter on Corinth is more poetical. Pirene was once a woman, but was changed to a fountain through weeping for her son, Cenchrias, who had been unintentionally slain by Artemis.

pausing for farewell to the mournful temple in the ancient town, we mounted our carriage and drove to modern Corinth for the night.

CHAPTER VII

MYCENAE

THE road from Corinth to Nauplia took us quickly from the coast, winding round the Eastern end of the Acrocorinthus, and passing the little village of Hexamilia. This town was the scene of charitable labours on the part of Dr. S. G. Howe, who here established a colony for the refugees who fled from Turkish cruelty in 1828.

Far to the left we could see the Arachnaean heights, the last station of the famous beacon signal on its journey from Troy to proclaim to the watchers on the palace of Agamemnon that the city had fallen at last.

*Chorus:*¹ “ And how could tidings with such speed
have come? ”

Clytemnestra: “ Hephaestus sent from Ida his
bright gleam;
And, torch succeeding torch, the courier fire
Sped hither — Ida to the Lemnian Crag
Of Hermes flashed the tidings. From the Isle,

¹ Aeschylus: *Ag.*, 271-302.

Mount Athos caught the mighty beacon third.
Then, rising high to overarch the sea,
This joy-fraught strength of travelling torch sped
on,
This pine knot, and like some gold-blazing sun
To watch upon Macistus bore the gleam —
Who loitered not o'ercome by heedless sleep,
But passed his portion of the tidings on.
The beacon's light to far Euripus came,
And signalled to Messapium's guards the news.
Answering the blaze, they urged the message on,
Kindling with fire a heap of withered brush.
In strength the glare with brightness still un-
dimmed,
Leaping across Asopus' Plain, as 'twere
A shining moon, attained Cithaeron's crag,
And waked new relay of the envoy-fire.
Nor did the watch deny a far-sent beam,
But kindled one yet greater than before.
And over Lake Gorgopis darts the light
And hastening on to Aegiplanctus' Cliff,
Urges that meed of fire be not delayed.
Kindling with force ungrudged a mighty beard
Of flame they light, and send to pass beyond
The headland guarding the Saronic Strait
With blaze unfailing — Then it came and lodged
On Arachnaean steep, town-neighbouring heights.
Then here on the Atridae's roof it rests,
This light, true progeny of Ida's fire."

We traversed the domain of Cleonae, the rival of Corinth in early days, and wound through rugged passes among desolate towering cliffs, one of which contains a cave which we are told was the lair of the dreadful Nemean Lion. One of the twelve labours of Heracles imposed on him by his oppressor Eurystheus of Tiryns was to bring him the hide of the Lion of Nemea.

“ Now¹ this was an invulnerable monster begotten of Typhon. On his journey then in search of the lion, he came to Cleonae, and was entertained by the craftsman Molorchus. And when the latter would fain have offered a victim in sacrifice [Heracles] bade him wait till the thirtieth day; and if he should return safe from the hunt, to sacrifice to Zeus the Deliverer; but if he should perish, then to sanctify the victim to him as a hero. And having come to Nemea and sought out the lion, he first shot at it with arrows. But when he perceived that the beast was invulnerable, he lifted up his club and gave chase. And when the lion fled into a cave with two mouths, Heracles blocked up one entrance, and through the other he entered in pursuit of the beast, and throwing his arm around its throat, held squeezing fast until he choked it. Then he threw it across his shoulders, and fetched it to Cleonae. And finding Molorchus on the last of the days on the point of consecrating the sacrificial

¹ Apollod., ii. 5. 1 ff.

victim to him as dead, he offered sacrifice instead to Zeus the Deliverer, and carried the lion to Mycenae.” Apollodorus tells us further that the famous club was cut in these very woods.

Pindar¹ speaks of “deep-soiled Nemea;” but the character of the country to-day is indeed changed, and the “deep soil” has been washed away by the storms of the ages. There is scarcely a human habitation to be seen. Here and there a patch of green offers scanty pasture to a herd of goats. It is a lonely land, not however without a certain harsh beauty, and the wild flowers and the laughing river whose course we follow lend cheerfulness to the scene. The Nemean Games took place at a spot some twelve miles to the westward of our road, but we had not time to turn aside for a visit to the remains of the ancient temple, stadium and theatre.

From Nemea the road descended and of a sudden a glorious prospect unfolded itself. Far across the plain of “thirsty Argos,” sparkled the Gulf of Nauplia. On the right we could see the snowy tops of the Laconian Mountains, and on the left the Argolid peaks, their foot hills running out in a peninsula whereon we could just discern the fortified promontory which was Nauplia. The white houses of Argos were visible opposite Nauplia, in the south western corner of the plain. Near at hand upon our

¹ Pindar: Nem., iii. 18.

left two mountains formed a sharp angle in which rose the citadel of Mycenae.

"Mycenae rich in gold . . . in the inner heart of horse-nurturing Argos," Homer calls it; and a visit to the national museum at Athens, where its treasures are preserved, convinces the traveller that the epithet is well deserved. We were in the land of the awful tragedies of the house of Pelops. Argos and Mycenae and Tiryns have become so blended in the stories told by the great poets, that it is not easy to assign each legend to its proper scene.

We climbed the long hill leading from the plain to the gate of the ancient city, and paused for a while to visit the wonderful "Bee Hive tomb" called the "Treasury of Atreus." The slope contains many such tombs, but this is far the finest. Yet we are not to believe that the royal family had their burial here, but rather that they may probably have been tenants of the graves assigned them by Schliemann in the acropolis itself.

Over the gate of the citadel which we approached after a turn in the road are the great lions. They stand in heraldic fashion on either side of a column in relief half facing the spectator. The heads have disappeared, but the splendid animals guard the citadel gate in lordly fashion still. We passed under the gigantic lintel, and found ourselves at the entrance of the strange enclosure where the unhappy royal family obtained rest at last.

We climbed some ancient steps and tried to decipher the puzzle of the palace ruins. These shattered walls have witnessed terrible scenes. We recalled the horrid banquet of the children of Thyestes, the unholy revels of the queen while her lord was far away in Troy, and she, after weary waiting and long angry grief for her sacrificed Iphigenia, had consoled herself in the unhallowed love of Aegisthus, her husband's deadliest foe. The women's apartments too reminded us of the sad neglected life of the princess Electra, after she had sent her little brother to be brought up far away from the dangers at home. In front of the palace we seemed to listen to the eager discussions of the elders of the town as they passed from mouth to mouth the news, which the torch from Ida had conveyed, that Troy had fallen. And we could hear their words of grief not unmixed with mutterings of resentment.

Chorus: “ For¹ those who departed
From the Grecian land together
Grief in the heart enduring
In the home of each is seen.

Ay! There be many things that touch the heart!

“ For those whom one sent forth
He well remembereth —
No living men but urns and ashes
To the home of each return —

¹ Aeschylus: Ag., 418-444. Chorus.

“ Ares, Gold-Broker of men’s bodies,
Scale-Holder in the conflict of the spear,
Sendeth from Ilium to loved ones
Fire-blackened dust and grievous —
For bitter weeping.
Packing the vessels close with dust
Instead of living men.

“ And thus they mourn: —
Praising one hero, how in battle skilled;
A second fallen glorious in fight,
All for another’s wife.

“ And silently they mutter other things,
And grief, with ill-will mingled,
Stealthily creepeth in their hearts against
The champion Atridae.

“ But ah, those others yonder lie
In all their loveliness beneath the walls,
In tombs on Ilian soil.
The foeman’s earth hath covered them.”

We picture to ourselves the triumphant return of the king, and the proud crimson spread for him to tread as he alights from his chariot.

*Clytemnestra:*¹ “ But now, beloved life, I pray descend

¹ Aesc.: Ag., 878 ff.

From this thy car, Oh King, nor set thy foot,
Sacker of Ilium, on the common earth.
Slaves! Wherefore loiter, unto whom to strew
The path with tapestries hath been ordained?
Straightway a road of purple be prepared
That Justice lead him to unhoped-for home.”

• • • • •

Agamemnon: “ Nay, do not pamper me in woman’s wise,

Nor, like barbarian, prone obeisance gape,
Nor spread with garments envy-breeding way.
For gods alone such worship be reserved!
But for a mortal on embroidered gauds
To tread, to me is no wise free from fear.
As man I bid ye greet me, not as God.

Apart from footmats and from needlework
My fame proclaimeth me. A righteous mind
Is Heaven’s best gift; and him alone deem blest,
His days who endeth in prosperity.

If thus I ever fare, no dread is mine.”

Clytemnestra: “ Nay, say not thus, opposing will of mine.”

Agamemnon: “ Know, this opinion I will ne’er unsay.”

Clytemnestra: “ ’Twas fear that made thee vow thou thus wouldst do.”

Agamemnon: “ Yea, if a vow with knowledge e’er was made.”

Clytemnestra: " And how had Priam done if victor
he?"

Agamemnon: " Indeed on broidered garments he
had trod!"

Clytemnestra: " Then fear not blame from any
human tongue."

• • • • • • • •

Agamemnon: " Well, if thou'l have it so, let some-
one loose

With haste my sandals, servants of my feet,
And as I tread these ocean-crimsoned dyes,
May eye of Envy strike not from afar.
For I am loath with garment-spoiling feet,
This wealth of silver-purchased web to waste.

• • • • • • • •

But since thou hast prevailed on me to hear,
Treading on purple I approach these halls."

We seem to hear the shrieks of the shrinking
Cassandra, who lifts her eyes and sees the horrid
vision of the murdered infants.

*Cassandra:*¹ " Apollo, Apollo, God of Ways, De-
stroyer!

Ah whither hast thou led me, to what halls?

• • • • • • • •

¹ Aesc.: Ag., 1052 ff.

Hated of Heaven indeed, conscious of many a crime,
Domestic murder and the deadly noose.

Shambles of human blood, sprinkled upon the
ground."

Chorus: "Keen-scented doth the stranger seem,
like hound

She tracketh blood of those she too shall find."

Cassandra: "Alas! Alas!
Yonder my witnesses, thence my conviction drawn!
Yon infants, wailing loud their massacre;
Wailing the roasted flesh by their own sire de-
vour'd!"

Chorus: "In truth thy fame prophetic we had
heard,

But at this hour we seek no prophets here."

Cassandra: "Alas! ah me! what can be planning now?
What this fresh deed of woe?

A mighty crime is plotting in these halls,
Unbearable to friends, incurable,
And help is far away."

Chorus: "Of these thy warnings, I am all unskilled
But those I knew. The town doth speak of them."

Cassandra: "Ah! wretched woman, wilt thou do
this deed?

The husband of thy bed
Washed in the bath —
How shall I speak the end?

With speed this deed shall be; and after hand
The hand outstretcheth."

Chorus: " I understand not; after riddles now
I am bewildered by thy warnings dark."

Cassandra: " Woe! Woe! Alas! Alas! What is
yon sight I see?

Surely some net of Hell!

Ah! but the snare is She, wife of his wedded couch,
Sharing the guilt of his death. — Now let the Fury
band

Shriek o'er the hated race for a victim by stoning
slain!"

Chorus: " What Fury this thou biddest o'er this
house

To raise the shout? Thy words no joy portend.

But to my heart hath fled

The blood-drop, crocus-dyed,

Blood, that in death distilled its course doth end
With the rays of sinking life."

Cassandra: " Woe! Woe! Behold! Behold!

Keep from the cow the bull!

Lo, in a robe she hath caught

And with black horn smiteth him,

Yea, and he falleth down

In the bath with water filled.

I tell thee the vessel's tale, the vessel of treason and
death."

Chorus: " Of oracles I boast not to be skilled
But to some horror I must liken this —

Ah! but from Oracles

Tidings of good to men,

When they are sent? For lo,

Only through woes these arts,

Uttered with many words, god-spoken terror bring."

Cassandra: " Woe's me! Ill fated lot of me, the wretched!

Of my own doom thou speakest further now —

Ah! whither hast thou led me, the unhappy?

For naught but that I die with him. How else?"

Chorus: " Thou art some frenzied one, possessed of Heaven,

And of thyself thou singest

A strain that is no strain,

As the brown-bright nightingale,

Insatiate of lament,

In her heart unhappy ever,

Her Itys, Itys, wailing —

Her life so rich in sorrow."

Cassandra: " Alas! Alas! — Fate of the clear-voiced nightingale!

For lo, to her the gods

A winged form have given,

And life of sweetness, free from true lamenting;

But ah! for me awaiteth

Cleaving with sword two-edged."

Chorus: " Whence these vain heaven sent pangs

Upon thee hastening?

And with cry ill omened,

Thou fashionest a note of fear,

Mingled with shrill-pitched strains.

Whence hast thou learned these limits of the path
Of heavenly speech ill-uttered?"

Cassandra: " Woe for the bridal, the bridal
Of Paris, the bale of dear ones.
Alas Scamander's stream ancestral!
There was I nurtured, luckless one,
Beside thy banks.

But now beside Cocytus
And shores of Acheron,

I soon methinks shall utter prophecy."

Chorus: " What is this word thou speakest all too
plain?

Even a child might understand.

And 'neath my heart a bleeding bite hath
smitten,

As thou bemoanest plaintively
Thy grievous destiny —
Marvels for me to hear!"

Cassandra: " Woe for the sorrows, the sorrows
Of my city all undone!

Ah, sacrifices offered by my sire
To save our walls, and slaughterings of sheep!

But remedy they brought not
But that my country fall as e'en she fell.

But I with frenzied heart will soon
Fling me upon the ground!"

Chorus: " Consistent with thy former words
These thou hast uttered now.
And some ill-willing demon from above

Heavily falling on thee, causeth thee
To sing these lamentable death-fraught strains.

But for the end I am perplexed."

Cassandra: " The word no longer then shall from a
veil

Peep forth, in fashion of a bride new wed,
But blowing clear against the rising sun
Shall come, and like a billow it shall dash
Against his beams, far greater than the woes
It told before. No more in riddles now!
And bear me witness, as I run along
Scenting the track of ill wrought long ago.
For never shall the troop desert these halls,
Of horrors, chanting harmony unblest;
And having drunken, and become more bold,
Of human blood, within the house shall bide
The band of Furies, home-bred, unexpelled. —
And, seated in the house, shall hymn their strain
Of primal horror, and in turn they loathe
The brother's couch defiled and him who sinned. —
Hath my shaft missed? Or hath the archer sped?
Or am I prophet false and beggar vain?
Bear witness swearing, by no mere report
I know the ancient horrors of the house.

• • • • •
Cassandra: " Woe! Woe! Alas! the horrors!
Once more the labour of true prophecy
Stingeth with dread disturbing prelude-chant.
Behold yon infants seated in the halls

Like in their shapes to forms beheld in dreams!
Those children, as it were by dear ones slain,
Their hands with kindred food of their own flesh
Filled, and the entrails — burden pitiful! —
Which their own sire did taste — behold them there!
Vengeance for this I say one plotteth now,
Cowardly lion, dallying in the couch,
Home keeping — woe is me, — against my lord
Returning, mine, for yoke of slave I bear.
The lord of ships, the conqueror of Troy
Naught knoweth what the tongue of the foul dog
Speaking in flattering words, with joyous mien,
Like lurking hell, shall cause in dark event.
Such is her daring. Of the man the woman
Is slayer foul — then calling her what name
Of hateful beast, might I attain the mark?
Some basilisk or Scylla, 'mid the rocks
Lurking, destruction to the seafarer?
Hell's raging mother, breathing truceless curse
Upon the house? And how she raised the cry
Of joy, — audacious — as at turn of fight!
Feigning delight her lord was safe returned.
These things I care not if thou dost believe.
The future cometh. Soon lamenting thou
Too true a prophet shalt pronounce me then.”
Chorus: “Thyestes' feast of flesh of children slain
I recognize with horror, and I fear
Things heard in truth nor by similitude.
But for the rest I wander from the track.”

Cassandra: " King Agamemnon murdered thou
shalt see!"

Chorus: " Unhappy woman! Hush ill-omened
tongue!"

Cassandra: " No Healing-god presideth o'er this
word."

Chorus: " If ill befall — but may it ne'er betide!"

Cassandra: " Thou prayest. They the deed of death
prepare."

Chorus: " What man committeth such a deed of
woe?"

Cassandra: " Surely my imprecations thou hast
missed."

Chorus: " The doer's scheme I fail to comprehend."

Cassandra: " Yet I too well have learned the Hellene
tongue."

Chorus: " Yea, and the Pythian oracles obscure."

Cassandra: " Alas the fire! It cometh on again!

Apollo, King Lycaean, woe is me!

Yonder two footed lioness, with wolf

Paired, in the absence of the lion kingly,
Will slay me wretched one, and as a drug
Mingling, she boasted in the cup of wrath
To fling for me the quittance, while the sword
She sharpeneth for her husband, paying thus
Murder for me whom he hath carried off.

Why then these trappings keep of mockery
Staff and prophetic garlands on my neck?
You first, ere my own death, I will destroy.

Go to perdition flung — I follow soon.
Enrich some other Fury in my place.
Behold Apollo stripping me himself
Of robe prophetic, looking on in scorn
On me in these adornments greatly mocked,
By friends, by foes, too plainly without cause.

• • • • • • •

Yet not dishonoured of the gods I die.
Another champion of my cause shall come,
By mother's death a father to avenge —
Though now a wandering exile from this land,
Stranger afar, he cometh, for his friends
To place the cap-stone on these deeds of woe.
For mighty is the oath the gods have sworn,
His murdered father's fall shall bring him home.
Why then do I make piteous lament
When once I have beheld my Ilium
Faring as she hath fared — and those who took
Requited thus by judgment of the gods?
I go to meet my fate, will dare to die.
But yonder gates of Hades I address,
And pray I may receive a fatal blow,
That free from struggle, life-blood ebbing fast,
In death at last I close mine eyes to rest.”
Chorus: “ Woman of many sorrows, wise in much,
Long hast thou stretched the tale, but if in truth
Thy doom thou knowest, why like god-sped ox
Dost thou so bravely to the altar tread? ”

Cassandra: " Escape, oh strangers, can no longer be."

Chorus: " Yet is the last in time the gainer held."

Cassandra: " My day is come. I little gain by flight."

Chorus: " Know thou art brave and of enduring soul."

Cassandra: " The happy never hear such words of praise."

Chorus: " Yet to die nobly is esteemed a boon."

Cassandra: " Alas my father and thy noble race!"

Chorus: " Nay what is this? What dread doth turn thee back?"

Cassandra: " Woe! Woe!"

Chorus: " Why criest thus? Some hateful phantasy?"

Cassandra: " Blood-dripping massacre these halls breathe forth."

Chorus: " Nay, of domestic sacrifice it smelleth."

Cassandra: " Behold a vapour, like as from the tomb."

Chorus: " No Syrian decking of the house thou namest."

Cassandra: " I go, and in the halls will shriek my doom

And Agamemnon's — Now enough of life!

Alas! oh strangers!

Not idly as a bird doth dread the bush,
I shrink — Bear witness after I am gone,

When woman shall for me a woman fall,
And man, in recompense for man ill-wed.

I claim this boon as one about to die."

Chorus: " Unhappy one, I pity this thy doom."

Cassandra: " One word I fain would add, not mine
own dirge;

But this last ray of sunlight I invoke,
That my avengers in full measure pay
Requital on my slaughterers abhorred,
For murdered slave — an easy victory!
Ah mortal fortunes! If they happy be,
Like to a shadow they! But be they ill,
A wetted sponge doth blot the picture out.
And these I pity far more than the rest."

Here is the chamber where the fatal bath was prepared; there the palace doorway where the exultant queen boasted of her victory and showed her murdered lord to the angry people.

Clytemnestra: " I¹ stand where I did strike —
The deed is done.

And so I wrought, this will I not deny.

That neither could he flee nor fend his doom.

A net with outlet none, as 'twere for fish,

I cast about him, fatal wealth of robe,

And struck him twice — and straightway with two
groans

¹ Aeschylus: *Ag.*, 1530.

His limbs relaxed, and prostrate as he lay,
To fill the tale of blows, I struck a third,
To Saviour Zeus below a votive boon.
Falling, he panted thus his life away,
And, gasping forth sharp jet of blood, he cast
On me a torrent dark of sanguine dew.
And I rejoiced no less than planted field
At earing-time, in wealth from heaven poured —
Thus matters stand, Oh Argive deputies.
Ye may rejoice or not, but I exult.
And if 'twere seemly on a corpse to pour
Libation, I had more than justly poured —
Such bowl of cursings in this house this man
Filled, and himself on his return hath drunk.”

.

Clytemnestra: “ . . . At¹ my hand he fell,
I too will bury him;
But not with lamentations from the halls attending.
Iphigenia his daughter, as is meet,
With welcome shall her father greet,
By the swift stream descending
 To world of woe;
And round him in embrace
 Her arms shall throw.”

Chorus: “ Lo, chiding new for chiding in rebuttal:
 But hard the cause to judge.”

¹ Aeschylus: Ag., 1530.

Spoiled is the spoiler, and the slayer payeth.
Abideth fixed, while Zeus is on his throne,
The doer suffer — Such the law of Fate.”

Here too is the spot where in after time her own
son Orestes plunged his sword into the breast she
held toward him in despairing supplication.

Clytemnestra: “ Ah¹ me! Thy riddle I too well can
read.

I fall by treason, as in truth I slew.
Let some one quickly bring a murderous ax!
I'll know if victor or if vanquished I.
For to this pitch of evil I am come.”

Orestes: “ Thee, thee, I seek. Thy partner hath
enough.”

Clytemnestra: “ Alas! Aegisthus dearest, art thou
dead?”

Orestes: “ Thou lov'st the fellow? Therefore in one
tomb

Thou'lts lie, and never him in death forsake.”

Clytemnestra: “ Hold! child of mine, and reverence
this breast,

At which thou hast, in infant slumber, oft
Sucked with thy gums the milk that nourished
thee.”

Orestes: “ Oh Pylades! Dare I my mother slay?”

Pylades: “ Where else the Oracles of Loxias

¹ Aesc.: Choeph., 873 ff.

Uttered at Pytho? And the pledges sure?
Hold all men hostile rather than the gods."

Orestes: "I judge thee victor, and thy counsel best.
Follow, I'd slay thee close to yonder wretch.
In life thou deem'dst him dearer than my sire —
Now sleep beside him dead, since thou dost love
This fellow, and dost hate whom thou shouldst
love."

Clytemnestra: "I nursed thee, and with thee would
pass mine age."

Orestes: "My father's murderer! Thou to dwell
with me?"

Clytemnestra: "'Twas fate, my son, that shared
the guilt of this."

Orestes: "Thy death as well 'tis fate hath brought
to pass."

Clytemnestra: "Dost thou not dread a mother's
curse, my child?"

Orestes: "Nay, for my mother cast me off to griefs."

Clytemnestra: "Nay, not cast off; to friendly home
it was."

Orestes: "Of free born father, I was doubly sold."

Clytemnestra: "Where then the price which I re-
ceived for thee?"

Orestes: "I blush to speak thy shame thus openly."

Clytemnestra: "Nay, of thy father's guilty deeds
speak too!"

Orestes: "Safe in the house, chide not the toiler
thou."

Clytemnestra: " 'Tis hard for wife when severed from her spouse."

Orestes: " The toil of spouse doth feed the wife at home."

Clytemnestra: " So thou, my child, wilt slay thy mother then?"

Orestes: " 'Tis thou thyself, not I, thyself wilt slay."

Clytemnestra: " Look well! Beware a mother's angry hounds!"

Orestes: " How, if remiss, my father's can I 'scape?"

Clytemnestra: " I, living, to a tomb¹ bewail in vain."

Orestes: " Yea, for my father's death hath sent this doom."

Clytemnestra: " Ah me! This serpent I have borne and nursed!"

Orestes: " True prophet was thy terror from the dream

Thou slewest whom thou should'st not! Bear thy fate!"

From these doors a mother's furies pursued the matricide, until in holy Athens they were appeased at last, and the curse of Tantalus was lifted from the fifth generation. Indeed the sins of the fathers have been visited on their children. For so it is

¹ Tomb. One deaf to entreaty is often called a tomb. *τύμπος*.

to-day as in days of old, that great prosperity uplifts the heart of man and of nation, till insolent wealth begets Satiety, parent of Deed of Outrage, which brings forth fresh crime, prolonging the curse to generations yet unborn.

“ An ¹ ancient saw told long ago
Is current among mortals,
When man’s prosperity is waxen great,
It gendereth offspring, nor childless dieth,
And from success upspringeth
Sorrow insatiate for his race.

“ Single my mind apart from others, for the impious deed
Begetteth more in likeness of their stock;
While if the house be righteous,
Fate aye bestoweth goodly progeny.

“ But ancient Outrage, soon or late,
Is wont to get young Outrage,
Wantoning in men’s woes, when time is ripe —
She breedeth swollen Surfeit and that demon
None can o’erthrow in fight, none war upon:
Audacity Unholy —
Black pair of horrors in the halls,
Like to their ancestry.
But Justice shineth in the smoky hovel

¹ Aeschylus: Ag., 727-754.

And honoureth the righteous life
While gilded halls where hands are foul
Leaving with eyes averted,
She visiteth the holy,
Respecting not the power of wealth
False stamped with vulgar praise.
And all she swayeth to the end.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE ARGOLID AND NAUPLIA

OUR imagination was sated with horrors, and it was a relief to descend to the bright plain, and follow the course of the Inachus beside which Io used to play, till it sweeps past Argos to the sea.

*Io:*¹ “ For nightly visions ever visiting
My maiden chamber, wooed me with soft words:
‘ Oh damsel greatly blest, why thus so long
Unmated, while ’tis given thee to gain
Bridal most high? For Zeus, with shaft of love
For thee inflamed, would fain thy favours win.
But thou, oh child, spurn not the couch of
Zeus;
But hie thee forth to Lerna’s deep-soiled mead,
To pastures of thy father’s flocks and herds.
That so the eye of Zeus be soothed from longing.
By dreams like these, each night was I beset,
Unhappy maid, until I dared at last
Confess the night-seen visions to my sire.”

¹ Aeschylus: Prom., 663-675.

Time compelled us to leave the temple of Hera unvisited. It lies at some distance to the eastward of our road, and has in recent years been the scene of successful excavations made by American archæologists. The Heraeum was one of the oldest sanctuaries of Greece. A scarab of Thothmes III has been found among its ruins, and the temple registers furnished a system of dating older than the reckoning by Olympiads. Here the Greeks acknowledged Agamemnon as commander in chief of the expedition to Troy, and the great Goddess never failed in loyal zeal for the success of the Grecian arms.

The most interesting story connected with the Heraeum is the one told by Herodotus.

When Solon was at the court of the Lydian king, Croesus, the king, after showing him his possessions, asked him who was the happiest man whom he had ever seen. When Solon replied that it was Tellos the Athenian, who had died for his country, the disappointed king “asked¹ him further who was the second happiest whom he had seen, next after Tellos — expecting of course that he himself was surely to win second honours. Solon however answered ‘Cleobis and Biton,’ for these, being of Argive stock, possessed sufficient means of subsistence, and in addition to this, enjoyed strength of body, such as I shall relate. Both alike had been

¹ Herodotus., i. 31.

prize-winners in the games, and the following story is told of them: When the Argives were celebrating a festival of Hera, it became quite necessary that their mother¹ be conveyed to the temple on a wagon. Now their oxen had not returned from the fields in season. The youths, therefore, constrained by the shortness of the time, put on the yoke and drew the wagon themselves, while their mother rode thereon. And after they had drawn her forty-five stades,² they reached the temple. Now when they had done this, and had been seen by the assembly of worshippers, a most glorious ending of life came upon them; and the god showed thereby that it was a better thing for a man to die than to live. For the Argive men thronged about them, congratulating the young men for their strength; while the Argive women congratulated the mother who had been blest with such sons. And the mother, overjoyed at the deed and the praise of it, stood facing the image of the goddess, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her sons, who had so greatly honoured her, that boon which is most blessed for a man to obtain. And after this prayer, when they had feasted and made merry, the young men slept in the temple, and waked not again, but met with this end of life."

¹ Cydippe, priestess of the Heraeum.

² From the city of Argos.

" Not¹ false this tale, but eminent for truth —
The holy piety of Cydippe's sons:
For sweet and joyful was the mark attained —
Death in life's Springtime — by the hero pair.
Since for their mother's love they took on them
The heavy burden of a task renowned.
Hail 'mid the dead, famed for your piety!
Through ages be this glory yours alone."

The Heraeum was the scene of the well known tale of the philosopher Pythagoras and the shield of Euphorbus. Menelaus, after his return from Troy, dedicated in this temple the captured shield of Euphorbus, whom he had killed. In later years, Pythagoras entered the temple and selected this shield at once from the many votive shields hung on the walls. It proved to have the name of Euphorbus upon it. Now Pythagoras in teaching the doctrine of metempsychosis had always claimed to be a reincarnation of Euphorbus, and he announced that he had established the claim by his success in picking out the right shield.

Argos is familiar to us from childhood as the birthplace of Perseus. Hawthorne tells the story in his delightful Tanglewood Tales. The king Acrisius placed his daughter Danaë and her little son in a chest, and committed them to the waves of the

¹ Anth. Pal., iii. 18.

Nauplian Gulf. The beautiful poem of Simonides was in our mind:

“ When ¹ in the richly inlaid chest she lay
Tossed by the blowing wind and sea upheaved,
Then on her wetted cheeks pale terror stole;
And round her Perseus her protecting arm
She cast and spake: ‘ Ah child, what sorrow I
Must bear for thee, whilst thou the flower of sleep
Dost cull, and in thy calm oblivion still,
In joyless bronze-clamped chest thou liest nestling,
Wrapped in a rayless night and darksome gloom.
The deep brine sweeping o’er thy tender locks,
The passing wave, thou heedest not, nor voice
Of winds, but, in thy crimson blanket wrapped,
Thou still dost press thy face against my face.
But if the fear to thee were fear indeed,
Thou to my words wouldst lend thy tiny ear.
But nay, I bid thee still sleep on, my child,
And sleep the sea, and sleep our cruel woe!
And oh, from thee may some blest change appear,
Oh Father Zeus! — And if apart from right,
Or overbold my prayer, oh pardon me.”

A short fragment from the lost *Acrisius* of Sophocles gives us a glimpse of the proud princess when her fault has become known to her cruel father:

¹ Simonides, 37 Bergk.

“ Brief ¹ speech beseemeth those whose thoughts are pure,
In answer to a parent; more than all
When one is of the Argive stock, a maid,
Whose ornament is silence and few words.”

Another fragment from a lost drama — the Danaë of Euripides — depicts the intense maternal affection of the heroine:

“ My ² women, dear is light of yonder sun,
And fair to see the windless ocean flood,
The vernal bloom of Earth, the wealth of streams —
Of many blessings I might sing the praise.
But naught so bright nor goodly to behold
Exists as when to childless ones, whose hearts
Are gnawed by longing, is vouchsafed at last
To see the light of infants in their homes.”

There was little to detain us in Argos except the fine ancient theatre, and we took our way through the streets of the typical modern Greek town, and hurried on to Tiryns.³ Archæologists consider this the best spot in Greece for studying the arrangements of a fortified palace of Homeric times. The famous galleries served in the War of Independence

¹ Soph.: Frag., 61.

² Eurip.: Frag., 318.

³ The ancient city fortified, we are told, by Perseus and the Lycian Cyclopes.

to give shelter to fugitives from the Turkish soldiery. Their exact purpose in ancient times is a matter of controversy to the learned. The guide of to-day tells the traveller that they are a favourite haunt for sheep and goats, and that it is by the innocent agency of these, that the grim gallery walls have been worn to a mirror-like smoothness. The cruel Eurystheus was king of Tiryns in days of old, and it was at his bidding and the divine behest of Hera that Heracles was compelled to go up and down Greece performing his twelve labours, and freeing the land from the monsters that were its plague. The slaying of the Lernaean Hydra is held by those who rationalize the myth to contain a tale of the draining of the marsh of Lerna which had rendered the town of Argos unhealthy.

At nightfall we reached Nauplia — Napoli di Romania, as it was often called in the early part of the nineteenth century. Certainly the Bay of Nauplia is in the opinion of many more beautiful than the great Bay of Naples itself. Many traces of Frankish and Venetian occupation remain in gates and fortifications, and even in a few palaces with coats of arms emblazoned on the walls.

The town was named for Nauplios, son of Poseidon, famous for the vengeance he took on the Greek fleet as it approached the Euboean Promontory on the return from Troy. The story is contained in Scholia on the Dramatists and in fragments of

lost plays. Palamedes and Oeax were sons of Nauplios. The former was a clever inventor. To him were ascribed, among other inventions, the games of draughts and dice, the building of the first lighthouses, and the art of writing on tablets. Once, when during the siege of Troy the Greeks were disheartened by a famine and by the discomforts of their endless task, Palamedes cheered them by the introduction of his new games. At the beginning of the war, it was his cleverness that detected the feigned madness of Odysseus, and forced that wily hero to a reluctant participation in the expedition. For this Odysseus cherished deep resentment, and in conjunction with the Atridae, who were jealous of the popularity of Palamedes, he contrived by a trick to make it appear that their enemy was in traitorous correspondence with King Priam. Palamedes was stoned to death, and his brother wrote the tale on wooden tablets which he committed to the sea in hopes that some might float home to Nauplia and inform King Nauplios of the murder of his son. The plan was successful, and Nauplios set a deceitful beacon on a dangerous cape of Euboea, which lured many of the returning Greeks to death by shipwreck.

“ Oblivion’s¹ cure I only did provide
Silent and sounding syllables combined

¹ Eur.: *Palam. Frag.*, 582 (Dindorf).

Inventing, so mankind might letters know.
Thus, though far absent over ocean's tract
A man might learn the fortunes of his home.
And, at a death, to children might be told
In writing plain, the measure of their wealth.
And that which might to evil strife have led,
The tablet judgeth and forbiddeth lies."

In another fragment the Chorus reproaches Odysseus and the Greeks:

" Ye ¹ have slain, ye have slain
The all-wise one, ye Danai!
The Muses' nightingale,
Who ne'er caused grief to any."

The fortified height above Nauplia retains the name of Palamidi to this day. The town has played an important part in the military history of Greece in post-classic times. Its capture from the Turks in 1822 gave great encouragement to the revolutionists, and it became for a time the capital of the newly liberated nation when the war was over. Here the first President, Capodistrias, was assassinated, and it was at Nauplia that King Otho first made his entry into his dominions.

¹ Eur.: Palam. Frag., 591 (Dindorf).

CHAPTER IX

DELPHI

“WHEN the lightning flashed through Harma,”¹ the mission to Delphi was wont to proceed thither by the Sacred Way, passing through Eleusis and the defiles of Cithaeron; then across Boeotia and through the winding passes of Parnassus. The road was built by Theseus to conduct Apollo on his triumphal journey from Athens, whither he had come from his birthplace in Delos.

The traveller to-day, however, usually goes to the port of Itea by steamer from Piraeus through the new canal, or else by rail to Corinth and thence across the Gulf by one of the very irregular steamers. The journey by sea from Piraeus is the most comfortable, and it is interesting too. We skirted closely the outer coast of Salamis, and sailed through

¹ Harma (Strabo, ix. chap. i) was a mountain on the Boeotian border, whence signal fires could be seen by watchers in the Python at Athens. Dörpfeld claims that this Python is identical with the Grotto of Apollo on the northern slope of the Acropolis (Chapter I) and thus he elucidates the puzzling passage in Philostratus concerning the Panathenaic ship.

the calm Saronic as it narrowed towards the Isthmus, and after passing through the canal we issued forth into the Corinthian Gulf for a sail of three or four hours on one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the world. We passed the rock of Hera Acreia, the “Gibraltar of the Corinthian Gulf.” Like its namesake, it resembles a crouching lion with head erect and mighty paws extending seaward. This is the spot where Medea buried her children, carrying them from Corinth in her winged chariot.¹ Her parting words to them when she has resolved upon their death are among the most heart-breaking to be found in the “most pathetic” of poets.

*Medea:*² “ Oh children, children, ye a city have
And home, wherein, forsaking wretched me,
Ye aye shall dwell, bereft of mothers’ love:
While I to other lands an exile go
Ere any joy I win of you, and see
Your happiness, ere wife and nuptial couch
I deck, and hold aloft the marriage torch.
Ah me, unhappy for my daring deed!
In vain, then, children, did I nurture you,
In vain I laboured, and was worn with toil,
In vain I bore the grievous travail-pangs.
Unhappy! Many hopes I had in you,
That some day surely ye would tend mine age,

¹ Eurip.: *Medea*, 1379.

² Eurip.: *Medea*, 1022 ff.

And with your hands my body deck in death,
Of mortals envied. But the sweet hope now
Is perished. For henceforth bereft of you,
A mournful life and grievous I must pass.
And ye no more with loving eyes shall look
Upon your mother in your altered life.
Woe, woe, why gaze ye at me, children mine?
Why laugh unto me this last laugh of all?
Ah me, what can I do? My heart is faint,
Oh women, at the bright face of my babes.
I cannot do it, farewell former plans!
I take my children with me from the land.

.

Yet how is it with me? Shall I endure
To be a jest of unrequited foes?
This must be dared. But ah, unhappy me,
That I should have let fall such weakling words!
Go, children, to the house. Let him who hath
No part in this my service, look to it!
I will not spoil the deed of my right hand.

.

But lo, I needs must tread a woful road,
And these must send on one more woful still.
My boys I'd fain address, give, children mine,
Give to your mother your right hand to kiss.
Oh, dearest hand and dearest face to me!
My children's form and noble countenance!
Blessed be ye — but yonder — for your sire

Hath robbed you of your sojourn here. Oh sweet Embrace, soft skin, and dearest breath of babes! Away! Away! no longer can I bear To look upon you, conquered by my woe."

Beyond the promontory the Gulf widens, and as we passed out the clouds began to gather over the white tops of the distant mountains of Arcadia and soon shut out the Peloponnesian shore. Once for a moment the clouds suddenly parted, and framed a picture of solemn splendour. Behind the dark masses of the nearer mountains, the snowy top of Cyllene was flooded with golden sunlight. The diamond-shaped rent in the clouds was as it were fringed with an edging of silver fur. In another moment all was dark again, and a torrent of rain succeeded, shutting out the view entirely, and continuing till we landed at the little port of Itea — the ancient Cirrha — where we passed the night.

When morning came the storm was over and we enjoyed the sunlit view from the balcony of the inn until the mules were saddled and our procession ready to start.

At first our course lay through the great olive groves of the famous Crissaean Plain. This sacred land played a fatal part in Grecian history. The inhabitants of Crisa had been wont to plunder pilgrims on their way to visit the shrine of Delphi, until — at the instigation of the Pythia — Solon

and the Athenians, in alliance with Clisthenes of Sicyon, destroyed the guilty town in 591 b. c. and dedicated the Plain as the inviolable possession of the god. In honour of this event the famous Pythian Games were founded. In late times, however, the inhabitants of Amphissa cast covetous eyes upon the fair fields which spread themselves below their mountain fastness, and dared to seize and cultivate the holy soil. To punish them for this outrage, the Amphictyonic Council, the national guardians of the rights of Delphi, declared a Sacred War. Then it was that Philip of Macedon knew that his time had come. His intervention in the Sacred War was the beginning of the end, and only a year later the independence of Greece perished on the fatal field of Chaeronea.

Our road through the olives led us to the foot of Parnassus. Northwestward climbed the road to Amphissa. We left this on our left and after an hour reached the flourishing town of Cryso, which preserves in its name the memory of the town destroyed twenty-five centuries ago. Below us on our right the Pleistos emerged from the gorge which narrows fast. An hour more and we dismounted at Kastri, the new village to which the inhabitants whose houses were destroyed by the excavations were removed.

From the balcony of our little lodging, a marvellous prospect was unfolded. Far below us

stretching towards the sea was the Sacred Plain dark with its olives. To our right were the lower spurs of Kiona, whose summit overtops Parnassus itself. To the left, the solemn gorge of the Pleistos, and in the cliff which forms its southern wall we could see the dark opening of the cave of Lamia, the horrid goblin whose name was used to terrify rebellious children into submission.

Before visiting the excavations, we walked along the road past them, that first we might purify ourselves in the waters of the Castalian spring which flows forth from the angle of the Phaedriades. These are two cliffs which form natural walls to northeast and southeast of the holy precinct. From one of these, Hyampeia, good old Aesop was hurled to his death. He was accused by his enemies of having robbed the shrine. They had concealed in his baggage some of the sacred vessels, and in spite of his protestations and the warnings he uttered in his quaint form of fables, he was dragged to the edge of the cliff and hurled over. But the gods made his innocence manifest, and his death was avenged by a destructive earthquake which soon after visited the spot.

The spring of Castalia has been famed in song and story above all other fountains. He who drinks of its waters is blessed with the gift of poetry for ever. Here those who would visit the shrine must first pause for purification:

“ Pure¹ to the temple approach of the undefiled deity, stranger,
Pure in thy soul, and bathe in the sacred stream of the nymphs.
Since for the good sufficeth the smallest drop — but the wicked
Even the Ocean vast never could cleanse with his streams.”

The band of maidens sent from Tyre to serve in the temple thus greet the holy scene:

“ Leaving² the swell of the Tyrian Sea,
Lo I am come for Loxias,
Far from the Isle Phoenician,
Slave to the halls of Phoebus,
Where, 'neath the snow-swept mountain ridge
Of Parnassus, his seat was chosen.

• • • • •

Still it awaiteth me to lave
In Castalia's flowing waters
My hair, the pride of my maidenhood,
In service divine of Phoebus.
Hail, thou Rock that dost light the gleam
O'er the twin peaked Bacchic mountains.
Hail, Vine that distillest the daily wine,
Forth putting thy fruitful cluster.

¹ Anth.: Pal., xiv. 71.

² Eur.: Phoen., 202 ff.

Hail, holy cave of the dragon, hail,
Ye hill-top watch-towers of the gods,
And sacred snow-smitten mountain, hail!
Ah! would I in praise of the deathless One
Might weave the dance on fearless feet
By the mid-earth Hollow of Phoebus!"

We rested beneath the ancient plane tree, planted they say by Agamemnon; and refreshed and purified we approached the shrine. On either hand are the ruins of the votive offerings — too often, alas! commemorating fratricidal victories — and of the treasures which offered such rich loot for Nero and other plunderers, in spite of whom the site could still offer thousands of statues as late as the time of Pausanias. The Athenian treasure-house is being rebuilt of its original materials, which were lying almost intact. Its decorations have been taken to the museum, and their place supplied by admirable reproductions. Upon the walls are hymns to Apollo with musical notation — a rare archæological prize — and an inscription *in situ* speaks of the battle of Marathon, in honour of which the treasury was built.

We passed the rough rock from which, in earliest days of all, the Sibyl Herophile uttered prophecy, foretelling among other things the fatal story of Helen. We paused for a moment in the Athenian Stoa and then continued our gradual ascent. As the Sacred Way turned to the northward round the

end of the great temple, we saw before us the pedestal of one of the most interesting monuments in the world. Upon this pedestal stood the great tripod offered by redeemed Greece from the spoils of Plataea. The central support was of brazen serpents intertwined. On it were inscribed the names of the States that took part in this culminating victory of the Persian War, and many of these names may still be read upon the portion preserved at Constantinople, whither it was carried by Constantine to adorn the Hippodrome of his new capital. It is related that Mohammed II, who wrested Constantinople from the Christians in 1453 A. D., smote one of the brazen serpent heads with his sword, declaring that the conqueror of Europe thus avenged the ancient defeat of Asia.

But we were at last come to Earth's very centre, the Pythian shrine itself. We stood where young Ion stood, in the portal which he used to sweep each morning at sunrise with such devotion.

“ Lo,¹ yonder gleameth the four-horsed car
And Helios now sheddeth day o'er the land.
The stars are fleeing before his blaze
 To the holy night.
And the peaks untrod of Parnassus Mount
With dawn illumined, receive for men
 The chariot wheel diurnal.

¹ Eurip.: Ion, 82 ff.

“ Dry incense smoke to the lofty roof
 Of Phoebus flieth.
On the tripod divine her seat doth take
The Delphian, singing to Greeks the strains
 Whatever Apollo may utter.

“ But oh ye Delphian ministers
 Of Phoebus, hie to the silver whirls
 Of Castalia, where with unsullied dew
Having washed you clean, the temple approach.
And guard ye well from ill-speaking the lips,
And words of blest import, to those who fain
 Would the shrine consult,
 From your own lips see that ye utter.

“ While I, at my task which from Childhood’s hour
 I ever ply, with the laurel boughs
And holy wreaths, the gate of the God
Will adorn, and sprinkle the floor bedewed
With moistened drops. And the flocks of birds
 Who the shrines defile
Of the images holy, with bow of mine
I will put to flight — For, sprung from none
From father nor mother, my nursling home
 The Temple of Phoebus I cherish.

“ Oh minister fresh blooming, hail
 My broom of laurel fair,
Who Phoebus’ altar in his fane
 Hast ever in thy care!

“ In gardens never dying, whence
The streams of holy dew
Their ever-flowing springs send forth,
Thy sacred myrtle grew.

“ With thee I sweep the floor divine
Throughout the livelong day,
With swift wing of the rising sun,
My service glad I pay.

“ Oh Paean, oh Paean!
Blessed, oh, blessed
Be thou, Latona’s son!

“ Fair is the task I ply
Oh Phoebus, at thy shrine,
Thy seat prophetic honouring,
Glorious the task for aye.

“ To gods who live for ever
My hand in thrall is held,
And in glad labour thus to toil
I can grow weary never.

“ Phoebus my sire divine!
For him who nurtured me I praise
To him is due a father’s name
The Phoebus of this shrine.

“Oh Paean, oh Paean!
Blessed, oh, blessed
Be thou, Latona’s son!”

Of Apollo’s lordly temple all is in ruins except the pavement, and we search in vain for the relics of its past glories. Gone is the great entrance porch over which were inscribed in golden letters the sayings of the Seven Sages. “Know Thyself.” “Nothing Overmuch.” Pediments, friezes and columns, all are gone. No vestige is left of the marvels which greeted the eyes of the visitors of old, who accompanied Creusa when she came to consult the God. The exclamations of these visitors remind one of the modern tourist.

Chorus α. “Not¹ only then in Athens the Divine
Are courts of gods fair-columned,
And services before the fane.
Lo, e’en for Loxias, Lato’s son,
The fair-eyed light of portals twain!

Chorus β. “Look yonder and behold!
The Hydra, lo, he slayeth,
Of Lerna, he the son of Zeus,
With sword of gold.
Dear friend, behold!

¹ Eurip.: Ion, 184 ff.

Chorus 4. “ I see, and by his side
Another standeth, lifting burning torch.
Can it be he of whom is told the tale
 In my embroideries?
 Shield-holder Iolaus, he
Who sharing labours on him laid,
 The son of Zeus doth aid.

Chorus 5. “ See yonder man as well!
 Seated on courier wingèd,
He layeth low the Fire-breathing Might—
 Three-bodied monster fell.

Chorus 6. “ I turn my glances everywhere —
 Lo, on the marble walls,
Behold the combat of the giants there!

Chorus 8. “ Thither, dear friends, we look.

Chorus 6. “ Dost see the Fierce-Eyed One?
 Against Enceladus her shield is shook.

Chorus 5'. “ Yea, my own goddess Pallas I discern.

Chorus 5. “ How else? the heavy thunderbolt of
 fire
 In hands of Zeus far-hurling?

Chorus 7. “ I see, dread Mimas he with flame doth
burn.

Chorus θ. “ Lo Bromios, with ivy rod
Unwarlike, doth another slay
Of sons of Earth — the Bacchic
God! ”

As we stood upon the ancient pavement, the solemnity of the spot was overpowering. We could feel amid the silence of these ruins, in this lonely sheltered niche of the mountain, with the solemn gorge far below us, that we were indeed at the very centre of the world. For of civilization as we conceive it, Greece was, in those old days, the only exponent on Earth; and had it not been for the victories of which these stones bear witness, the very light of life in the world would have been quenched. Instead of liberty, the soft luxury of Asia with its soul-deadening tyranny would have smothered Europe. Indeed humanity was on the “razor-edge” of the balance when the hope of Greece was contained in the “wooden walls,” and later when the last great stand was made on the Plataean Plain.

The first temple of Apollo is said to have been built of the wood of laurel brought from the Vale of Tempe. This was succeeded by one built of wax and feathers by a swarm of bees. The third temple was of brass; the fourth, of stone, built by Trophonius and Agamedes as in the Homeric Hymn; and the final one, of stone and marble,

under the direction of the Amphictyons, who employed Spintharos as architect. The noble Athenian family of the Alcmaeonidae, wishing to secure the powerful voice of the Oracle in behalf of their restoration from banishment, undertook to carry out the plans, and instead of the ordinary stone of the neighbourhood called for by the contract, they employed Parian marble for the eastern front. Within the temple was the sacred quivering laurel of which the Pythian priestess was wont to chew the leaves before descending to the inmost shrine. Here too she drank of the water conducted from the spring Cassotis. Not only must the laurel quiver, but the sacrificial victim too must quake. Else there would be no oracular response. The priestess took her seat on the tripod which stood over the celebrated chasm whence arose the vapour of inspiration.¹ A learned archæologist has recently written an able essay to prove that this chasm was a pious fraud, or never existed at all. The myth relates that its existence was revealed by Coretas, a goat herd, who became intoxicated and fell in. In the temple could be seen, between two golden eagles, the sacred Omphalos, Earth's navel, whereon the eagles let fly by Zeus—one from the east and the other from the west—met and alighted. Near by was a golden statue of Homer, and the iron

¹ The vapour story is rejected by the new edition of Smith's Dict. of Antiq.

chair occupied by Pindar when he sang hymns in honour of the Pythian Apollo.

The founding of the oracle is described in the Homeric Hymn to the Pythian Apollo and in the prologue of the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus.

“Thence¹ thou didst come to Crisa, beneath snowy Parnassus to the gorge turned westward. Over it the cliff hangeth beetling, and the deep ravine runneth under. Rugged is the spot and there Lord Phoebus Apollo resolved to build him a lovely temple and thus he spake: ‘Here I bethink me to build an exceeding beauteous fane, that it may be a place of divination for all mankind. Hither they shall bring me their perfect hecatombs for ever, men who dwell in fertile Peloponnesus, in Europe, and amid the sea-flowed islands, coming to consult my oracle. And to them I fain would declare my unfailing counsel and utter prophecy in my rich shrine.’ Thus spake Phoebus Apollo, and laid the foundations. Wide they were and exceeding long, and on them Trophonius and Agamedes, sons of Erginus, dear to the immortal gods, placed a floor of marble. And the countless tribes of men reared the walls of the temple with wrought stones, to be a theme of song for ever.

“Hard by there flowed a stream of fair waters, and there Apollo slew with his stout bow a serpent of mighty bulk, a savage prodigy which wrought

¹ Homer. Hymn to Apollo, 282 ff.

many woes to the men in the land, to them and their hoof-stretching herds. For indeed it was a blood-bedabbled monster.

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“ He¹ who encountered her was led by fatal destiny, until the time when Lord Apollo Far-Worker aimed at her his powerful arrow. She then, tortured with grievous pangs, lay greatly gasping and writhing on the ground. Awful was the cry she uttered, unspeakable. Then she glided hither and thither through the wood till at last she panted forth her life in blood. Then Phoebus Apollo exulted.”

The she-dragon is left to rot² in the sun, and this circumstance gives to the place the name of Pytho. Apollo turns his attention to the establishment of the rites of his worship:

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“ Then³ Phoebus Apollo considered in his heart what men he should introduce to his holy rites, men who should worship him in rocky Pytho. Now while he pondered, he marked a swift ship upon the wine-faced sea. And therein were many goodly men, Cretans from Minoan Cnossus, men who should offer service to the Lord and declare the divine

¹ Line 356.

² πύθεσθαι, to rot.

³ Line 388.

will of Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, whatsoever he should utter in oracles from the laurel shrine, forth from the hollow breast of Parnassus. They were sailing in their black ship, in pursuit of traffic, bound for sandy Pylos and the people of Pylos. Then Phoebus Apollo went forth to meet them, and plunged into the sea in likeness of a dolphin, close to the black ship, and floated there, a monster great and dire; nor could any of the men devise the meaning. Tossing on every side, he lashed the ship's beams, while the mariners crouched in the vessel dumb with terror."

The dolphin guides the ship by a south wind past her destination, in spite of the wish of some of the sailors to land. The ship refuses to obey her helm. At last they reach the mouth of the Gulf, when a west wind springs up, and they are wafted into the Bay of Crisa.

" And¹ they came to far-seen vine-clad Crisa, to the harbour. And there Lord Apollo Far-Worker darted away from the ship, like unto the Sun at noon, and from his head flew sparks in showers, and the brightness thereof came to heaven. Then he sped to his shrine and passed on to the famous tripod. There he kindled a blaze, manifesting forth his weapons. And the gleam covered all Crisa. And the wives of the Crissaeans and their fair-girdled daughters raised the cry of holy joy beneath

¹ Line 438 ff.

inspiration of Phoebus. For he put mighty awe in the heart of each one.

“ Thence like a dream he leaped to fly again to the ship, in likeness of a stout warrior in the prime of youth, his broad shoulders covered with his flowing locks. Then having uttered winged words, he spake to the sailors: ‘ Strangers, who are ye, and whence sail ye the path of the waters? Is it in pursuit of traffic, or do ye roam at random, as the pirates do, who rove o'er the salt sea, setting their lives at stake, and carrying evil to foreigners? Wherefore do ye thus sit stricken in soul, nor disembark upon the land, and stow the cordage of your black vessel?’ ”

The captain of the ship asks the god concerning the land to which they have thus been led, whereas with far different intention they had sailed forth “ upon the mighty Gulf of the ocean towards Pylos, from Crete whence we claim to have sprung.”

“ Answering¹ straightway Far-Worker Apollo spake to them: ‘ Strangers, who used to dwell near tree-clad Cnossus, but who now shall return thither no more, to your lovely city and fair homes and dear wives. Here must ye abide and maintain my rich shrine, revered of all men. For, lo, I am the son of Zeus and I claim to be Apollo. Over the great Gulf of the sea I have guided you hitherto. I have willed you no harm, nay, ye shall here main-

¹ Line 474.

tain my rich shrine, exceeding revered of all men.
And ye shall know the counsels of the immortals,
and by their decree ye shall be honoured all your
days for ever and ever.’”

“ Thus ¹ spake Apollo and verily they hearkened
and obeyed him.”

“ And ² they started to go, and at their head went
Lord Apollo, son of Zeus. In his hand he held his
lyre and lovely was the music he played. His step
was high and goodly, and the Cretans followed
on to Pytho, dancing and singing glad paeans such
as are the paeans of the Cretans, in whose hearts
the Muse divine hath planted honey-voiced song.
They climbed the mountain with unwearied feet,
and soon they came to Parnassus and the lovely
spot where Apollo was to dwell revered by all man-
kind.”

The Hymn ends with a word of warning:

“ If ³ there be faithless word or deed, or outrage
such as often mortal men commit, then shall others
come to be dictators over you, and beneath their
sway ye shall be ruled by compulsion all your days.
All has been said — Guard well my words in your
hearts.”

Here follows the account in the Eumenides of
Aeschylus:

¹ Line 503. ² Line 514. ³ Line 540.

Pythia: ‘First¹ in my prayer I reverence of gods
First-Prophesying Earth; and Themis next,
Who from her mother in succession held
This chair of divination, as they tell.
And third by lot — of her consent — not force
Titaness Phoebe, she too child of Earth,
Held it, and gave it as a natal gift,
To Phoebus — thus the name from Phoebe bides.
When Phoebus left the Delian lake and reef,
And beached his ship on Pallas’ shores marine,
He travelled thence to this Parnassus’ seat.
And they conduct him with high reverence —
Hephaestus’ sons, road builders — and make
plain
The hitherto rough places of the earth.
Here greatly did the people honour him,
And Delphos, sovereign ruler of this land.
And Zeus his soul with skill divine inspired,
And seated him fourth prophet on his throne.
Thus Loxias is spokesman for his sire.
These gods I worship in my opening prayer.
Pallas Pronaia² likewise holds high place.
And next the nymphs I honour of the cave

¹ Aeschylus: *Eum.*, 1 ff.

² The temple of Pallas Pronaia is the first noted by Pausanias as he arrived by the Sacred Way. It has been identified as one of the small ruined temples of the so-called Marmaria. Shortly after the writer’s visit to Delphi in 1905, a boulder dislodged from Hyampeia caused serious damage to this group of buildings.

Corycian, dear to birds, resort of gods,
Bromios' haunt, nor leave I unrecalled
The time the god at head of Bacchant host
Wrought doom to Pentheus, hunted like a hare.
The springs of Pleistos and Poseidon's might
And highest Zeus Consummate last I call —
Then take my seat on the prophetic throne.”

The prominence of the oracle all through Hellenic times is tremendous. And not only the Grecian world, even Asia and Rome held the Pythian utterances in deep reverence. From the first priestess Phemonoe, who issued her prophecies in hexameter verse, through the long centuries of greatness and decline and renascence and at last suppression at the hands of the Christian Emperor Theodosius, we meet at every turn testimony to the influence of the Delphic Oracle. Often the utterances were ambiguous—the very name Loxias was fancifully derived from the obliquity (*λοξότης*) of the prophecies,—often doubtless they were corrupted for political ends. In spite of all, the respect shown for them even by men like Socrates and Cicero is to us astounding. Of the innumerable episodes in the long history of the shrine, we best recall the responses made to Oedipus and Orestes in the tragic cycle, the tale of Croesus, the message concerning the “wooden walls,” the vindication of the sanctity of the shrine when the impious Persian

pillagers were overwhelmed by thunder and lightning and the crushing cliffs; the inspiration which started Socrates upon his truth-seeking career, and finally the maxims of general or special conduct with which Hellenic story is filled. At last, when Julian the Apostate consulted the oracle with reference to his Persian campaign, came the last mournful answer from the prophetic tripod: "Say to the King that the dwelling place so rich in art is sunk to dust; Phoebus has no longer a roof, and no prophetic laurel, no speaking fountain. Dried is the fair water spring."

The hill slopes above the temple are covered with interesting buildings; but it is beyond the scope of these pages to describe in detail the Cnidian Lesche once adorned by Polygnotus, the Thessalian votive statues, the fountain of Cassotis:—

"Where¹ from the depths is drawn for the libations
Of fair-haired Muses, water pure and holy."

We must not pause to describe the Theatre and, high above the sacred buildings, the splendid stadium of the Pythian Games. The fine Museum too, with the world-renowned charioteer of bronze, the Lysippic Agias, the Cnidian frieze, the Sphinx of Naxos, and the charming dancing Caryatidae of Siphnos — all these belong to the province of the

¹ Simonides, 44.

writer on Art or Archæology. This is true as well of the ruins of “The Marmaria,” almost equalling in beauty those of the Sacred Enclosure itself.

We returned to our lodgings in time to witness a most glorious sunset over the lower heights of Kiona. A wild wind was blowing, and the scudding clouds were stained sanguine, while the mountain snows were lit with crimson glory fading into pure crystalline rose colour. The scene at first almost inspired terror; then, for a moment, triumphant exultation; then, as the fierce red light vanished in an instant from the flying clouds, there ensued a moment of awe, and at last the hurrying darkness brought hushed feelings of solemn peace.

CHAPTER X

PARNASSUS TO THEBES

THE Corycian Grotto is situated high above the town of Delphi about half way to the top of Parnassus. The first part of the ascent — the Κακὴ Σκαλὰ — is rough and steep. Anemones and other wild flowers of every colour cover the ground wherever the sun of March has melted the snow. Far above to the eastward we catch sight of the white crown of the holy mountain.

The way passes through pine groves and over stretches of bare rock, and, after a couple of hours, leads to the mouth of the famous cave. A rock near by bears an inscription which tells us that the grotto was sacred to Pan and the Corycian nymphs. The neighbourhood of the cave was a favourite haunt of Dionysus and his Maenads, and the mysterious lights beheld afar by awestruck peasants were believed to come from torches carried in the mystic revels:

“The¹ lurid gleam o'er the two-peaked Rock
Where the Bacchic nymphs Corycian tread.”

¹ Soph.: Antig., 1126.

The Corycian Grotto offered a refuge to the fleeing inhabitants of Delphi when the Persians came, and many centuries later it served as one of the most important strongholds of the chieftains of the War of Independence.

Our visit to the cave filled the morning of our last day at Delphi, and on the morrow we started early along the Sacred Way.

From Delphi the road gradually ascends to Arachova. The gorge of the Pleistos was far below us on our right, and over the cliffs of Kirphis, which form its southern wall, we could catch occasional glimpses of the snowy tops of far-off Arcadian mountains beyond the Gulf of Corinth. We could not see the Gulf itself, but its position was marked by the thick banks of clouds which seemed to rise from it, often shutting out the distant mountains. On our left rose the slope of Parnassus, dotted by scanty evergreens. Occasionally we passed a few fruit trees in blossom, and here and there an olive; but the region is mostly barren save for the vines which produce the Arachovan wine.

Just before reaching the town, a bend in the road gives a last opportunity to look back at Delphi.

Arachova is no mean town in spite of its isolated position. The inhabitants are of pure Greek stock, and the women are handsome, while the men and boys are splendid.

After passing through the town, the road winds down the long pass of Parnassus. We soon came to the end of the well-built modern highway, and from this point travel became increasingly difficult. Clouds had gathered too, and soon rain followed; and we floundered over slippery rocks and through sticky clay, scarcely caring whether there was a path or not. The wild scenery of Zemeno, as this part of the pass is called, was grander and more gloomy for the storm. The clouds came tumbling down the cliffs on either side till they dissolved in fine rain, while the prospect in front was completely cut off. We were glad enough at last to take refuge for an hour in an old Khan built in Turkish times at a point about half way through the pass.

We were nearing the famous Σχιστή ὁδός, the triple cross roads of which the mention in the Oedipus Tyrannus fills us with shivering awe as they are named again and again. While the guides were preparing lunch, the account of Sophocles was read aloud:

“ Now¹ Polybus of Corinth was my sire;
My mother, Dorian Merope, and I
Was held the noblest of the city, till
This chance befel me, worthy wonderment,—
Yet haply not so weighty as I deemed.
A fellow at a banquet, flown with wine,

¹ Soph.: Oed., 774 ff.

Taunts me, as foisted spurious on my sire.
And I my wrath that day could scarce restrain,
And on the next, my parents I approached
And questioned closely — they th' affront received
With deep offence 'gainst him who spake the charge.
And I on their concern was satisfied;
But yet this stung me ever, sinking deep.
Unknown to parents, then, I took my way
To Pytho, and, unsatisfied in that
I came for, Phoebus let me go, but dire
And woful were his other prophecies:
That I with my own mother should be joined
And bring to light a stock unbearable,
And of my father should be murderer.
And when I heard it, the Corinthian land
Henceforth I measured by the stars alone,
And fled to where I never might behold
The horrors of my oracles fulfilled.
And, in my flight, I reached this spot whereat
Thou sayest that this monarch met his doom.
And thou, my wife, shalt have the truth, — for
when
Journeying I approached that triple road,
There did a herald meet me and a man
Mounted on horse-drawn car as thou hast said.
And from the road the charioteer essayed
By force to drive me, and the elder too.
The man who sought to turn me from the path
— The Charioteer — in rage I smote; but when

The elder saw me passing by the car,
Watching his chance, with double whip he struck
Full on my head — nor equal pay received.
For at a sharp blow from my staff he rolled
Upon his back from middle of the car.
I slew them all — but if of kin there be
Betwixt this stranger aught, and Laius' house,
What man more wretched in the world than I?
Whom none of strangers nor of citizens
May take into his house, nor e'en address.
But all must drive me forth, and none it was
But only I this curse upon me laid. . . .
Nay then, nay then, oh holy powers divine,
Ne'er may I see that day, but from mankind
May I depart unseen e'er I behold
Such stain of horror come upon my head!"

At the Triple Roads we turned northward, and made our way slowly through rough and lonely country. The only living creatures were the occasional flocks of goats with herdsmen in rough cloaks looking as wild and shaggy as their charges. After an hour or more of difficult progress, the prospect widened, and far to the northeast appeared the Boeotian Plain. Beyond rose the mountains which guard the ancient Orchomenos, and in the remote distance were the Euboean Heights, visible when the weather is clear. To us, even Helicon near by on our right was veiled in low-lying clouds. Our goal for

the night was Daulia, a populous town commanding a wide view over the plain. It is ill built, and our quarters proved to be uncomfortable.

This is the ancient Daulis, the scene of the sad tale of Procne and Philomela. Ovid has told how the sisters were changed, the one into a swallow, the other into a nightingale, while the wicked Tereus became a hoopoe. The lament of the nightingale for the slain Itys or Itylus is famed in poetry ancient and modern.

A fragment of the Phaethon of Euripides refers to it thus:

“ And ¹ on the trees, the nightingale
Singeth her tender harmony,
Crying in loud lament
The woful Itys! Itys!”

The chorus of Danaides² in the Suppliants of Aeschylus compare their hymn of lamentation to that of the nightingale:

“ But if there be at hand
Some dweller in the land
Bird-tending, he will fancy when he hears
Our strain of tears
That he is listening to the voice

¹ Eurip.: Frag. Phae., 21-24.

² Aeschylus: Suppl., 56-65.

Of her, the wife of Tereus, wise,
The nightingale, by kite pursued,
Who, from her native wood
And streams compelled to roam,
Mourns for her wonted home
In strange lamenting wail,
Mingling therewith of her own son the tale,
How by her hand he perished — murderous deed!
A wretched mother's fury was his meed.”

“ But ¹ the bird of lamentation
Suiteth well my soul;
Who ever waileth Itys! Itys!
Bird of mourning, messenger of Zeus.”

Aristophanes in the Birds seems to ignore the most horrible features of the legend, and represents the hoopoe and the nightingale as reconciled and bound by tender conjugal affection:

“ Come ² partner of mine, oh cease from thy sleep
And free thou the strains of thy holy hymns,
Which from mouth divine thou dost pour in lament
For thy Itys and mine, the often bewept.
And aye as it trilleth in numbers divine
From thy yellow throat,
The echo pure, through the leafy hair

¹ Soph.: Electra, 146-149.

² Aristoph.: Birds, 209-222.

Of the smilax, floateth to throne of Zeus;
Where golden-haired Phoebus the sound doth hear
And tuning his lyre with ivory bound,
To thy elegy answering, leadeth the dance
Of gods, and together in concord divine,
From voices immortal arises the cry
Of the Blessed ones' heavenly singing."

The journey from Daulia to Chaeronea was accomplished in a down-pour of rain, and the beauty of the scenery was almost wholly missed. Our way lay past the site of the ancient Panopeus, the birth-place of Epeios who built the wooden horse. Quintus Smyrnaeus gives an account of the dream which inspired Epeios to the undertaking, and his lines have much of the beauty of genuine Homeric Poetry: —

" When ¹ now the stars were turning their path
through the glittering heaven,
Gleaming on every hand, and man his work had
forgotten,
Then did Athene leave the lofty abode of the
Blessed,
And, to the tender form of a maid in every way
likened,
Came to the ships and the host, and over the head
of Epeios,

¹ Q. Smyrn.: Bk. xii. Lines 104-121.

Ares-beloved, she stood in a dream, and quickly
she bade him
Build him a horse of wood, and said that herself in
the labour
With him would toil; to this end herself had sped to
his bedside,
Urging him on to the task. He, hearing the voice
of the goddess,
Laughed in his spirit, and leaped from his couch of
slumber unheeding.
Well he knew 'twas a goddess immortal, nor ever
his spirit
Pondered aught else, but aye he fixed his mind on
the duty
Heaven-enjoined, and skilful the craft invaded his
spirit.
When now Aurora came, to Erebus driving the
shadows,
When too the fierce-eyed gleam of the day pervaded
the Ether,
Then did Epeios the dream divine, as he saw it and
heard it,
Tell in the midst of the Argives, who greatly longed
for the story
They, when they heard the tale, rejoiced with a
gladness unbounded."

The western part of Boeotia was once covered
with the shallow waters of the Copaic Lake, famous

in the plays of Aristophanes for its delicious eels. Much of the lake has been drained within recent years, and a large and fertile tract has been reclaimed for agriculture. To the south stretches the chain of Helicon, the abode of the Muses, and as one advances, the great mass of Parnassus seems to rise higher and higher behind one and to brood over the whole plain.

Chaeronea was the birthplace of Plutarch, whose stone chair is still shown to the faithful in the village church. Hard by is the small ancient theatre with seats hewn out of the hill of the acropolis. Near the town, there is a common tomb of those Thebans who fell in the struggle against Philip. “Now¹ there is no inscription, but a lion is set hard by. And this refers chiefly to the brave spirit of the men. And an inscription is wanting, I think, because no destiny corresponding to their daring attended them.” After lying for many years in sorrowful ruin, the great lion has lately been set on a high pedestal, and is visible from far across the plain. The crouching marble lion which used to crown the mound of Marathon commemorated the first triumph of independent Hellas against a foreign foe. The Lion of Chaeronea is a memorial of the final disaster, when independent Hellas fell beneath the Macedonian. Yet he is not crouching, but proudly sitting with head erect and an expression

¹ Pausanias, ix. 40. 5.

of mournful sternness. The spirit of Greece was not broken. The news indeed:

“ . . . of ¹ that dishonest victory
At Chaeronea fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.”

For Isocrates could look back over nearly a century of life to the days when Macedon was regarded as a semi-barbarous foreign kingdom. And yet the conquerors were not wholly foreigners, and it was but a few years later that Alexander the Great, who won his spurs on the fields of Chaeronea, was to carry the name and fame of Greece to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Demosthenes, who took part in the battle and shared in the general flight, was chosen to pronounce in the Ceramicus, at Athens, the funeral oration over the Athenians who fell on the field, and whose bodies were given up by Philip for burial in their native soil. The Funeral Oration which appears in the collection of the works of Demosthenes is of doubtful authenticity, though it contains many fine passages:

“ But ² it results of necessity that when a battle takes place, one side is defeated, the other victorious. Now I should not hesitate to say that in my

¹ Milton. Sonnet to the Lady Margaret Lay.

² Demos.: Epitaph. 1394, 24, and 1398, 54.

opinion, those of either side who die in the ranks share not in the defeat, but that both alike are victorious. For victory is apportioned to the survivors according as Heaven grants; whereas that which each man could contribute to victory, every man who has stood his ground has fulfilled. But if as mortal he has met his allotted fate, it is by fortune he has received that which has befallen him, in spirit he has not been worsted by his adversary. . . .

“Now¹ the surviving kindred of these men indeed deserve pity, for they have been bereft of such heroes and disjoined from long and loving companionship; and they see the fortunes of their fatherland desolate, and full of tears and mourning. But, rightly considered, Heaven has granted these men to leave behind them, not for a brief space, but for long and unending time, a glorious memory that grows not old. In the light of this their sons shall grow up famous, and their parents shall be maintained in an honoured old age with the renown of these their sons for consolation to their grief.”

At Chaeronea we took the train for Athens. The gray lion at last faded from our sight far across the Boeotian Plain, and the afternoon sun dispersed the clouds on Helicon just before it was too late. Behind us, the great round brow of Parnassus looks forth over the whole valley, and is not lost to sight

¹ Line 1399, 44.

till one is nearly at Thebes. The Plain is full of memories both mythical and historical; but the history is of treason and civil strife, and the myths are tales of horror. We rounded the rugged hill where the Sphinx once dwelt and reached Thebes.

The smiling little town is different enough now from the stately city of the seven gates and the seven fountains, the scene of the birth and vengeance of the Bacchic god, of the horrors of the house of Oedipus, and of the treason of the people when the Persians came. The Spring of Dirce can still be seen, and the archæologists can guess approximately the positions of some of the Seven Gates. But the real Thebes is ours forever in the great dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The Mighty Seven lead on their hosts against the beleaguered city:

“ I¹ cry dread woes and mighty!

An host is come upon me.

Leaving its camp, it poureth,

Yon throng of horse precursor!

The dust to heaven rising is my witness,

Bearer of tidings true though speechless.

“ And, ever nearer to mine ears,

My country’s plains, hoof-smitten,

Bring the loud shouting.

¹ Aesch.: *Seven against Thebes*, 78 ff.

“ It flieth, it roareth
Like resistless waters
Cleaving the mountains.

Oh gods, oh goddesses, avert the rushing doom!

“ White-shielded hosts in fair array,
Their footsteps guiding in pursuit,
Dash o'er the walls with shouting.
Who shall deliver?

Who of gods or goddesses defend?

• • • • •
Ares, thou guardian of our ancient land,
Wilt thou forsake thine own?
God of the golden helm, behold, behold thy city
Which once thou heldest dear!
Gods of our country, city-warding, come, oh, come!

“ Behold the band of virgins
Praying deliverance from thraldom.
For round our city,
By breath of Ares driven,
Roareth a wave of men with bending crest.
But oh thou All-fulfilling Zeus,
With all thy power succour
That we fall not to our foes!

“ Now round the citadel of Cadmus
The Argives circle
In awful panoply of war.

The bridles, bound upon their horses' jaws
Clang slaughter.
Seven mighty chiefs, conspicuous 'mid the host,
With spears against our seven gates
Press close, by lot appointed."

Before the palace gates stands Oedipus, the hero king, now blind and fallen while the people wonder:

"Citizens¹ of Thebes ancestral, yonder Oedipus behold!
Him who solved the famed enigma and was worthiest of men.
Who upon the City's fortunes with no eye of envy gazed,
Lo, in what a wave of sorrow awful he hath now been whelmed.
Therefore one who is a mortal, to behold yon final day
Looking, it indeed behoveth none to deem a happy man,
Ere the goal of life he passeth, having suffered naught of pain."

The city was the birthplace of Dionysus. Euripides in the Bacchantes tells of the awful vengeance of the God upon the infidel king Pentheus. The

¹ Soph.: Oed. Tyr., 1523.

Choruses of the play are full of beauty. There is a wild, mystic, almost oriental frenzy in the songs of the maenad rout that followed the strange young god to the mad revels on Cithaeron:

“ Oh ¹ Thebes, the nurse of Semele,
Crown, crown thy head with ivy,
Teem, teem, with verdant smilax fair and fruitful,
Come join the Bacchic revel
With boughs of oak and pine.
Your dappled fawn-robcs crown
With tufts of silvery fleeces.

“ The sportive fennel toss in holy mirth
Soon the whole land shall join the dance,
When Bromios leadeth forth his band,
To the mountain, to the mountain,
Where the female rout awaiteth,
From loom and distaff far,
By Dionysus frenzy goaded. . . .

“ Oh happy he who on the hills,
After wild running dance,
Fainteth to earth, who weareth
The holy robe of fawn,
And seeketh blood of goats, the joy of flesh raw
eaten,
As he dasheth to the mountains

¹ Eurip.: Bacchae.

The Phrygian, the Lydian,
And Bromios at the head — Evoe!

“ The ground with milk is flowing,
With wine and nectar of the bees.
Smoke riseth as of Lydian frankincense,
The Bacchic god, with ruddy pine flame
On thyrsus held aloft,
Leapeth with running and with dance
Urging his roving bands.
Rousing with cry he tosseth
To the wind his locks abundant,
The while with joyous roar he shouteth
Oh Bacchants Go!
Oh Bacchants Go!
Glory of Tmolus’ golden streams,
Sing Dionysus
With deep-thundering drums.
With Evoe celebrate the Evian God!
With shouts and Phrygian cries.

“ What time the pipe with joyful noise,
The holy pipe, its holy mirth
Resoundeth in accord with frantic wanderers
To the Mountain, to the Mountain.
And joyous as the colt
Beside its grazing mother
The Bacchant guideth nimble feet in leapings.”

The way led us past Tanagra almost to the Euripus. Far off the Euboean hills were lighted by the pink of sunset, and darkness overtook us before we pierced the tunnel of Parnes and reached the Attic Plain.

CHAPTER XI

OLYMPIA

THE visit to Olympia is apt to be the last of one's Grecian sojourn, for Patras, whence the Italian steamers sail, is a convenient place at which to spend the night en route.

After leaving Corinth, the railroad skirts the Gulf for hours through country of a markedly different appearance from that to which one has become accustomed in Northern Greece. Instead of a hard stony soil and exposed wind-swept hills, we were now in a land of smiling vineyards and currant plantations. Many pretty valleys run inland from the coast, winding their way between the green slopes of sharp-pointed hills of odd volcanic appearance. Villages are numerous and the landward view from the train offers an unending succession of pictures full of charm and interest. On the seaward side the contrast is complete. Across the peaceful Gulf, marches in lordly pomp the solemn procession of the mighty giants, Cithaeron, Helicon, Parnassus, Kiona, and Korax — on to the Golden Gate of Rhium and Antirrhium, which recalls not a little

the wonderful Western Portal of the American Continent.

After leaving Corinth, we had a fine view of the ancient temple, with Acrocorinthus rising in the background. We sped through a level tract almost wholly devoted to currant vines. The trade in currants is perhaps the chief source of wealth to Greece at the present day. Sicyon is the first station of importance, and at this point we took leave, for a time, of literary and historical associations,—at least such as are connected with the classic days of Grecian story. After Sicyon we entered Achaea, where associations belong chiefly to the days of the decline and the Roman Conquest. Phormio's naval victory in 429 b. c. took place not far from Naupactus, which was situated on the northern shore of the Gulf near its narrowest point; but to most minds the name — in its modern form of Lepanto — recalls the far more famous sea fight of A. D. 1570, when Don John of Austria shattered the Turkish fleet.¹ Farther on is Missolonghi. Nothing in the annals of ancient Greece is more glorious than the story of this modern town. The desperate defence against the Turks, and the resistance of the inhabitants in spite of the most awful sufferings,

¹ The scene of the battle was a long distance to the westward of Naupactus. In fact much of the fighting took place actually outside the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth. Cervantes lost an arm in the battle.

till the very last extremity, afford one of the most noble examples of heroism recorded in history. Those who criticize the conduct of the Greeks during the struggle for independence — and there is much to deplore — ought not to forget Missolonghi. Byron died here in 1824, and his heart is buried here.

The Gulf expands beyond Rhium, and Mount Panaetolium appears far to the north. Nearer rises Aracynthus, at the feet of which lay the ancient Calydon, dear to lovers of Atalanta swift of foot. Apollodorus tells the tale of the Calydonian hunt:

“ Of ¹ Oeneus,² Althaea bore a son Meleager who they say was really sprung from Ares. But when he was seven days old, they say that the Fates came and declared that Meleager would die, so soon as the brand burning on the hearth should be burned out. On hearing this, Althaea plucked the brand from the fire, and laid it in a chest. But Meleager, having grown to be a man invulnerable and noble, died in the following wise. Of the year’s crops which grew in the land, Oeneus, sacrificing first fruits to all the gods, forgot only Artemis. But the goddess in wrath sent a boar excelling in size and strength, who rendered the country sterile, and destroyed the herds and the men who crossed his path. Against this boar Oeneus summoned the noblest from all Greece, and to him who would slay

¹ Apollodorus, i. 8. 2 ff. ² King of Aetolia.

the beast, he promised to give the hide as reward of valour. Now those who gathered to the hunt of the boar were these: . . . and Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus from Arcadia, and the sons of Thestios. And when they came together, Oeneus feasted them nine days. But on the tenth, when Cepheus and Ancaeus and certain others declined to go forth to the hunt in company with a woman, Meleager, . . . wishing to win the love of Atalanta, compelled them to go with her to the hunt. Now when they had surrounded the boar, Hyleus and Ancaeus were destroyed by the beast, and Peleus accidentally pierced Eurytion with his javelin. But Atalanta first shot the boar in the back, and Amphiaraus next, in the eye. But Meleager smote him in the flank and slew him, and having received the hide gave it to Atalanta. But the sons of Thestios, deeming it shameful that a woman should win the prize when men were present, took from her the hide, saying that it properly belonged to them on the score of relationship, if Meleager chose not to keep it. Then Meleager in anger slew the sons of Thestios, and gave back the hide to Atalanta. But Althaea, in grief at the death of her brothers, set the brand on fire, and Meleager suddenly perished."

A manuscript of Bacchylides was discovered in Egypt a few years ago, to which we are indebted for the fine poem from which the following description of the fate of Meleager is taken.

(Heracles in Hades encounters Meleager who tells the tale:)

“ Then ¹ him with tears addressing, Meleager:

“ ’Tis hard for men on earth
The will of gods aside to turn —
For Oeneus, smiter of the steed,
The wrath of holy white-armed Artemis
Had else appeased,
My sire, by offerings of many goats
And dun-backed bulls.
But unsubdued her fury
The maiden goddess kept,
And sped to Calydon’s fair fields
A boar of prowess wide, in battle shameless.
Where he, with deluge-might,
The vineyard with his tusks did shear,
Slaughter the herds and whosoe’er
Of mortals came to face him.
Right valiantly we heroes of the Greeks
In hateful strife withstood him,
Six days together, till at last
Heaven gave th’ Aetolians victory, and we buried
Those whom the boar wild-roaring slew,
Leaping with violence.

• • • • •

Thestios’ daughter of valiant spirit,
Ill fated mother mine,

¹ Bacchylides, v. 93 ff.

Contrived my death, woman of dauntless heart,
 And from the carven chest,
The brand with swift doom fraught,
With lamentation loud she took and burned.
 But this when I was born,
Destiny spun to be my bound of living.

• • • • •

And short to me sweet life
With failing strength I knew. Alas!
Breathing my latest breath I wept,
Unhappy, splendid youth forsaking.

“ — They say Amphitryon’s son,
Who ne’er the battle shout had feared,
 Then only dewed his eyelids
In pity for the fate of him who suffered;
 And answering thus he spake:
‘For mortals best unborn to be
Nor e’er behold the splendour of the sun,
But naught availeth us to mourn these
things.’ ”¹

Travellers to Olympia usually spend the night at Patras and take thence a morning train which reaches Olympia about noon. This journey round the corner of Peloponnesus is an interesting one. Landward we have fine views of Panachaicon and

¹ For the whole story see Swinburne’s beautiful poem, Atalanta in Calydon.

Erymanthus — the haunt of the boar slain by Heracles — and seaward are the beautiful Ionian Islands.

“Dulichion, Same, and woody Zacynthus.”¹

Dr. Dörpfeld is an able champion of the doctrine that Leucadia, the Promontory of the Lover’s Leap, is in reality the Ithaca of Odysseus; although the island now called Ithaca has held the name ever since the period immediately succeeding the time of Homer. The Ithaca of to-day seems to nestle under the protection of its mighty neighbour Cephallenia,² which rears its snowy crown high out of a sapphire sea.

“Rough,³ but a good nurse of heroes, I surely at least can discover

No other land upon earth more sweet than the land of one’s fathers.”

Olympia is at the confluence of the Cladeos and the Alpheios, the same Alpheios who wooed the unwilling Arethusa, pursuing her beneath the sea even to distant Sicily where now:

¹ Homer: *Odyssey*, ix. 24.

² Probably the ancient Dulichion.

³ Homer: *Odyssey*, ix. 27.

“ Like¹ friends once parted
Grown single-hearted
They ply their watery tasks.”

Shelley is more musical than geographically exact when he places Arethusa's couch of snows on the Acroceraunian mountains which are in far off Epiros.

“ And² other such tales are related concerning the Alpheios, that he was a huntsman and that he loved Arethusa, and that she also was wont to hunt. And they say that Arethusa, unwilling to wed, passed over to the island near Syracuse, called Ortygia, and there from a woman became a fountain. And that from his passion the change to a river befel Alpheios also. These things belong to the tale of Alpheios with reference to Ortygia. But that he went through the sea and there (i. e. in Ortygia) mingled his waters with the fountain, it is not possible for me to disbelieve; for I know that the god at Delphi agrees with this, who when dispatching Archias the Corinthian, to the colonization of Syracuse, spoke these words:

“Ortygia lieth an isle in the misty waves of the ocean,
Near the Trinacrian shore where gusheth the mouth
of Alpheios,

¹ Shelley: Arethusa.

² Pausanias, v. 7. 2.

Mingling his waters with those of the fair-flowing
fount Arethusa.”

The two rivers of Olympia held a prominent place in the Greek imagination. We find them mentioned frequently in poetry and prose, and their personified forms occupied the corners of the eastern pediment of the great temple of Zeus.

Perhaps nowhere in Greece can the beauty of early spring be better appreciated than at Olympia. Instead of the bare gray hills and stony plains to which we have become accustomed, green fields spread themselves under a warm sun far along the valley of the Alpheios till they reach the feet of the low hills which divide Elis from Arcadia. The olive alone gives a sombre tone to a landscape. Here we have cheerful pine groves as well, crowning the surrounding hills, while the plain is dotted with fruit trees in full bloom, looking like patches of snow-white cloud. Showers are frequent at this season, but so are the bursts of warm sunshine δακρυόεν γελάσασαι like Andromache of old. Nothing can be more complete than the contrast between Delphi and Olympia. At Delphi the stern “gorge of the mountain” was a fit setting to the dark warnings uttered from the Pythian shrine; while here all is bright for the gay festival and the brilliant days of the Peace.

The Hill of Cronos to the north of the Altis —

or sacred enclosure of Zeus — affords a fine point of view from which to look down over the mass of ruins of temples, treasuries, gymnasia, halls, votive-offerings, and pedestals. Earthquake has made wild havoc of the works of man, and scarcely one stone has been left upon another. Of the many famous statues, nearly all were carried off by robbers, imperial and other, and it is to a happy chance that we owe the preservation of the beautiful Hermes of Praxiteles. A landslide from this Hill of Cronos buried the statue in soft earth a few years before the earthquake which destroyed the temple of Zeus; and there in the Heraeum, within a few feet of the spot where Pausanias saw it nearly two thousand years before, the statue was found by German excavators. Part of the original pedestal remains where Pausanias saw it.

By far the most stupendous ruin is the temple of Zeus. Nothing remains in place but the pavement. The earthquake tossed the great pillars in every direction, and the mighty drums lie scattered east, west, south, and north.

In the temple sat enthroned the masterpiece of Phidias, the gold and ivory Zeus — one of the Wonders of the World. Near by, the faithful could see in the pavement the mark made by the thunderbolt which the god hurled in token of approval. The inspiration of the statue was drawn, it is supposed, from the lines of the Iliad:

“ Thus¹ spake the son of Cronos and nodded with dark gray eyebrows,
Then in full strength flowed down the ambrosial locks of the monarch,
Down from his head immortal;— and mighty Olympus was shaken.”

One can spend many an interesting hour in wandering through the ruins of the Temple, Council hall, Gymnasium, or Wrestling-court, of this wonderful precinct; but it is not within the scope of these pages to give a detailed account of them. Here and there we find some object of special interest such as the basis on which stood figures of the nine Greek warriors who drew lots for the duel with Hector. Nestor stood opposite, shaking the lots in his helmet: “ ‘ Nay,² but not even those of you who are chieftains of the united Achaeans, do eagerly press forward to meet Hector face to face.’ ”

“ Thus spake the old man chiding, but all nine rose up. First of all Agamemnon, Lord of men, started to his feet. Close upon him sprang up stout Diomed, son of Tydeus. Then, clad in warlike prowess, the Ajax pair; Idomeneus too, and Meriones, his follower, rival to Enyalius, Slayer-of-men. Next after these rose Eurypylus, Euaemon’s splendid son; then Thoas, son of Andraemon and

¹ Homer: Iliad, i. 528.

² Homer: Iliad, vii. 159.

Odysseus the godlike. These all were eager to do battle with glorious Hector. Then in the midst Nestor, the Knight Gerenian, spake again:

“ Shake now the lot right thoroughly to see whose portion this shall be. For that man shall bring blessing to the well-greaved Achaeans, aye, and his own soul shall bless, if it be his fortune to survive the foeman’s sword and the cruel fray.’ Thus spake Nestor, and each warrior marked his lot, and cast it into the helmet of Atrides Agamemnon. Then the people prayed and lifted up their hands to the gods. And thus spake each with eyes fixed on broad heaven: ‘ Oh Father Zeus, grant that the lot fall on Ajax or the son of Tydeus or on golden Mycenae’s king himself.’ Thus they prayed and Nestor, Knight Gerenian, shook the lots; and out from the helmet leaped the lot of him whom all desired. The lot of Ajax it was, and the herald carried it everywhere throughout the throng, and showed it in order due to each chief of the Achaeans. They recognized it not, and each denied it his. But when the herald, as he carried it throughout the throng, came to him who had marked and cast it in the helmet, to glorious Ajax; then verily the hero held forth his hand, and the herald approached and placed the lot therein. Then Ajax, when he scanned it, knew the mark of the lot, and rejoiced in heart. Then he cast it on the ground at his feet and spake: ‘ Oh friends, surely the lot is mine,

and greatly I rejoice in spirit; for surely I think to conquer godlike Hector.' "

Below the now empty platform on which were built the Treasure-Houses of the various States which took a prominent part in the games, stood a row of statues of Zeus, known as Zanes, and interesting to us from the fact that they were put up at the expense of those who were judged guilty of having violated athletic rules.

The Stadium seems not to have been provided with marble seats, as was the case at Athens and Delphi. The starting marks have been found and little else. The Hippodrome, where the great chariot races occurred, lay nearer the river, which has long since buried all traces of it under deep deposits of earth.

The Olympic Games far surpassed in importance the periodic contests which took place at Delphi, the Isthmus, and other parts of Greece. Pindar sings of them:

" Water¹ is best of things created
And gold, as in the night a blazing fire,
Shineth all lordly wealth beyond.
But if, my heart, thou dost desire
To sing of contests won,
No longer seek for other planet
Gleaming by day through ether waste

¹ Pindar, Ol. i. 1-10.

With warmth beyond the sun,
Nor can I tell of struggle than Olympia's nobler;
Whence doth arise the hymn renowned,
In poet's heart,
The praise of Cronos' son to sound."

The celebration of the Games was the supreme festival of the Hellenic world, and during the "Holy Month" in which it took place,¹ the Echecheiria, or Truce of God, produced for a moment a cessation of the almost perpetual fratricidal strife between the States of Hellas. Events in Greek history were dated by Olympiads, beginning with 776 b. c., when Coroebus was victor. It is curious to consider the parallel existing between ancient and modern highly civilized peoples. Great Britain and the United States — and, it is said, Japan, à propos of the great wrestling contests — as did Hellas of old, indulge in the most extraordinary outbursts of enthusiasm over victors and victories in athletic sports, pugilism, and horse-racing. In Greece, while the actual prize of victory might be merely a wreath of olive, pine, or laurel, the successful contestant was exalted to the skies. Poems were written in his honour. His native town received him in triumph, and heaped rewards upon him. Nay, the town itself became famous through his deed. The owner of a victorious

¹ From the 11th to the 16th, i. e. the time of the first full moon after the summer solstice.

chariot, even the horses who won the race, furnished inspiration to the greatest poets of Greece.

“ White-armed ¹ Calliope
 Here halt thy well wrought car
 And sing the Son of Cronos,
 Olympian Zeus, the ruler of the Gods,
 Alpheios with his stream unwearying,
 The might of Pelops sing and Pisa.²
 Where famous Pherenicus,³
 His feet in race victorious,
 Hath magnified
 Fair-towered Syracuse; to Hiero bringing
 The flower of Blessedness.”

Pindar never wearies of describing the sacred precinct of Olympia, and the reward that victory in the games vouchsafes to mortals:

“ Mother⁴ of Contests golden crowned, Olympia,
 Mistress of Truth, where prophets seek
 To test by sacrifices burning,
 Zeus of the gleaming thunderbolt, if he
 Will grant response concerning
 Those men whose hearts are fain

¹ Bacchylides, v. 176.

² The ancient metropolis of Elis near Olympia.

³ The celebrated race horse of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse

⁴ Ol. viii. 1-14.

Great glory and repose from toil to gain!
The boon of piety their prayers obtain.

“ Fair forest-grove of Pisa by Alpheios,
These pomps of offered wreaths receive.
Great is for evermore his fame, on whom
Thy glorious guerdon doth attend.
On divers men divers rewards descend;
And if the heavens bless,
Many the paths which lead them to suc-
cess.”

The chief treasures of the museum are the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Niké of Paeonius, and the Pediment-sculptures and a few Metopes from the temple of Zeus. The Hermes is not very well placed. He carries on his arm the infant Dionysus, who, after his miraculous delivery from the thigh of Zeus, was entrusted to his elder brother to convey to the care of the nymphs. The serious, almost sad face is not what we might have expected from the pictures in literature of a sprightly god, noted for trickery and mischievous pranks. This Hermes does not belong to that morning of the world depicted in the Homeric hymn:

“ Then ¹ she gave birth to a son of shifty and wily devices,

¹ Homer: Hymn Hermes, 13-23.

He was a thief, and a looter of cattle, conductor of dreamings,
Spy of the night, gate-watcher was he, and quickly
was destined
Deeds of famous renown to manifest 'mid the immortals.
Born at the dawning of light, at midday he played
on the lyre,
Evening beheld him the thief of the herds of Apollo
Far-Darter,
All on the first four days when queenly Maia had borne him.
Now when he sprang to the light from the womb
of his mother immortal,
No long time did he lie in his sacred cradle repos-
ing.
Nay, with a leap he darted in quest of the herds of Apollo,
Over the threshold, passing the gate of his high-roofed cavern."

This Hermes belongs to the time when the world had become sophisticated, enlightened, and saddened; but he is very beautiful, and of priceless value as being the only original statue ¹ in the world which was, we may confidently believe, the work of one of the great sculptors of the great period.

¹ Omitting statues which were part of architectural ornament.

The sculptures of the Eastern Pediment represent the actors in the famous story of Pelops and Hippodameia. The founding of the Olympic festival is attributed to Heracles; but the contest of Pelops and Oenomaus is the mythical prototype of the famous races of historic times.

“The¹ Greeks say this Myrtilos was son of Hermes, and that he was charioteer to Oenomaus, and whenever anyone came wooing the daughter of Oenomaus, Myrtilos with skill urged on the horses of Oenomaus, while the latter, in the race, as he drew up on the suitor, would pierce him with his javelin.”

The story runs that Pelops bribed Myrtilos to pull out the lynch-pin of the chariot of Oenomaus. This treachery enabled the victorious Pelops to visit Oenomaus with the punishment that had befallen previous suitors. Thus Hippodameia was won; but when Myrtilos asked for his payment, Pelops hurled him into the sea, known henceforth — as some say — as the Myrtoan sea. The drowning man uttered a curse upon the family of Pelops, a curse the fatal consequences of which were worked out in succeeding generations:²

Electra exclaims:

“ Ah³ Chariot-Race of Pelops,
Laden with sorrow long ago,

¹ Pausanias, viii. 14. 10. ² See chapter vii. Mycenae.
³ Soph.: Electra, 504-515.

How to our land thou camest fraught with woe!
For since the time when drowned Mytilos slept,
 With grievous pains
To utter ruin hurled from golden car,
 Ne'er from this house hath pain,
 Laden with sorrow gone afar."

Pindar tells the story in the First Olympic Ode:

" But¹ when at the fair-flowering age,
Shadowed his dusky cheek the down,
He thought of Hymen proffered,
From Pisan father to obtain
Hippodameia, her of fair renown.

" Then, lone in darkness going
 Beside the hoary sea,
He cried aloud on the god heavy thundering,
 God of the trident mighty, — he
Came close beside his feet — and Pelops spake:

" ' If lovely gifts of Cyprian goddess please,
Stay, oh Poseidon, Oenomaus' brazen spear,
And carrying me on swiftest car to Elis,
 To glory bring me near.
For lovers three and ten he slayeth,
And thus his daughter's nuptials he delayeth.'

• • • • •

¹ Pindar, Ol. i. 67 ff.

Thus spake he nor in vain his prayer.

The God, him magnifying,
Bestowed a chariot of gold, and steeds
On wing unwearied flying.
And low he laid King Oenomaus' pride
And won the virgin bride."

After gazing at the great calm Apollo, serene amid the uproar of wild Centaurs and Lapiths in the Western Pediment, and at the floating form of Niké, we reluctantly left the museum, and turned our steps to the station. For the journey was nearly ended, and to-morrow was to find us in Corcyra, bound for Italy.

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF NAUSICAA

FROM the rains of March and the barren gray of mainland Greece a few hours brought us to sunshine and luxuriant spring. We could well believe that Corcyra was no other than the enchanting Scheria, the Island of the Phaeacians, and a drive through a land of flowers brought us to the very bay where Odysseus landed after long buffeting, as he swam by aid of Leucothea's wimple, and dropped alseep behind a coppice “foredone with sleep and weariness.”

And this is the tale of Nausicaa:

“ Then ¹ was Alcinous king, and with wisdom from Heaven was gifted.

So to his palace flew the gray-eyed goddess Athene, Seeking a means of return for Odysseus mighty of spirit.

Into the inlaid chamber she entered, wherein the fair maiden

¹ Homer: *Odyssey*, vi. 12 ff.

Slept, in beauty of form resembling the goddesses
deathless,
Fair Nausicaa, child of Alcinoüs, mighty of spirit.
Maidens attendant a pair, with beauty bestowed
by the Graces,
Slept at each side of the portal, and shut were the
doors of the chamber.
She, like a breath of the wind, sped close to the couch
of the maiden,
Over her head she stood, and thus with words she
addressed her:

.

‘ Why, Nausicaa, thus did thy mother bear thee
neglectful?
Lo, uncared for the heaps of glittering raiment are
lying!
Nigh is thy bridal when thou must be clad in thy
bravest attire
Offering, too, fair robes to those who shall lead thee in
marriage.
'Tis from such things as these among men fair name
is acquired,
Ay, and they gladden the heart of one's father and
reverend mother.
Come let us hasten to wash them when dawn ap-
peareth to-morrow.
I too will follow to help in the labour, that thus the
more quickly

Thou mayest speed, not long thou remainest a maiden unwedded.

Thee already the chieftains of all the Phaeacians are wooing,

Chieftains throughout the land where thy race also belongeth.

Come then, entreat thy sire renowned at daylight appearing,

Straightway to harness the mules and the wagon, that so it may carry

Thee and the bundles of clothes, the girdles and glittering raiment.

Thus it is better by far than on foot to accomplish the journey,

Since from the city 'the road is long to the place of the washing.'

Thus having spoken, the goddess departed, gray-eyed Athene

Home to Olympus whereon, they say, is the seat of the blessed

Ever secure, nor by wind is it shaken, nor ever by shower

Wetted, nor resteth the snow there, but ether exceeding and cloudless

Spreadeth abroad, and through all a splendour of whiteness pervadeth.

Ever and ever therein delight them the blessed immortals —

Thither departed the Gray-eyed, her counsel bestowed on the maiden.
Straightway Aurora came, fair-throned, and wakened from slumber
Fair-robed Nausicaa, she with wonder was filled at the vision.
Straight through the palace she sped to carry the news to her parents,
Father and mother beloved; and found them at home in the dwelling.
Close by the hearth her mother was sitting 'mid women attendant,
Spinning the sea-purple wool of the distaff — her sire she encountered
Forth from the door as he issued to join the illustrious chieftains,
Where to the council hall he was called by the haughty Phaeacians.
Standing close to his side, her father dear she entreated:
‘Wilt thou not, dearest papa, bid harness the high-seated wagon?
High, with the well-running wheels, that so I may take the fine raiment
Down to the river to wash the clothes to my shame lying dirty.
Nay, ’tis becoming to thee thyself in the midst of the nobles

Councils to hold, thy person in garments spotless
apparelled.

Lo, in thy halls five sons have been born to thee,
dearly beloved.

Two are wedded, but still three others are bachelors
blooming.

These, to go to the dance with garments fresh from
the washing,

Ever are fain, and to me pertaineth the care of the
matter.'

Thus spake the maid, for she shrank to mention by
name to her father

Blossoming marriage; but all he perceived and thus
he made answer:*

' Daughter, I grudge not the mules nor aught thy
soul can desire.

Go, and the servants for thee shall quickly harness
the wagon

High, with the well-running wheels, with a box-seat
fitted upon it.'

Thus he spake, and commanded the servants;
who quickly obeyed him —

Forth the wagon they drew well-running, and
speedily harnessed,

Leading the mules to the yoke, and bound them
under the wagon.

Then in a box the mother put food to gladden the
spirit,

Food of all sorts and dainties, and wine she poured
in a goatskin.

Then did the maid ascend, and took her place on the
wagon

While in a golden flask her mother poured oil of the
olive,

So it might serve for ointment to her and her
women attendant.

Firmly she grasped the whip and the reins all glitter-
ing brightly,

Flogging the mules till they ran; and great was the
clatter that followed,

Valiantly stretching along as they carried the
clothes and the maiden,

Not her alone, for with her rode other women at-
tendant.

Now when they came to the stream, the fair-flowing
stream of the river,

Where were the basins old for the washing, and
water in plenty

Gushed forth goodly and fair to cleanse the foulest
of garments,—

There when they came, the maids unharnessed the
mules from the wagon,

Loosed them and chased them down to feed by the
eddying river,

Honey-sweet clover wild,— and the garments out
from the wagon

Took in their arms, and o'er them they poured the
water transparent.

Then in basins quickly they trod them in rivalry
eager.

Now when the whole was washed, and cleansed each
speck of defilement,

Carefully laid in a row they spread them along by
the seashore,

Just where the pebbles were washed to the beach
in greatest abundance.

Then did the maidens bathe, and smoothly with oil
.anoint them.

Luncheon they took as well beside the banks of the
river,

Waiting until the clothes should dry in the gleam of
the sunlight.

After the meal was enjoyed by attendant maidens
and mistress,

Casting their wimples aside, themselves with a ball
they diverted,

Fair Nausicaa leading the song meanwhile for the
players.

Like as when Artemis, Pourer of arrows, doth go
o'er the mountain,

Down through Taÿgetus far, or ranging throughout
Erymanthus,

Taking her joy in the chase of the boar and the
deer swift-flying;

On her attendant the Nymphs, of the Aegis-Bearer
the daughters,
Nymphs of the woodland sport, — and Leto's bosom
rejoiceth. —
Over them all she holdeth her head and her beauti-
ous forehead,
Easily known above all is she, though all are so
comely. —
Thus of her maidens she shone the first, the virgin
unwedded.
Now when the time was at hand once more to be
homeward returning,
When she had harnessed the mules, and folded the
beautiful garments,
Then a fresh plan was devised by the gray-eyed
goddess Athene
So that Odysseus might wake, and behold the
beautiful maiden,
Her who would show him the way to the town of the
hero Phaeacians.
Then did the princess throw the ball at a maiden
attendant.
Lo, the attendant she missed, and it fell in the deep-
flowing eddies.
Loud did the maidens shriek, and godlike Odysseus
awakened,
Sat him upright, and thus in his heart and spirit he
pondered:

' Ah me, whither again am I come, to the land of
what mortals?

Can they be doers of outrage, and lawless nor
knowers of Justice?

Or are they kind to strangers, with godlike char-
acter gifted?

Lo, to mine ears there hath come the female crying
of maidens.

Nymphs can they be, who inhabit the lofty tops of
the mountains?

Or peradventure the springs of the rivers and grass-
covered meadows?

Or am I somewhere near to men who are gifted with
language?

Come, let me test them myself, and with mine own
eyes behold them!'

Thus he spake, and emerged from the coppice, the
godlike Odysseus.

.

Horrid appeared he before them, disfigured by
brine of the ocean —

Hither and thither in panic the maids ran out to
the headlands.

Only Alcinous' daughter remained, for the goddess
Athene

Courage had put in her heart, from her limbs all
terror removing.

Holding her ground she stood, and he pondered,
the wily Odysseus

Whether to clasp her knees and entreat the beautiful maiden,
Or, as he was, at a distance, with honey-sweet words
 to beseech her,
So she might show him the road to the city, and offer
 him raiment.
While he was pondering thus, it seemed the greater
 advantage
Standing aloof at a distance with honey-sweet words
 to entreat her,
Lest in her heart she be wroth if he clasped the
 knees of the maiden.
Forthwith honey-sweet words in crafty speech he
 addressed her:
‘ Queen, I embrace thy knees, be thou or goddess or
 mortal.
For if a goddess thou art of those who hold the
 broad heaven,
Surely to Artemis then, of Zeus most mighty the
 daughter,
Closest resembling I deem thee in form and beauty of
 stature.
While if of mortals thou art who the face of the earth
 inhabit,
Then thrice blessed are they, thy father and rever-
 end mother,
Yea and thrice blessed thy brothers as well; their
 spirit full surely

Ever for thy sweet sake is warmed with pride and
with gladness,

When such a blossoming flower they see as thou
treadest the dances.

Ah, and most blessed in heart that man, all others
surpassing,

He who shall load thee with gifts and home in mar-
riage conduct thee.

Never have I before with mine eyes beheld such a
mortal,

Man nor woman, as thou — Awe seizeth me gazing
upon thee.

Thus, fair lady, on thee I look with awe and amaze-
ment,

Dreading to clasp thy knees. — Yet cruel grief is
upon me.

After a score of days I escaped the wine-purple
ocean,

Yesterday, where meantime the waves and tempests
had tossed me

Far from Ogygia's Isle, and Heaven hath driven
me hither

Evils to suffer e'en here no doubt, for surely I think
not

Yet will they cease — ere this, the gods will wreak
many misfortunes,

Nay, but oh Queen, take pity, for, after labours
unnumbered,

First unto thee have I come, while aught of the
others I know not,
Aught of the men who sway the rule of this people
and city.
Point me the road to the town, and give me a gar-
ment to clothe me.
If thou didst keep of the robes some wrapping when
hither thou camest.
Then may the gods to thee grant all thy heart can
desire,
Husband and home, and bestow a goodly spirit
of concord.
Surely than this there is nothing more blessed nor
more to be prayed for,
Namely than when, in spirit agreeing, a wife and a
husband
Dwell in a house together — to evil wishers a sorrow,
But to their friends a joy — and deepest their own
hearts perceive it.’ ”

• • • • • • • •

Nausicaa promises to grant the request of Odys-
seus, and tells him who she is. Then she calls to
her frightened maidens:

“ Thus spake the princess and called her command
to her fair-tressed attendants:
‘ Stand, oh, maidens, I pray. Beholding a man
whither fly ye?

Surely ye do not fancy that he is some evil-wisher?
Nay, there existeth not that living man nor shall
ever,

Who to the land of Phaeacia shall come hostility
bearing.

Nay, for exceeding dear are we to the blessed im-
mortals.

Far, far away from mankind we dwell in the billowy
ocean,

Uttermost, nor to these shores do foreigners bring
us their commerce.

This is some ill-starred man who hath come in his
wanderings hither.

Him let us kindly entreat, for Zeus hath under pro-
tection

Strangers and beggars all, and a gift is blessed
though scanty.

Wherefore, oh maidens, give both meat and drink
to the stranger,

Bidding him bathe in the stream where rocks from
the wind give a shelter.””

.

Odysseus bathes and dresses, and the goddess
endows him with unwonted beauty.

“ Thus the goddess on him poured grace, on his head
and his shoulders.

Then he withdrew to a distance, and sat by the
shore of the ocean,

Glowing with beauty and grace; and the princess gazed in amazement.

Straightway therefore she spake in the midst of her fair-braided maidens:

‘Hear me, ye white-armed maidens, I pray, that I something may tell you:

Surely ’tis not without will of all gods who dwell on Olympus,

Yonder stranger hath come to consort with the godlike Phaeacians.

’Tis but a short space since, I thought him unseemly to look on,

Now he resembleth the gods who inhabit the wide-spreading heaven.

Oh that a man like this might be called my own wedded husband,

Dwelling in this our Isle, and that here to abide might please him!

Maidens, offer, I pray, both meat and drink to the stranger.’

Thus Nausicaa spake, and they verily heard and obeyed her.

Meat to Odysseus and drink they offered, and set it beside him.

Then did he drink and eat, the much enduring Odysseus,

Greedily, — long had he been untasted of food and of drinking.

White-armed Nausicaa now of new devices bethought
her.

Folding the garments she placed them within the
beautiful wagon,

Harnessed the strong-hoofed mules, and up herself
she ascended.

Next she summoned Odysseus, and speaking his
name she addressed him:

'Rouse thee, stranger, to go to the city that I may
escort thee

Unto the house of my father, the valiant of heart,
where I tell thee

Thou shalt behold the noblest of all the princely
Phaeacians.

See that thou act as I bid, for thou seemest not
without wisdom.

While through the fields we go, and are passing the
labours of farmers,

Meanwhile thou with the maids, behind the mules
and the wagon,

Quickly proceed, and I the while on the road will
conduct thee.

When, however, we come near the town with battle-
ments lofty,

Gossip unseemly I fain would avoid, lest some in
the future

Blame me, for they in our city are hard and haughty
of temper.

Lest some gossip malicious may say, if he chanceth
to meet us:

"Who is this, goodly and tall, attending Nausicaa
yonder?

Where did she find the stranger? Her husband he
doubtless is promised.

Surely some outcast wretch she hath saved from the
wreck of his vessel,

Some one of men from afar, since none have dwelling
beside us.

Or in response to her prayers, some god, full often
entreathed,

Down from heaven hath come, and all her days she
will keep him.

Better no doubt that herself hath sought and found
her an husband,

Coming from far, for those of her own native land
she contemneth!"

Thus will they say, and to me 'twill be a theme of
reproaching."

.

She points out a grove not far from the town,
where he is to sit and wait:

"Sit thou there, and abide for a time, until at the
city

We may arrive, and reach the door of the house of
my father.

Then when thou thinkest that we have come at last
to the palace,

Come thou too to the town of Phaeacians and see
thou enquire

Where is the house of my father Alcinoüs, mighty
of spirit.

Easy to know is the place, and even a child might
direct thee,

Innocent child, for to this the houses of other
Phaeacians

No wise resembling are built, like the house of
Alcinoüs hero.

Now when the court and palace contain thee, see
that thou quickly

Pass through the hall, nor stop till thou come to the
side of my mother.

Her thou shalt find on a seat near the hearth, in the
gleam of the fire,

Spinning the sea-purple wool of the distaff, a marvel
to gaze on,

Leaning against a pillar, and near her her women
are seated —

There too my father's throne is placed next that
of my mother,

Seated whereon like a god he quaffeth the wine of
the banquet.

Passing him by, thine arms about the knees of my
mother

Cast in entreaty, that so the day of thine homeward
returning
Thou mayest speedily see with joy, though from far
thou art travelled.
For if she in her soul be kindly disposed to thy
praying,
Then there is hope for thee to behold thy friends
and to journey
Home to thy well-built house, and to reach the land
of thy fathers.'

Thus she spake, and lashing the mules with the whip
all glitt'ring,
Quickly departed, and left the flowing streams of the
river.

Well did the mules run on and plied with their feet
in curvings.

Bravely she guided the reins that the others might
follow behind her,

Maids and Odysseus on foot, and the lash she laid
on with discernment."

Once more only, we catch a glimpse of the princess, who now knows his story:

"Out¹ from the bath he went to join the ranks of the
feasters.

While Nausicaa fair, from gods her beauty possess-
ing,

¹ Homer: Od., viii. 456 ff.

Close to the threshold stood of the strong-built
banqueting chamber.

When she beheld with her eyes, she greatly admired
Odysseus,

And, having called him aloud, with winged words
she addressed him:

‘ Farewell, guest, and afar some day in thy father-
land dwelling,

Think thou of me, for thou owest to me the price of
thy rescue.’

Answering her with words, the crafty Odysseus
addressed her:

‘ Oh Nausicaa fair, great-hearted Alcinous daughter,
So may Zeus decree, loud-thundering husband of
Hera,

Home that I come, and behold the day of return
from my roaming,

That even there unto thee, as to goddess, my prayers
I may utter,

Ever through all my days, for thou gavest life to
me, maiden.’ ”

The ship sailed westward, and at sunset we bade
farewell to Greece, as the pink glow faded on the
snows of the Acroceraunian mountains.

THE END.

APPENDIX

Page 5

*Ω Πανδες θακήματα καὶ
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα
μωχώδεσι Μακραῖς,
ἢνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν
'Αγραύλου κόραι τρέγονοις
στάδια χλοερὰ πρὸ Παλλάδος
ναῶν, συρέγγων
ὑπ' αἰθλας ἵαχᾶς
ῦμνων, ὅταν αὐλέοις
συρίζης, ὡ Πὰν,
τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,
ἢνα τεκοῦσά τις παρθένος, ὡ μελέα,
βρέφος Φοίβῳ πτανοῖς ἐξώριζεν θοίναν
θηρσὶ τε φοινίαν δᾶτα, πικρῶν γάμων
ὕβριν. οὐτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὖτε λόγοις
φάτιν ἀειον εὔτυχίας μετέχειν
θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.*

— EURIPIDES, Ion, 492–509.

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*XO. Χαίρετε χαίρετ' ἐν αἰσιμέαισι πλούτου.
χαίρετ' ἀστεικὸς λεώς, ἔκταρος ἥμενοι Διός,
παρθένου φίλας φίλοις σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ.*

Παλλάδος δ' ὑπὸ πτεροῖς ὄντας ἄζεται πατήρ.

*ΑΘ. Χαίρετε χύμεις· προτέραν δ' ἐμὲ χρὴ
στείχειν θαλάμους ἀποδείξουσαν*

πρὸς φῶς ἱερὸν τῶνδε προπομπῶν.

*Ἴτε, καὶ σφαγίων τῶνδ' ὑπὸ σεμνῶν
κατὰ γῆς σύμεναι τὸ μὲν ἀτηρὸν
χώρας κατέχειν, τὸ δὲ κερδαλέον
πέμπειν πόλεως ἐπὶ νέκῃ·*

*ὑμεῖς δ' ἡγεῖσθε, πολισσοῦχοι
παῖδες Κραναοῦ, ταῖσδε μετοίκοις.*

εἴη δ' ἀγαθῶν

ἀγαθὴ διάνοια πολέταις.

*ΧΟ. Χαίρετε, χαίρετε δ' αὖθις, ἐπανδιπλοίζω,
πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλειν, δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοὶ,
Παλλάδος πόλειν νέμοντες· μετοικίαν δ' ἐμὴν
εὐσεβοῦντες οὕτε μέμψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.*

• • • • • • •

ΠΡΟΠΟΜΠΟΙ

βᾶτε δόμῳ, μεγάλαι φελότειμοι

Νυκτὸς παῖδες ἄπαιδες ὑπ' εὔφρονι πομπᾶ,

(εὐφαμεῖτε δὲ, χωρῖται,)

γᾶς ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν ὥγυγίοισιν

τιμαῖς καὶ θυσίαισιν ὑπὰ πυρισέπτοις

(Εὐφαμεῖτε δὲ πανδαμὸν,)

ἢ λαοὶ δὲ καὶ εὐθύφρονες γᾶ

δεῦρ' ἵτε Σεμναῖ, ξὺν πυριδάπτῳ

λάμπᾳ τερπόμεναι καθ' ὁδὸν·

ὅλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς·

σπουδαῖ δ' εἰσόπτειν ἐνδῆδες ἵτων.

Παλλάδος ἀστοῖς Ζεὺς δὲ πανόπτας

οὗτω Μοῖρά τε συγκατέβα.

δόλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

—AESCHYLUS, Eumen. 949–972, 986–999.

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Tί γὰρ Χαρίτων ἀγαπητὸν

Ἄνθρωποις ἀπάνευθεν; αἱ̑ς χαρέτεσσιν ἄμ' εἴην.

—THEOCRITUS, Id. xvi. 108–109.

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Καφεσίων ὁδάτων

λαχοῖσας αἵτε ναίετε καλλίπωλον ἔδραν

ὦ λιπαρᾶς ἀοίδεμοις βασίλειαι

Χάριτες Ὁρομενοῦ, παλαγόνων Μενυᾶν ἐπίσκοποι,

κλῦτ', ἐπεὶ εὑχυμαῖ. σὺν ὅμινι γὰρ τά τε τερπνὰ καὶ

τὰ γλυκέα γίγνεται πάντα βροτοῖς,

εἰς σοφὸς, εἰς καλὸς, εἰς τις ἀγλαδς ἀνὴρ.

οὕτε γὰρ θεοὶ σεμνᾶν Χαρίτων ἄτερ

κοερανέοισιν χοροὺς οὕτε δαῖτας· ἀλλὰ πάντων ταμίαι

ἔργων ἐν οὐρανῷ, χρυσότοξον θέμεναι παρὰ

Πύθεον Ἀπόλλωνα θρόνους

δέναον σέβοντι πατρὸς Ὄλυμπίοιο τιμάν.

ὦ πότνιε' Ἀγλαΐα

φελησίμολπέ τ' Εύφροσύνα, θεῶν κρατίστου

παῖδες, ἐπάκοος γένευ, Θαλλα τε

ἐρασίμολπε, ἰδοῖσα τόνδε κῶμον ἐπ' εὔμενεῖ τύχῃ

κοῦφα βιβῶντα.

—PINDAR, Ol. xiv. 1–17.

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ἢν' ἐλαΐας

πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα,

οὐράνιον στέφανον, λιπαρᾶσί τε κόσμον Ἀθήναις.

—EURIPIDES, Tro. 798–800.

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ἀέναος Νεφέλαι,
ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον,
πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὁκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος
ὑψηλῶν ὄρέων κορυφὰς ἐπὶ
δευδροκόμους, ἵνα
τηλεφανεῖς σκοπεῖς ἀφορώμεθα,
καρπούς τ' ἀρδομέναν ἱερὰν χθόνα,
καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα,
καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον.
ὅμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγεῖται
μαρμαρέας ἐν ὠγᾶς.
ἄλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὅμβριον
ἀθανάτας ἴδεας ἐπιδώμεθα
τηλεσκόπῳ ὅμματε γᾶν.

· · · · ·

παρθένοι ὅμβροφόροι,
ζελθωμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὖανδρον γᾶν
Κέκροπος ὁφόμεναι πολυήρατον
οὐ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα
μωστοδόκος δόμος
ἐν τελεταῖς ἀγέας ἀναδείκνυται,
οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα,
ναοί θ' ὑψερεφεῖς καὶ ἀγάλματα,
καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,
εὐστέφανοί τε θεῶν θυσίαι θαλίαι τε,
παντοδαπαῖς ἐν ὥραις,
ἥρι τ' ἐπερχομένῳ Βρομίᾳ χάρις,
εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,
καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Clouds*, 275–290, 299–313.

ΧΟ. εύππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας
 ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαιλα,
 τόνδ' ἀργῆτα Κολωνὸν, ξνθ'
 ἀ λίγεια μινύρεται
 θαμύζουσα μάλιστ' αήδῶν
 χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσας,
 τὸν οἰνῶπα νέμουσα κισσὸν
 καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ
 φυλλάδα μωριόκαρπον ἀνήλεον
 ἀνήνεμόν τε πάντων
 χειμώνων· ζν' δὲ βακχιώτας
 ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει
 θείας ἀμφιπολῶν τεθήναις.
 Θάλλει δὲ οὐρανίας ὑπὸ ἄχνας
 δὲ καλλίβοτρος κατ' ἥμαρ ἀεὶ¹
 νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
 ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ', δέ τε
 χρυσωργῆς κρόκος· οὐδὲ ἅϋπνοι
 κρήναι μινύθουσιν
 Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ρέέθρων,
 ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπ' ἥματε
 ὡκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται
 ἀκηράτῳ ξὺν ὅμβρῳ
 στερνούχου χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν
 χοροὶ νιν ἀπεστύγησαν, σύδε' οὖν
 ἀ χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Col. 668–693.

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έπειλ δ' ἀφῆκτο τὸν καταρράκτην ὁδὸν
 χαλκοῖς βάθροισι γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένου,
 ἔστη κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μᾶς,
 κοίλου πέλας κρατήρος, οὗ τὰ Πειρίθου
 Θησέως τε κεῖται πίστ' ἀεὶ ξυνθήματα·
 ἀφ' οὐ μέσον στὰς τοῦ τε Θορεκίου πέτρου
 κοίλης τ' ἀχέρδου κάποι λαῖνου τάφου,
 καθέζετ', εἴτ' ἔλυσε δυπσπεινεῖς στολάς·
 κάπειτ' ἀνσας παῖδας ἡνώγει ρυτῶν
 ὑδάτων ἐνεγκεῖν λουτρὰ καὶ χοάς ποθεν.
 τῷ δ' εὔχλόου Δήμητρος εἰς ἐπόψιον
 πάγον μολούσα τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς πατρὶ¹
 ταχεῖ 'πόρευσαν ξὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροῖς τέ νεν
 ἐσθῆτε τ' ἐξήσκησαν ή νομίζεται.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ παντὸς εἶχε δρῶντος ἥδουνην,
 κούκην ἦν ἔτ' ἀργὸν οὐδὲν ὅν ἐφίετο,
 κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος, αἱ δὲ παρθένοις
 'ρρέγησαν, ως ἡκουσαν, ἕς δὲ γούνατα
 πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι 'κλαῖον, οὐδὲ ἀνίεσαν
 στέρων ἀραγμοὺς οὐδὲ παμμήκεις γόους.
 δὸς δ' ως ἀκούει φθόγγον ἐξαίφνης πικρὸν,
 πτύξας ἐπ' αὐτᾶς χεῖρας εἰπεν· 'Ω τέκνα,
 οὐκ ἔστι τούτοις ὅμιν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ πατήρ.
 ὅλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τάμα, κούκέτι
 τὴν δυπόνητον ἔξετ' ἀμφ' ἐμοὶ τροφήν·
 σκληρὰν μὲν, οἶδα, παῖδες, ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ μόνον
 τὰ πάντα λύει ταῦτα ἔπος μοχθήματα·
 τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐξ ὅτου πλέον
 ή τοῦδε τὸν ἀνδρὸς ἔσχεθ', οὐδὲ τητώμενα

τὸ λοιπὸν ἥδη τὸν βίον διάξετε.
 τοιαῦτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀμφικείμενος
 λύρην ἔκλαιον πάντες. ὡς δὲ πρὸς τέλος
 γόων ἀφίκοντ' οὐδ' ἔτ' ὠρώρει βοή,
 ἦν μὲν σιωπὴ, φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς
 θώūξεν αὐτὸν, ὥστε πάντας δρθίας
 στῆσαι φόβῳ, δείσαντας, ἐξαίφνης τρίχας.
 καλεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεός.
 "Ω οὐτος οὐτος, Οἰδίπους, τέ μέλλομεν
 χωρεῖν; πάλαι δὴ τ' ἀπὸ σοῦ βραδύνεται,
 δὸς δ' ὡς ἐπήσθετ' ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος,
 αὐδῷ μολεῖν οἱ γῆς ἄνακτα Θησέα.
 κάπει προσῆλθεν, εἶπεν. "Ω φίλον κάρα,
 δὸς μοι χερὸς σῆς πίστιν ἀρχάμαν τέκνοις.
 ὑμεῖς δὲ, παῖδες, τῷδε· καὶ καταίνεσον
 μήποτε προδώσειν τάσδ' ἐκῶν, τελεῖν δ' ὅσ' ἀν
 μέλλῃς φρονῶν εὖ ξυμφέροντ' αὐτᾶς ἀεί.
 δὸς δ', ὡς ἀνὴρ γενναῖος, οὐκ ὅκνου μέτα
 κατήνεσεν τάδ' ὅρκιος δράσειν ξένῳ.
 ὅπως δὲ ταῦτ' ἔδρασεν, εὐθὺς Οἰδίπους
 φαύσας ἀμαυρᾶς χερσὸν ἀν παίδων λέγει.
 "Ω παῖδε, τλάσα χρὴ τὸ γενναῖον φρενὶ¹
 χωρεῖν τόπων ἐκ τῶνδε, μηδ' ἂ μὴ θέμεις
 λεύσσειν δικαιοῦν, μηδὲ φωνούντων κλύειν.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπεθ' ὡς τάχιστα πλὴν ὁ κύριος
 Θησεὺς παρέστω μανθάνων τὰ δρώμενα.
 Τοσαῦτα φωνήσαντος εἰσηκούσαμεν
 ξύμπαντες ἀστακτὴ δὲ σὸν ταῖς παρθέναις
 στένοντες ὡμαρτοῦμεν· ὡς δ' ἀπήλθομεν,
 χρόνῳ βραχεῖ στραφέντες, ἐξαπείδομεν
 τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ' ἔτει,

ἄνακτα δ' αὐτὸν ὁμμάτων ἐπίσκιου
 χεῖρ' ἀντέχοντα κρατὸς ὡς δεινοῦ τεινος
 φόβου φανέντος οὐδ' ἀνασχετοῦ βλέπειν.
 ἔπειτα μέντοι βαιὸν οὐδὲ σὺν χρόνῳ,
 δρῶμεν αὐτὸν γῆν τε προσκυνοῦνθ' ἄμα
 καὶ τὸν θεῶν Ὄλυμπον ἐν ταύτῳ λόγῳ.
 μέρῳ δ' ὅποιῷ κεῖνδος ὥλετ' οὐδ' ἀν εἰς
 θυητῶν φράσειε, πλὴν τὸ Θησέως κάρα.
 οὐ γάρ τις αὐτὸν οὕτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ
 κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν, οὕτε ποντία
 θύελλα κυνηθεῖσα τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ,
 ἀλλ' ἦ τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπὸς ἦ τὸ νερτέρων
 εὖνουν διαστὰν γῆς ἀλύπητον βάθρον.
 ἀνήρ γάρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις
 ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ', ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν
 θαυμαστὸς. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν,
 οὐκ ἀν παρείμην οἶσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Col. 1590-1666.

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XO. 'Ερεχθεῖδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὅλβιοι,
 καὶ θεῶν παιδες μακάρων, ἵερᾶς
 χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀποφερθόμενοι
 κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
 βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, ζυθα ποθ' ἀγνὰς
 ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μούσας λέγουσι
 ξανθὰν 'Αρμονίαν φυτεῦσαι·

τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφεσοῦ ῥοὰς
 τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν
 χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμιαν

ἡδυπνόους αῷρας· ἀεὶ δ' ἐπιβαλλομέναν
χαίταισιν εὐώδη ροδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων
τῷ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας,
παντοῖας ἀρετᾶς ξυνεργούς.

— EURIPIDES, Medea, 824–845.

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"Ολβιος ὅστις ἵδων ἐκεῖνα κοίλαν
εἶσιν ὑπὸ χθόνα· οἰδεν μὲν βίου [κεῖνος] τελευτάν,
οἰδεν δὲ διέξδοτον ἀρχάν.

— PINDAR, Thren. 8.

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XO. εἴην δθε . . .

λαμπάσιν ἀκταῖς,
οὗ πότνιας σεμνὰ τιθηνοῦνται τέλη
θυατοῖσιν, ὡν καὶ χρυσέα
κλῆς ἐπε, γλώσσῃ βέβακε, προσπόλων Εὔμολπιδᾶν.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Col. 1044–1052.

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XO. χωρεῖτε

νῦν ἵρὸν ἀνὰ κύκλον θεᾶς, ἀνθοφόρον ἀν' ἄλσος
παίζοντες οἵς μετουσία θεοφιλοῦς ἐορτῆς.

AI. ἐγὼ δὲ σὺν ταῖσιν κόραις εἴμι καὶ γυναιξὶν,
οὗ πανυχίζουσιν θεᾶ, φέγγος ἵρὸν οἴσων.

XO. χωρῶμεν ἐς πολυρρόδους
λειμῶνας ἀνθεμώδεις,
τὸν ἥμέτερον τρόπον,
τὸν καλλιχορώτατον,
παίζοντες, δν ὅλβεις
Μοῖραι ξυνάγουσιν.

μόνοις γάρ ήμεν ἥλιος·
καὶ φέγγοις ἵλαρόν ἔστεν,
ὅσοι μεμώημεθ' εὐ-
σεβῆ τε διήγομεν
τρόπου περὶ τοὺς ξένους
καὶ τοὺς ἴδιάτας.

— ARISTOPHANES, Frogs, 440-459.

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- XO. "Ιακχ', ὁ πολυτίμητ' ἐν ἔδραις ἐνθάδε ναῖων,
"Ιακχ', ὁ "Ιακχε,
ἐλθὲ τόνδ' ἀνὰ λειμῶνα χορεύσων,
ὅσίους ἐξ θεασώτας,
πολύκαρπον μὲν τινάσσων
περὶ κρατὶ σῷ βρύοντα
στέφανον μύρτων· θρασεῖ δ' ἐγκατακρούων
ποδὶ τὰν ἀκόλαστον
φιλοπαίγμονα τεμάν,
χαρίτων πλεῖστον ἔχουσαν μέρος, ἀγνὰν, ἡερὰν
ὅσίους μύσταις χορείαν.
- XO. ἔγειρε φλογέας λαμπάδας ἐν χερσὶ γάρ ἦκει
τινάσσων,
"Ιακχ', ὁ "Ιακχε,
νυκτέρου τελετῆς φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.
φλογὴ φέγγεται δὲ λειμῶν·
γόνυ πάλλεται γερόντων·
ἀποσείονται δὲ λύπας
χρονίους τ' ἑτῶν παλαιῶν ἐνιαυτοὺς,
ἡερᾶς ὑπὸ τιμᾶς.
σὺ δὲ λαμπάδε φέγγων

προβάδην ἔξαγ' ἐπ' ἀνθηρὸν ἔλειον δάπεδον
χοροποιὸν, μάκαρ, ἥβαν.

—ARISTOPHANES, Frogs, 324-352.

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Δήμητρ' ἡῦκομον, σεμνὴν θεόν, ἄρχομ' ἀείδειν,
ἀυτὴν ἡδὲ θύγατρα τανύσφυρον, ἦν 'Αἰδωνεὺς
ἥρπαξεν, δῶκεν δὲ βαρύκτυπος εὐρυόπα Ζεύς,
νόσφιν Δήμητρος χρυσαόρου ἀγλαοκάρπου
παίζουσαν κούρησι σὺν 'Ωκεανοῦ βαθυκόλποις,
ἄνθεά τ' αἰνυμένην, ρόδα καὶ κρόκον ἡδ' ἵα καλὰ
λειμῶν' ἀμ μαλακὸν καὶ ἀγαλλίδας ἡδ' ὑάκινθον
νάρκισσόν θ', δν φῦσε δόλον καλυκώπιδε κούρη
Γαῖα Διὸς βουλησι χαριζομένη Πολυδέκτη,
θαυμαστὸν γανόωντα σέβας τό γε πᾶσιν ἴδεσθαι
ἀθανάτοις τε θεοῖς ἡδὲ θυητοῖς ἀνθρώποις·
τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ ρέζης ἑκατὸν κάρα ἔξεπεφύκει,
κῶξ' ἥδιστ' ὁδμῆ, πᾶς δ' οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὑπερθε
γαῖα τε πᾶσ' ἐγέλασσε καὶ ἀλμυρὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης.
ἡ δ' ἄρα θαμβήσασ' ὠρέξατο χερσὸν ἄμ' ἄμφω
καλὸν ἄθυρμα λαβεῖν· χάνε δὲ χθὼν εὐρυάγυια
Νύσσον ἀμ πεδίον, τῇ ὅρουσεν ἄναξ Πολυδέγμαν
ζπποις ἀθανάτοισι, Κρόνου πολυώνυμος υἱός.
ἄρπάξας δ' ἀέκουσαν ἐπὶ χρυσέοισιν ὅχοισιν
ἥγ' ὀλοφυρομένην· ἵάχησε δ' ἄρ' ὅρθεα φωνῆ,
κεκλομένη πατέρα Κρονίδην ὑπατον καὶ ἄριστον.
οὐδέ τις ἀθανάτων οὐδὲ θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων
ἥκουσεν φωνῆς, οὐδὲ ἀγλαόκαρπος ἐλαῖαι·
εἰ μὴ Περσάμου θυγάτηρ ἀταλὰ φρονέουσα
ἄειν ἔξ ἄντρου, 'Εκάτη λιπαροκρήδεμνος,
'Ηέλιός τε ἄναξ, 'Υπερίονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,

κούρης κεκλομένης πατέρα Κρονίδην· ὁ δὲ νόσφιν
ἥστο θεῶν ἀπάνευθε πολυλλέστω ἐνὶ νηῷ,
δέγμενος ἵερὰ καλὰ παρὰ θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων.
τὴν δ' ἀεκαζομένην ἥγεν Διὸς ἐννεσίησε
πατροκασίγνητος, πολυσημάντωρ πολυδέγμων,
ἴπποις ἀθανάτουσι, Κρόνου πολυώνυμος οὐδός.
ὅφρα μὲν οὖν γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα
λεῦσσε θεὰ καὶ πόντον ἀγάρροον ἐχθυσέντα,
αὐγάς τ' ἡελίου, ἔτι δ' ἡλπετο μητέρα κεδνὴν
ὅψεσθαι καὶ φῦλα θεῶν αἰειγενετάων,
τόφρα οἱ ἐλπὶς ἔθελγε μέγαν νόουν ἀχνυμένης περ.

ἥχησαν δ' ὄρέων κορυφαὶ καὶ βένθεα πόντου
φωνῇ ὑπ' ἀθανάτῃ, τῆς δ' ἔκλυε πότνια μήτηρ.
οὗτος δέ μν κραδίην ἄχος ἔλλαβεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις
ἀμβροσίαις κρήδεμνα δαΐζετο χερσὶ φίλησι,
κυάνεον δὲ κάλυμμα κατ' ἀμφοτέρων βάλετ' ὕμων,
σεύατο δ', ὡς τ' οἰωνός, ἐπὶ τραφερήν τε καὶ ὑρὴν
μαιομένη· τῇ δ' οὐ τις ἐτήτυμα μωθήσασθαι
ἥθελεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
οὕτ' οἰωνῶν τις τῇ ἐτήτυμος ἀγγελος ἤλθεν.
ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ χθόνα πότνια Δηῶ
στρωφᾶτ' αἰθομένας δαΐδας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα
οὐδέ ποτ' ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἡδυπότοιο
πάσσατ' ἀκηχεμένη, οὐδὲ χρόα βάλλετο λουτροῖς.
ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη οἱ ἐπήλυθε φαινολὶς Ἡώς,
ἥντετό οἱ 'Εκάτη, σέλας ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχουσα,
καὶ ρά οἱ ἀγγελέουσα ἔπος φάτο φώνησέν τε·
πότνια Δημήτηρ, ωρηφόρε, ἀγλαόδωρε,
τές θεῶν οὐρανίων ἡὲ θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων
ἥρπασε Περσεφόνην καὶ σὸν φέλον ἥκαχε θυμόν;

φωνῆς γαρ ἥκουσ', ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἵδον ὄφθαλμοῖσιν
δις τις ἔην· σοὶ δ' ὡκα λέγω νημερτέα παντα.

ώς ἄρε έφη 'Εκάτη· τὴν δ' οὐκ ἡμέβετο μύθῳ
'Ρείνης ἡγκόμου θυγάτηρ, ἀλλ' ὥκα σὸν αὐτῇ
ἥξει' αἰδομένας δαῦδας μετὰ χερσὸν ἔχουσα.
'Ηέλιον δ' ἵκοντο, θεῶν σκοπὸν ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
στὰν δ' ἵππων προπάροιθε καὶ εἴρετο δῖα θεάων.

‘Ηέλε’, αἰδεσσαί με θεὰν σύ περ, εἴ ποτε δή σει
ἡ ἔπει τῇ ἔργῳ κραδέην καὶ θυμὸν ἔηνα·
κούρην τὴν ἔτεκον, γλυκερὸν θάλος, εὔδει κυδρήν,
τῆς ἀδειὴν ὅπ’ ἄκουσα δι’ αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο
ῶς τε βιαζομένης, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἵδον ὁφθαλμοῖσιν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ γάρ δὴ πᾶσαν ἐπὲ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
αἰθέρος ἐκ δέης καταδέρκεαι ἀκτίνεσσι,
νημερτέως μοι ἔνισπε φίλον τέκος, εἴ που ὅπωπας
ὅς τις νόσφιν ἐμεῖο λαβὼν ἀέκουσαν ἀνάγκη
οὔχεται ἡὲ θεῶν ἡ καὶ θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

“Ως φάτο, τὴν δ’ Ὑπεριονίδης ἡμείβετο μώθω·
‘Ρείης ἡγκόμου θυγάτηρ, Δήμητερ ἄνασσα,
εἰδήσεις· δὴ γὰρ μέγα ἄζομαι ἡδ’ ἐλεαίρω
ἀχνυμένην περὶ παιδὶ ταυνσφύρω· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
αἴτιος ἀθανάτων, εἰ μὴ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς,
ὅς μιν ἔδωκ’ Ἀΐδη θαλερὸν κεκλῆσθαι ἄκοιτεν
αὐτοκασιγνήτῳ· δὲ ὑπὸ ζόφου ηερόεντα
ἀρπάξας ἵπποισιν ἄγεν μεγάλα ιάχουσαν.

ἔζετο δ' ἔγγυς ὁδοῖο φίλον τετιημένη ἡτορ,
Παρθενίῳ φρέατε, ὅθεν ὑδρεύοντο πολῖται,
ἐν σκεῆ, ἀπὸ τῷ ὑπερθε πεφύκει θάμνος ἐλαΐς,
γρηῇ παλαιγενέῃ ἐναλέγκιος, ἣ τε τόκοιο
εἵρηται δώρων τε φιλοστεφάνου Ἀφροδίτης,

οἵας τε τροφοί εἰσι θεμιστοπόλων βασιλήων πάλιν καὶ ταμίαι κατὰ δώματα ἡχήεντα.
τὴν δὲ ἵδον Κελεοῖο Ἐλευσινίδαο θύγατρες,
ἐρχόμεναι μεθ' ὅδωρ εὐήρυτον, ὅφρα φέροιεν
κάλπεις χαλκεῖησι φέλα πρὸς δώματα πατρός,
τέσσαρες, ὡς τε θεά, κουρήζον ἄνθος ἔχουσαι,
Καλλιεδίκη καὶ Κλεισιδίκη Δημώ τ' ἐρόεσσα
Καλλιθόη θ', ἡ τῶν προγενεστάτη ἦεν ἀπασῶν.

"Ως ἔφαθ'. ἡ δ' ἐπένευσε καρήται, ταὶ δὲ φαεινὰ
πλησάμεναι ὕδατος φέρον ἄγγεα κυδεάουσαι.
ῥίμφα δὲ πατρὸς ἵκουντο μέγαν δόμον, ὥκα δὲ μητρὸ^l
ἔννεπον ὡς εἰδόν τε καὶ ἔκλυσον. ἡ δὲ μάλ' ὥκα
ἔλθούσας ἐκέλευε καλεῖν ἐπ' ἀπείρονε μισθῷ.
αἱ δὲ ὡς' τ' ἡ ἔλαφος ἡ πόρτιες εἴαρος ὥρῃ
ἄλλοντ' ἀν λειμῶνα κορεσσάμεναι φρένα φορβῆ,
ῶς αἱ ἐπισχόμεναι ἑανῶν πτύχας ἴμεροέντων
ἥξαν κοίλην κατ' ἀμαξιτόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ῶμοις ἀλισσοντο κροκηὖψ ἄνθει δομοῖαι.

τοῦ δὲ κασίγνηται φωνὴν ἐσάκουσαν ἐλεινήν,
καὸ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' εὐστρώτων λεχέων θύρον ἡ μὲν ἐπειτα
παῖδ' ἀνὰ χερσὸν ἐλοῦσα ἐῷ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ,
ἡ δ' ἄρα πῦρ ἀνέκαι', ἡ δ' ἐσσυτο πόσσ' ἀπαλοῖσε
μητέρ' ἀναστήσουσα θυώδεος ἐκ θαλάμου.
ἀγρόμεναι δέ μν ἀμφὶς ἐλούεον ἀσπαίροντα
ἀμφαγαπαζόμεναι· τοῦ δ' οὐ μειλίσσετο θυμός·
χειρότεραι γὰρ δὴ μν ἔχον τροφοὺς ἡδὲ τεθῆναι.

ἡ δ' ὄχέων ἐπέβη, παρὰ δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης
ἥνια καὶ μάστιγα λαβὼν μετὰ χερσὶ φίλησε

σεῦε διὲκ μεγάρων· τὰ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην.
 ἢμφα δὲ μακρὰ κέλευθα διήνυσαν, οὐδὲ θάλασσα
 οὕθ' ὑδωρ ποταμῶν οὗτ' ἄγκεα ποιήεντα
 ἵππων ἀθανάτων οὗτ' ἄκρεις ἔσχεθον δρυῆν,
 ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτάων βαθὺν ἡέρα τέμνον ιόντες.
 στῆσε δ' ἄγων ὅθι μύμνεν ἔυστέφανος Δημήτηρ,
 νηοῖο προπάροιθε θυώδεος· ἡ δὲ ἴδοῦσα
 ἦξ' ἡύτε μαινὰς ὅρος κάτα δάσκιον ὅλη.

Περσεφόνη δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπεὶ ἵδεν δύματα καλὰ
 μητρὸς ἑῆς, κατ' ἄρ' ἡ γ' ὅχεα προλιποῦσα καὶ ἵππους
 ἀλτο θεειν, δειρῇ δὲ οἱ ἔμπεσεν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα·
 τῇ δὲ φίλην ἔτι παῖδα ἑῆς μετὰ χερσὸν ἔχούσῃ
 αἴψα δόλον θυμός τιν' ὀδσατο, τρέσσε δ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς
 παομένη φιλότητος, ἄφαρ δ' ἐρεείνετο μύθῳ·

Τέκνουν, μὴ ρά τέ μοι σύ γε πάσσαο, νέρθεν ἔοῦσα,
 βρώμης; ἔξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθ', ζνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω·
 ὃς μὲν γάρ κ' ἀνιοῦσα παρὰ στυγεροῦ Ἀΐδαο
 καὶ παρ' ἐμοὶ καὶ πατρὶ κελαινεφέῃ Κρονίωνε
 ναιετάοις, πάντεσσι τετιμένη ἀθανάτοισιν
 εἰ δ' ἐπάσω, πάλιν αὖτις ἰοῦσ' ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης
 οἰκήσεις ὠρῶν τρίταν μέρος εἰς ἐνεαυτόν,
 τὰς δὲ δύω παρ' ἐμοὶ τε καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν.
 ὀππότε δ' ἄνθεσε γαῖ' εὐώδεσιν εἰαρεινοῖσε
 παντοδαποῖς θάλλει, τότ' ἀπὸ ζόφου ἡερόεντος
 αὖτις ἄνει μέγα θαῦμα θεοῖς θυητοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις.

αἴψα δὲ καρπὸν ἀνῆκεν ἀρουράων ἐρεβώλων.
 πᾶσα δὲ φύλλοισιν τε καὶ ἄνθεσιν εὔρεῖα χθῶν
 ἐβρισ'. ἡ δὲ κιοῦσα θεμιστοπόλοις βασιλεῦσε
 δεῖξε, Τριπτολέμῳ τε Δεοκλεῖ τε πληξίππῳ,
 Εύμόλου τε βίῃ Κελεῷ θ' ἡγήτορε λαῶν,

δρησμοσύνην θ' ἱερῶν καὶ ἐπέφραδεν ὅργια πᾶσι,
 Τριπτολέμῳ τε Πολυξείνῳ τ', ἐπὶ τοῖς δὲ Διοκλεῖ,
 σεμνά, τά τ' οὖ πως ἔστι παρεξίμενοῦτε πυθέσθαι,
 οὗτ' ἀχέειν· μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν σέβας ἵσχάνει αὐδήν.
 ὅλβιος δὲς τάδ' ὄπωπεν ἐπειχθονίων ἀνθρώπων.
 δες δ' ἀτελῆς ἱερῶν, δες τ' ἄμμορος, οὖ ποθ' ὄμοιῶν
 αἰσαν ἔχει φθίμενός περ ὑπὸ ζόφῳ εὔρωεντι.

— HOMER, Hymn Dem. 1-482.

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παρὰ Καλλιχόροισι παγᾶις
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων
 ὁφεται ἐννύχιος ἄϋπνος ὅν,
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἀστερωπὸς
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἴθηρ,
 χορεύει δὲ Σελάνα
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντουν
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνάν·

— EURIPIDES, Ion, 1075-1086.

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ἔγω δὲ δώσω τὴν ἐμὴν παῖδα κτανεῖν.
 λογίζομαι δὲ πολλά· πρῶτα μὲν πόλειν
 οὐκ ἄν τιν' ἄλλην τῆσδε βελτίω λάβεῖν·
 ἢ πρῶτα μὲν λεώς οὐκ ἐπακτός ἄλλοθεν,
 αὐτόχθονες δ' ἔφυμεν· αἱ δ' ἄλλαι πόλεις

πεσσῶν δμοίως διαφοραῖς ἐκτισμέναις
ἄλλαι παρ' ἄλλων εἰσὶν εἰσαγώγαιμοι.
ὅστις δ' ἀπ' ἄλλης πόλεος οἰκίζει πόλειν,
ἀρμὸς πονηρὸς ὥσπερ ἐν ξύλῳ παγεῖς,
λόγῳ πολέτης ἐστὶ, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν. οὐ.
ἔπειτα τέκνα τοῦδ' ἔκατε τίκτομεν,
ώς θεῶν τε βωμοὺς πατρὶδα τε ρώμεθα.

εἰ δ' ἦν ἐν οἴκοις ἀντὶ θηλειῶν στάχυς
ἄρσην, πόλειν δὲ πολεμίᾳ κατεῖχε φλόξ,
οὐκ ἀν νιν ἐξέπεμπον εἰς μάχην δορὸς,
θάνατον προταρβοῦσ';

τὰ μητέρων δὲ δάκρυ' ὅταν πέμπῃ τέκνα,
πολλοὺς ἐθήλυν' εἰς μάχην δρμωμένους.
μισῶ γυναῖκας αἴτινες πρὸ τοῦ καλοῦ
ζῆν παῖδας εἴλοντ' ἡ παρήνεσαν κακά.
καὶ μὴν θανόντες γ' ἐν μάχῃ πολλῶν μέτα
τύμβου τε κοινὸν ἔλαχον εὔκλειάν τ' ἵσην
τήμηδὲ παιδὶ στέφανος εἰς μᾶρα μόνη
πόλεως θανούσῃ τῆσδ' ὑπερ δοθήσεται.
καὶ τὴν τεκοῦσαν καὶ σὲ δύο θ' δμοσπόρω
σώσει· τέ τούτων οὐχὶ δέξασθαι καλόν;
τὴν οὐκ ἐμὴν οὖν πλὴν φύσει δώσω κόρην
θῦσαι πρὸ γαίας. εἰ γὰρ αἰρεθήσεται
πόλεις, τέ παιδῶν τῶν ἐμῶν μέτεστὲ μοι;
οὕκουν ἄπαντα τοῦν γ' ἐμοὶ σωθήσεται;
ἄρειουσιν ἄλλοι, τήνδ' ἐγὼ σώσω πόλειν.
ἐκεῖνο δ' οὐ τὸ πλεῖστον ἐν κοινῷ μέρος,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ἐκούσης τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἀνὴρ
προγόνων παλαιὰ θέσμοντος ἔκβαλεν·

οὐδ' ἀντ' ἐλάας χρυσέας τε Γοργόνος
τρὶαναν ὁρθὴν στᾶσαν ἐν πόλεως βάθροις
Εῦμολπος οὐδὲ Θρῆξ ἀναστέψει λεώς
στεφάνοισι, Παλλὰς δ' οὐδαμοῦ τιμήσεται.

· · · · ·
· ώ πατρὶς, εἴθε πάντες οἱ ναίουσί σε
οὕτω φιλοῖεν ὡς ἐγώ· καὶ ῥᾳδίως
οἰκοῦμεν ἂν σε κούδεν ἂν πάσχοις κακόν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 362, 4-55.

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- ΑΓ. θεοὶ πόλιν σώζουσι Παλλάδος θεᾶς.
 ΑΤ. ἔτ' ἄρ' Ἀθηνῶν ἔστ' ἀπόρθητος πόλις;
 ΑΓ. ἀνδρῶν γάρ ὄντων ἔρκος ἔστιν ἀσφαλές.
 ΑΤ. ἀρχὴ δὲ ναοὶ ξυμβολῆς τίς ἦν, φράσον·
 τίνες κατῆρξαν, πότερον Ἑλληνες, μάχης,
 ἢ παῖς ἐμὸς πλήθει καταχήσας νεῶν;
 ΑΓ. ἥρξεν μὲν, ὡς δέσποινα, τοῦ παντὸς κακοῦ
 φανεὶς ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων ποθέν.
 ἀνὴρ γάρ Ἑλλην ἔξι Ἀθηναίων στρατοῦ
 ἐλθὼν ἔλεξε παῖδι σῷ Ξέρξῃ τάδε,
 ώς, εἰ μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἔξεται κνέφας,
 Ἑλληνες οὐ μενοῖεν, ἀλλὰ σέλμασε
 ναῶν ἐπενθορόντες ἄλλος ἄλλοσε
 δρασμῷ κρυφαίῳ βίοτον ἐκσωσοίατο.
 οἱ δ' εὔθυς ὡς ἥκουσεν, οὐ ξυνεῖς δόλον
 Ἑλληνος ἀνδρὸς, οὐδὲ τὸν θεῶν φθόνον,
 πᾶσιν προφωνεῖ τόνδε ναυάρχοις λόγον·
 Εὗτ' ἂν φλέγων ἀκτῖσιν ἥλιος χθόνα
 λήξῃ, κνέφας δὲ τέμενος αἰθέρος λάβῃ,
 τάξαι νεῶν στῖφοις μὲν ἐν στοίχοις τρισὶν,

ἔκπλους φυλάσσειν καὶ πόρους ἀλερρόθους·
 ἄλλας δὲ κύκλῳ νῆσον Αἴαντος πέριξ,
 ὡς, εἰ μόρον φευξίσθι· Ἐλληνες κακὸν
 ναυσὶν κρυφάσως δρασμὸν εὑρόντες τινὰ,
 πᾶσιν στέρεσθαι κρατὸς ἦν προκείμενον.
 τοσῶτ’ ἔλεξις κάρθ’ ὑπ’ εὐθύμου φρενός
 οὐ γὰρ τὸ μέλλον ἐκ θεῶν ἡπέστατο.
 οἱ δ’ οὐκ ἀκόσμως, ἄλλὰ πειθάρχῳ φρενὶ
 δεῖπνόν τ’ ἐπορσύνοντο, ναυβάτης τ’ ἀνὴρ
 τροποῦτο κώπην σκαλμὸν ἀμφ’ εὐήρετμον.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ φέγγος ἥλιον κατέφθιτο
 καὶ νὺξ ἐπήσι, πᾶς ἀνὴρ κώπης ἄναξ
 ἐσ ναῦν ἔχώρει, πᾶς θ’ ὅπλων ἐπεστάτης.
 τάξις δὲ τάξιν παρεκάλει νεώς μακρᾶς,
 πλέουσι δ’ ὡς ἔκαστος ἦν τεταγμένος·
 καὶ πάνυυχοι δὴ διάπλοον καθίστασαν
 ναῶν ἄνακτες πάντα ναυτικὸν λεών·
 καὶ νὺξ ἔχώρει, κού μάλ’ Ἐλλήνων στρατὸς
 κρυφαῖον ἔκπλουν οὐδαμῆ καθίστατο.
 ἐπεί γε μέντοι λευκόπωλος ἡμέρα
 πᾶσαν κατέσχε γαῖαν εὐφεγγῆς ἐδεῖν,
 πρῶτον μὲν ἡχῇ κέλαδος Ἐλλήνων πάρα
 μολπηδὸν ηὐφήμησεν, ὅρθιον δ’ ἄμα
 ἀντηλάλαξε νησιώτιδος πέτρας
 ἡχῷ· φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάροις παρῆν
 γνώμης ἀποσφαλεῖσιν: οὐ γὰρ ὡς φυγῇ
 παιᾶν ἔφύμουν σεμνὸν Ἐλληνες τότε,
 ἄλλ’ εἰς μάχην ὁρμῶντες εὐφύχῳ θράσει.
 σάλπιγξ δ’ ἀυτῇ πάντ’ ἐκεῖν’ ἐπέφλεγεν·
 εὐθὺς δὲ κώπης ῥοθιάδος ξυνεμβολῇ
 ἐπαισαν ἄλμην βρύχειν ἐκ κελεύσματος,

θοῶς δὲ πάντες ἥσαν ἐκφανεῖς ἴδεῖν.
 τὸ δεξιὸν μὲν πρῶτον εὕτακτον κέρας
 ἡγεῖτο κόσμῳ, δεύτερον δ' ὁ πᾶς στόλος
 ἐπεξεχώρει, καὶ παρῆν ὅμοῦ κλύειν
 πολλὴν βοὴν, Ὡ παῖδες Ἐλλήνων, οἵτε,
 ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
 παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῷων ἔδη,
 θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγῶν.
 καὶ μὴν παρ' ἡμῶν Περσίδος γλώσσης ρόθος
 ὑπηντίαζε: κούκέτ' ἦν μέλλειν ἀκμῇ:
 εὐθὺς δὲ ναῦς ἐν νηὶ χαλκήρῃ στόλου
 ἐπαυσεν. ἥρξε δ' ἐμβολῆς Ἐλληνικὴ
 ναῦς, κάποθραύει πάντα Φοινίσσης νεῶς
 κόρυμβ'. ἐπ' ἄλλην δ' ἄλλος οἴθυνε δόρυ.
 τὰ πρῶτα μὲν δὴ ρεῦμα Περσικοῦ στρατοῦ
 ἀντεῖχεν· ὡς δὲ πλῆθος ἐν στενῷ νεῶν
 ἥθροιστ', ἀρωγὴ δ' οὔτεις ἄλλήλοις παρῆν,
 αὐτοὶ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν ἐμβόλοις χαλκοστόμοις
 πάκοντ' ἐθραυον πάντα κωπήρῃ στόλον,
 Ἐλληνικάλ τε νῆες οὐκ ἀφρασμόνως
 κύκλῳ πέριξ ἔθεινον· ὑπτιοῦτο δὲ
 σκάφη νεῶν, θάλασσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἦν ἴδεῖν,
 ναυαγίων πλήθουσα καὶ φόνου βροτῶν.
 ἀκταὶ δὲ νεκρῶν χοιράδες τ' ἐπλήθυον.
 φυγῇ δ' ἀκόσμως πᾶσα ναῦς ἥρέσσετο,
 δσαιπερ ἥσαν βαρβάρου στρατεύματος.
 τοὶ δ', ὥστε θύνουσις ἡ τιν' ἵχθύων βόλον,
 ἀγαῖσι κωπῶν θραύσμασίν τ' ἐρειπίων
 ἐπαίσιν, ἐρράχιζον· οἱμωγὴ δ' ὅμοῦ
 κωκύμασιν κατεῖχε πελαγέαν ἄλα,
 ἔως κελαινῆς νυκτὸς ὅμμ' ἀφείλετο.

κακῶν δὲ πλῆθος, οὐδ' ἀν εἰς δέκ' ἥματα
στιχηγοροίην, οὐκ ἀν ἐκπλήσαιμέ σοε·
εὖ γὰρ τόδ' ἵσθι, μηδάμ' ἡμέρᾳ μᾶς
πλῆθος τοσουτάριθμου ἀνθρώπων θαυμῖν.

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 349-434.

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δολεχήρετμον Αἴγιναν πάτραν·
ἔνθα Σώτειρα Διὸς ξενίου
πάρεδρος ἀσκεῖται Θέμες

Ἐξοχ' ἀνθρώπων. ὃ τι γὰρ πολὺ καὶ πολλῷ φέπει,
ὅρθῳ διακρίνειν φρενὸν μὴ παρὰ καιρόν,
δυςπαλές, τεθμὸς δέ τις ἀθανάτων, καὶ τάνδ' ἀλιερκέα
χώραν
παντοδαποῖσιν ὑπέστασε ξένοις
κίονα δαιμονίαν·
ὁ δ' ἐπαντέλλων χρόνος
τοῦτο πράσσων μὴ κάμος·

— PINDAR, Ol. viii. 20-29.

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ἐπεσε δ' οὐ Χαρίτων ἐκὰς
ἀ δικαιόπολις ἀρετᾶς
κλειναῖσιν Αἰλακιδᾶν
θήγοισα νᾶσος· τελέαν δ' ἔχει
δόξαν ἀπ' ἀρχᾶς. πολλοῖσι μὲν γὰρ ἀείδεται
νικαφόροις ἐν ἀέθλοις θρέψασα καὶ θοαῖς
ὑπερτάτους ἥρωας ἐν μάχαις·

— PINDAR, Pyth. viii. 21-28.

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πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογίοισιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδος
νᾶσον εὔκλέα τάνδε κοσμεῖν· ἐπεὶ σφιν Αἰακίδαι
ἐπορον ἔξοχον αἰσαν ἀρετὰς ἀποδεικνύμενοι μεγάλας·
πέταται δ' ἐπὶ τε χθόνα καὶ διὰ θαλάσσας τηλόθεν
δυνυμ' αὐτῶν.

— PINDAR, Nem. vi. 47-51.

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Οὐκ ἀνδρεαντοποιός εἰμ', ὥστ' ἐλευσοντά μ' ἐργά-
ζεσθαι ἀγάλματ' ἐπ' αὐτᾶς βαθμίδος
ἐσταότ'· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πάσας ὁλκάδος ἐν τ' ἀκάτῳ, γλυκεῖ
ἀσεδά,
στεῖχ' ἀπ' Αἰγίνας, διαγγέλλοεσ', δτε
Λάμπωνος υἱὸς Πυθέας εὐρυσθενής
νέκη Νεμέοις παγκρατίου στέφανον,
οὕπω γένυσι φάνων τέρειναν ματέρ' οἰνάνθας ὀπώραν,

ἐκ δὲ Κρόνου καὶ Ζηνὸς ἥρωας αἰχματὰς φυτευθέντας
καὶ ἀπὸ χρυσεᾶν Νηρηΐδων
Αἰακίδας ἐγέραρεν ματρόπολιν τε, φέλαν ξένων ἄρουραν·
τάν ποτ' εὔανδρόν τε καὶ ναυσικλυτὰν
θέσσαντο πάρ βωμὸν πατέρος Ἐλλανίου
στάντες, πέτναν τ' εἰς αἴθέρα χεῖρας ἀμά
'Ενδαιδος ἀρίγνωτες υἱὸς καὶ βίᾳ Φώκου κρέοντος,

— PINDAR, Nem. v. 1-12.

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νῆσός τις ἐστὶ πρόσθε Σαλαμῖνος τόπων,
βαεὶ, δύσορμος ναυσὶν, ἦν δὲ φιλόχορος
Πάν ἐμβατεύει ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἐπει.
ἐνταῦθα πέμπει τούσδ', ὅπως ὅταν νεῶν

φθαρέντες ἐχθροὶ νῆσον ἐκσωζούσιοι,
 κτείνοιεν εὐχείρωτον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν,
 φέλους δ' ὑπεκσώζοιεν ἐναλίων πόρων·
 κακῶς τὸ μέλλον ἵστορῶν· ὡς γὰρ θεδε
 ναῶν ἔδωκε κύδος Ἑλλησιν μάχης,
 αὐθημερὸν φράξαντες εὐχάλκοις δέμας
 δπλοιεστε ναῶν ἔξεθρωσκον· ἀμφὶ δὲ
 κυκλοῦντο πᾶσαν νῆσον, ὥστ' ἀμηχανεῖν
 ὅποι τράποιεντο· πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ χερῶν
 πέτροισιν ἥράσσοντο, τοξικῆς τ' ἀπὸ
 θώμαγγος ἵοι προσπίνοντες ὄλλυσαν.
 τέλος δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ἔξι ἐνὸς ρόθου
 παίουσι, κρεοκοποῦσι δυστήνων μέλη,
 ἔως ἀπάντων ἔξαπέφθειραν βίον.
 Εέρενης δ' ἀνῷμωξεν κακῶν ὄρῶν βάθος·
 ἔδραν γὰρ εἶχε παντὸς εὐαγῆ στρατοῦ,
 ὑψηλὸν ὅχθον ἄγχε πελαγέας ἀλός·
 ρήξας δὲ πέπλους κάνακωκύσας λεγό,
 πεζῷ παραγγέλας ἄφαρ στρατεύματι,
 ζησ' ἀκόσμῳ ἔννυ φυγῇ. τοιάνδε σοι
 πρὸς τῇ πάροιθε ἔυμφορὰν πάρα στένειν.

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 449-473.

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Ἐλλήνων προμαχοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι Μαραθῶνε
 χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

— SIMONIDES, 90.

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"Ανδρες Ἀθηναῖοι τε Πλαταιῆς τ' ἐν Μαραθῶνε
 Χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

— AESCHYLUS, Eleg. I.

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*Δίρφυος ἐδμήθημεν ὑπὸ πτυχί, σῆμα δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν
ἐγγύθεν Εὐρέπου δημοσίᾳ κέχυται,
οὐκ ἀδίκως· ἐρατὴν γὰρ ἀπωλέσαμεν νεότητα
τρηγεῖαν πολέμου δεξάμενοι νεφέλην.*

— SIMONIDES, 89.

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*AT. τίς δὲ ποιμάνωρ ἔπεστι κάπιδεσπόζει στρατῷ;
XO. οὕτινος δοῦλοι κέκληνται φωτὸς, οὐδ' ὑπήκοοι.
AT. πῶς ἀν οὖν μένοιεν ἄνδρας πολεμόους ἐπήλυδας;
XO. ὥστε Δαρείου πολύν τε καὶ καλὸν φθεῖραι στρατόν.*

— AESCHYLUS, Pers. 243–246.

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*ἄξια μέν πατρὸς, ἄξια δὲ εὐγενέας τάδε γεγνεται.
εἰ δὲ σέβεις θανάτους ἀγαθῶν, μετέχω σοι.*

— EURIPIDES, Heracl. 626–627.

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*ἄλλαν δεῖ τιν' ἐν λόγοις στυγεῖν,
φοινίαν Σκύλλαν, ἄτ' ἐχθρῶν ὑπαὶ
φῶτ' ἀπώλεσεν φίλον, Κρητικοῖς
χρυσεοδμήτοισιν ὅρμοις
πιθήσασα, δώροισse Μίνω,
Νίσον ἀθανάτας τρεχδς
νοσφίσασ' ἀπροβούλως
πνέονθ' ἀ κυνόφρων ὅπνῳ.
κεγχάνει δέ μιν ‘Ερμῆς.*

— AESCHYLUS, Choeph. 602–611.

Τὸν δὲ ἵδεν Κάδμου θυγάτηρ, καλλίσφυρος Ἰνώ,
Λευκοθέη, ἡ πρὶν μὲν ἔην βροτὸς αὐδήσσα,
νῦν δ' ἀλὸς ἐν πελάγεσσι θεῶν ἔξι ἔμμορε τιμῆς.
ἢ ρὸς Ὀδυσσῆ' ἐλέησεν ἀλώμενον, ἄλγε' ἔχοντα·
αἰθύνῃ δ' ἔικυῖα ποτῇ ἀνεδύσετο λέμνης,
ἵζε δ' ἐπὶ σχεδίης καί μιν πρὸς μῶθον ἔειπε.

“Κάμμορε, τίπτε τοι ᾧδε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
ἀδύσατ' ἐκπάγλως, ὅτε τοι κακὰ πολλὰ φυτεύει;
οὐ μὲν δὴ σε καταφθίσει, μάλα περ μενεαίνων.
ἄλλὰ μάλ' ᾧδ' ἔρξαι, δοκέεις δέ μοι οὐκ ἀπεινύσσειν.
εἴματα ταῦτ' ἀποδὺς σχεδίην ἀνέμοισι φέρεσθαι
κάλλιπ', ἀτὰρ χείρεσσι νέων ἐπιμάκεο νόστου
γαίης Φαιήκων, ὅθε τοι μοῦρ' ἐστὶν ἀλύξαι.
τῇ δέ, τόδε κρήδεμνον ὑπὸ στέρνοιο τάνυσσαι
ἄμβροτον· οὐδέ τί τοι παθέειν δέος οὐδ' ἀπολέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν χείρεσσιν ἐφάψεαι ἡπείροιο,
ἄφ ἀπολυσάμενος βαλέειν εἰς οὖνοπα πόντον
πολλὸν ἀπ' ἡπείρου, αὐτὸς δ' ἀπονόσφι τραπέσθαι.”

“Ως ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κρήδεμνον ἔδωκεν,
αὐτὴ δ' ἄφ ἐς πόντον ἐδύσετο κυμαίνοντα
αἰθύνῃ ἔικυῖα· μέλαν δέ ἐ κῦμα κάλυψεν.

— HOMER, Odyss. v. 333-353.

τάλαιν', ὡς ἄρ' ἥσθα πέτρος ἡ σίδαρος, ἄτις τέκνων
δν ἔτεκες
ἄροτον αὐτόχειρε μούρᾳ κτενεῖς.
μίαν δὴ κλύω μίαν τῶν πάρος
γυναῖκ' ἐν φέλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,

*'Ινω μανεῖσαν ἐκ θεῶν, δθ' ἡ Διὸς
δάμαρο νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλη.
πίτνει δ' ἀ τάλαιν' ἐς ἄλμαν φόνῳ τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,
ἀκτῆς ὑπερτέένασα ποντίας πόδα,
δυοῖν τε παίδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπόλλυται.*

— EURIPIDES, Medea, 1279–1288.

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*'Ηερὶ Γεράνεεα, κακὸν λέπας, ὥφελεν "Ιστρον
τῇλε καὶ ἐς Σκυθέων μακρὸν ὁρᾶν Τάναιν,
μηδὲ πέλας ναίεν Σκειρωνικὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης
ἀγέα μαινομένης ἀμφὶ Μολουριάδα.*

— SIMONIDES, 114, 1–4.

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*βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἴην
δς τ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἅμ' ἀλκυόνεσσι ποτῆται
νηλεγὲς ἥτορ ἔχων, ἀλεπόρφυρος εἴαρος ὄρνεις.*

— ALCMAN, 26.

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*'Ως δόπταν χειμέριον κατὰ μῆνα πινύσκη
Ζεὺς ἄματα τέσσαρα καὶ δέκα,
λαθάνεμόν τέ μιν ὠραν καλέοισιν ἐπιχθόνεος
ἱρὰν παιδοτρόφον ποικίλας
ἀλκυόνος.*

— SIMONIDES, 12.

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*Ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε;
ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων, ποῦ τά πάλαι κτέανα;*

ποῦ νηὸς μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα; ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες

Σισύφειαι λαῶν θ' αὖ ποτε μωριάδες; οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδέ τίχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σεῖο λέλειπται,

πάντα δὲ συμμάρφας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος·

μοῦνας ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηΐδες, Ὡκεανοῖο

κοῦρας, σῶν ἀχέων μέμνομεν ἀλκυόνες.

— ANTIPATER, Anth. Pal. ix. 151.

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XO. καὶ τίς τόδ' ἔξικοιτ' ἀν ἀγγέλων τάχος;

KL. "Ηφαιστος, "Ιδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων σέλας.

φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρος ἀπ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς

ἔπεμπεν. "Ιδη μὲν πρὸς Ἐρμαῖον λέπας

Λήμνου· μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον

?Αθώον ἀπὸς Ζηνὸς ἔξεδέξατο,

ὑπερτελής τε πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι

ἐσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδονὴν

πεύκη τὸ χρυσοφεγγὲς, ὡς τις ἥλιος,

σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς.

ὁ δ' οὖς τι μέλλων οὐδέ τί ἀφρασμόνως ὑπνῷ

νικώμενος παρῆκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος.

ἐκὰς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εύρεπον ῥοὰς

Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.

οἱ δ' ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν πρόσω,

γράιας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἀφαντεῖς πυρί.

σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρουμένη,

ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδίον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην

φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέπας,

ἥγειρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.

φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἡναίνετο
φρουρὰ, πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων·
λέμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηφεν φάος.
ὅρος τ' ἐπ' Αἴγεπλαγκτον ἔξεκνούμενον
ώτρυνε θεσμὸν μὴ χρονίζεσθαι πυρός·
πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδαίοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει
φλοιοῦς μέγαν πώγωνα καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ
πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω
φλέγουσαν· εἴτ' ἔσκηφεν, εὔτ' ἀφίκετο
'Αραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυχείτονας σκοπάς·
κάπειτ' 'Ατρειδῶν εἰς τόδε σκήπτει στέγος
φάος τόδ', οὐκ ἄπαππον 'Ιδαίου πυρός.

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 271-302.

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ἀπ' αὖτας 'Ελλάδος ξυνορμένοις
πένθεια τλησικάρδιοις
δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει.
πολλὰ γοῦν θιγγάνει πρὸς ἥπαρ·
οὓς μὲν γάρ τις ἔπειμψεν
οὔδεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
τεύχη καὶ σποδὸς εἰς ἐκάστου δόμους ἀφικνεῖται.
ὁ χρυσαμοιβῆς δ' "Αρης σωμάτων,
καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς,
πυρωθὲν ἐξ 'Ιλέου
φέλοισε πέμπει βαρὺ
φῆγμα δυσδάκρυτον, ἀντ-
ήνορος σποδοῦ γεμάζων λέβητας εύθετου.
στένουσι δ' εὖ λέγοντες ἄν-
δρα τὸν μὲν ὡς μάχης ἵδρεις·

τὸν δ' ἐν φοναῖς καλῶς πεσόντ' ἀλ-
λοτρίας διαὶ γυναικός·
τὰ δὲ σῆγά τις βαῦζει·
φθονερὸν δ' ὑπ' ἄλγος ζρπει
προδίκοις Ἀτρεΐδαις.
οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τεῖχος
θήκας Ἰλεάδος γᾶς
εὔμορφοι κατέχουσιν· ἔχθρα δ' ἔχοντας ἔκρυψεν.

—AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 418-441.

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ΚΛ. νῦν δέ μοι, φίλον κάρα,
ἔκβαιν' ἀπήνης τῆσδε, μὴ χαμαὶ τιθεὶς
τὸν σὸν πόδ', ὡς 'ναξ, Ἰλίου πορθήτορα.
διμωαλ, τέ μέλλεθ', αἰς ἐπέσταλται τέλος
πέδον κελεύθου στρωνύναι πετάσμασιν;
εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος,
ἔς δῶμ' ἀελπτον ὡς ἀν ἡγῆται Δίκη.

ΑΓ. μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ
ἄβρυνε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην
χαμαιπετὲς βθαμα προσχάνης ἐμοί·
μηδ' εἴμασι στρώσασ' ἐπίφθονον πόρον
τίθει. θεός τοι τοῖσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεών.
ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θυητὸν ὅντα κάλλεσιν
βαίνειν, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἄνευ φόβου.
λέγω κατ' ἄνδρα, μὴ θεδυ, σέβειν ἐμέ.
χωρὶς ποδοφήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων
κληδῶν ἀύτεῖ· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν
θεοῦ μέγιστον δῶρον. ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρὴ
βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὔεστοῖ φίλῃ.

εὶ πάντα δ' ὡς πράσσοιμ' ἀν., εὐθαρσὴς ἐγώ.

ΚΛ. καὶ μὴν τόδ' εἰπὲ μὴ παρὰ γνώμην ἔμοις

ΑΓ. γνώμην μὲν ἵσθι μὴ διαφθεροῦντ' ἔμε.

ΚΛ. ηὕξω θεοῖς δείσας ἀν ὥδ' ἔρδειν τάδε.

ΑΓ. εἴπερ τις εἰδώς γ' εὑ τόδ' ἔξεῖπεν τέλος.

ΚΛ. τέ δ' ἀν δοκεῖ σοι Πρέαμος, εἰ τάδ' ἥνυσσεν;

ΑΓ. ἐν ποικίλοις ἀν κάρτα μοι βῆναι δοκεῖ.

ΚΛ. μὴ νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἰδεσθης φόγον.

ΑΓ. ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ', ὑπάντις ἀρβύλας
λύοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἔμβασιν ποδὸς,
καὶ τοῖσδέ μ' ἔμβανον θ' ἀλουργέσιν θεῶν
μή τις πρόσωθεν ὅμματος βάλοις φθόνος.
πολλὴ γὰρ αἰδὼς στρωματοφθορεῖν ποσὶν
φθείροντα πλοῦτον ἀργυρωνήτους θ' ὑφάσ.

ἐπει δ' ἀκούειν σου κατέστραμμαι τάδε,
εἰμ' ἐς δόμων μέλαθρα πορφύρας πατῶν.

—AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 878-930.

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ΚΑ. 'Απόλλων, 'Απόλλων

ἀγνεᾶτ', ἀπόλλων ἔμός.

ἀ ποῖ ποτ' ἥγαγές με; πρὸς ποίαν στέγην;

μεσόθεον μὲν οὖν πολλά συνίστορα

αὐτοφόνα κακὰ καὶ ἀρτάναι.

ἀνδροσφαγεῖον καὶ πέδου ραντήρεον.

ΧΟ. ἔοικεν εὖρις ἡ ξένη κυνδος δίκην

εἶναι ματεύει δ' ὅν ἀνευρήσει φόνον.

ΚΑ. ἀ ἀ,

- μαρτυρίοισι γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐπιπείθομαι,—
 κλαιθμενα τάδε βρέφη σφαγὰς
 ὅπτάς τε σάρκας πρὸς πατρὸς βεβρωμένας.
XO. ή μὴν κλέος σοῦ μαντεικὸν πεπυσμένος
 ἡμεν· προφήτας δ' οὕτενας μαστεύομεν.
KA. ίὼ, πόποι, τί ποτε μῆδεται;
 τέ τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα;
 μέγ' ἐν δόμοισι τοῖσδε μῆδεται κακὸν,
 ἀφερτον φίλοισιν, δυσίατον ἀλκὰ δ'
 ἐκὰς ἀποστατεῖ.
XO. τούτων ἄιδρίς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων·
 ἐκεῖνα δ' ἔγνων· πᾶσα γὰρ πόλεις βοᾶ.
KA. ίὼ, τάλαινα, τόδε γάρ τελεῖς,
 τὸν ὁμοδέμνιον πόσιν
 λουτροῖσι φαιδρύνασα — πῶς φράσω τέλος;
 τάχος γὰρ τόδ' ἔσται. προτείνει δὲ χεὶρ ἐκ
 χερὸς ὀρέγματα.
XO. οὕπω ξυνῆκα· νῦν γὰρ ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων
 ἐπαργέμοισι θεσφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.
KA. ἐὲ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, τί τόδε φαίνεται;
 ή δίκτυόν τέ γ' "Αἰδου.
 ἀλλ' ἄρκυς ή ξύνευνος, ή ξυναετία
 φόνου. στάσις δ' ἀκόρετος γένει
 κατολοιψάτω θύματος λευσίμου.
XO. ποίαν Ἐρενὺν τήνδε δώμασιν κέλει
 ἐπορθεάζειν; οὐ με φαιδρύνει λόγος.
 ἐπὶ δὲ καρδίαν ἔδραμε κροκοβαφῆς
 σταγῶν, ἄτε καιρία πτώσιμος
 ξυνανύτει βίου δύντος αὐγαῖς.
 ταχεῖα δ' ἄτα πέλει.
KA. ἄ δ, ίδοὺ ίδού· ἄπεχε τῆς βοὸς

- τὸν ταῦρον· ἐν πέπλοισιν
μελαγκέρῳ λαβοῦσα μηχανήματε
τύπτει· πίτνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ τεύχει.
δολοφόνου λέβητος τύχαν σοι λέγω.
ΧΟ. οὐ κομπάσαιμ' ἀν θεσφάτων γνώμων ἄκρος
εἶναι· κακῷ δέ τῷ προσεικάζω τάδε.
ἀπὸ δὲ θεσφάτων τίς ἀγαθὰ φάτες
βροτοῖς στέλλεται; κακῶν γάρ δειλ
πολυεπεῖς τέχναι θεσπιωδὸν
φόβον φέρουσιν μαθεῖν.
- ΚΑ.* ἵω, ἵω, ταλαίνας κακόποτμοι τύχαι·
τὸ γάρ ἐμὸν θροεῖς πάθος ἐπεγχέας.
ποῖ δὴ με δεῦρο τὴν τάλαναν ἥγαγες
οὐδέν ποτ' εἴ μη ἔνθανουμένην; τέ γάρ;
ΧΟ. φρενομανής τεις εἰ θεοφόρητος, ἀμ-
φὶ δ' αὐτᾶς θροεῖς
νόμον ἄνομον, οἵᾳ τις ξουθὰ
ἀκόρετος βοᾶς, φεῦ ταλαίναις φρεσὸν
"Ιτυν" Ιτυν στένουσ' ἀμφιθαλῆ κακοῖς
ἀηδῶν βίον.
- ΚΑ.* ἵω, ἵω, λεγέας μόρον ἀηδόνος·
περίβαλον γάρ οἱ πτεροφόρον δέμας
θεοὶ, γλυκὸν τ' αἰῶνα κλαυμάτων ἄτερ·
ἐμοὶ δὲ μέμνει σχεσμὸς ἀμφήκει δορέ.
ΧΟ. πόθεν ἐπισσύτους θεοφόρους ἔχεις
ματαίους δύας,
τά δ' ἐπίφοβα δυσφάτῳ κλαγγῇ
μελοτυπεῖς, δόμοι τ' ὁρθίοις ἐν νόμοις;
πόθεν ὄρους ἔχεις θεσπεσίας ὁδοῦ
κακορρήμονας;
ΚΑ. ἵω γάμοι, γάμοι Πάριδος, ὀλέθρεος

φίλων· ἵω Σκαμάνδρου πάτρεον ποτόν·

τότε μὲν ἀμφὶ σὰς διέσνας τάλαιν·

ἡνυτόμαν τροφαῖς·

νῦν δ' ἀμφὶ Κωκυτόν τε κάχερουσίους

δχθους ἔσικα θεσπιώδησειν τάχα.

XO. τί τόδε τορὸν ἄγαν ἔπος ἐφημίσω;

νεογνὸς ἀνθρώπων μάθοι.

πέπληγμα δ' ὑπαὶ δήγματε φοενίψ,

δυσαλγεῖ τύχα μινυρὰ θρεομένας,

θάύματ' ἐμοὶ κλύειν.

KA. ἵω πόνοι, πόνοις πόλεος ὀλομένας

τὸ πᾶν· ἵω πρόπυροις θυσίαι πατρὸς,

πολυκανεῖς βοτῶν ποιονδρων. ἄκος δ'
οὐδὲν ἐπήρκεσαν

τὸ μὴ πόλιν μὲν, ὕσπερ οὖν ἔχει, παθεῖν·

ἔγὼ δὲ θερμόνους τάχ' ἐν πέδῳ βαλῶ.

XO. ἐπόμενα προτέροις τάδ' ἐπεφημίσω

καὶ τίς σε κακοφρονῶν τίθη-

σι δάμων, ὅπερθεν βαρὺς ἐμπίτνων,

μελέζειν πάθη γοερὰ θανατοφόρα·

τέρμα δ' ἀμηχανῶ.

KA. καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων

ἔσται δεδορκῶς, νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην·

λαμπρὸς δ' ἔσικεν ἡλέου πρὸς ἀντολὰς

πνέων ἐσήξειν, ὥστε κύματος δίκην

κλύζειν πρὸς αὐγὰς τοῦδε πήματος πολὺ

μεῖζον· φρενώσω δ' οὐκέτ' ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων.

καὶ μαρτυρεῖτε συνδρόμως ἵχνος κακῶν

φίνηλατούσῃ τῶν πάλαι πεπραγμένων.

τὴν γὰρ στέγην τήνδ' οὕποτ' ἐκλείπει χορὸς

ξύμφθογγος, οὐκ εὕφωνος· οὐ γὰρ εὗ λέγει.

καὶ μὴν πεπωκώς γ', ως θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,
βρότειον αἷμα, κῶμος ἐν δόμοις μένει
δύσπεμπτος ἔξω ξυγόνων 'Ερινύων.
ὑμνοῦσι δ' ὑμνον δώμασιν προσήμεναι,
πρώταρχον ἄτην· ἐν μέρει δ' ἀπέπτυσαν
εὐνὰς ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς.
ἥμαρτον, ἡ κυρῶ τι τοξότης τις ὡς;
ἡ φευδόμαντίς εἰμι θυροκόπος φλέδων;
ἐκμαρτύρησον προύμόσας τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι
λόγῳ παλαιάς τῶνδ' ἀμαρτίας δόμων.

ΚΑ. ιὸδ ἰοδ, ὁ ὁ κακά.
ὑπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
στροβεῖ ταράσσων φροειμέοις . . .
δρᾶτε τούσδε τοὺς δόμοις ἐφημένους
νέους ὀνείρων προσφερεῖς μορφώμασιν;
παῖδες θανόντες ὠσπερεὶ πρὸς τῶν φίλων,
χεῖρας κρεῶν πλήθουτες οἰκείας βορᾶς,
ἔνιν ἐντέροις τε σπλάγχν', ἐποίκτιστον γέμος,
πρέπουσ' ἔχοντες, ὃν πατὴρ ἐγεύσατο.
ἐκ τῶνδε ποινάς φημι βουλεύειν τινὰ
λέοντ' ἄναλκιν ἐν λέχει στρωφώμενον
οἰκουρὸν, οὔμοι, τῷ μολόντι δεσπότη
ἔμῳ. φέρειν γὰρ χρὴ τὸ δούλειον ζυγόν.
νεῶν τ' ἔπαρχος 'Ιλίου τ' ἀναστάτης
οὐκ οἶδεν οἷα γλώσσα μισήτης κυνὸς
λέξασα κάκτείνασα φαιδρόνους, δίκην
"Ατης λαθράκου, τεύξεται κακῇ τύχῃ.
τοιαῦτα τολμᾶ· θῆλυς ἄρσενος φονεὺς
ἔστιν. τί νιν καλοῦσα δυσφιλὲς δάκος
τύχοιμ' ἄν; ἀμφὶσβαιναν, ἡ Σκύλλαν τινὰ

οἰκοῦσαν ἐν πέτραισι, ναυτίλων βλάβην,
θύουσαν "Αεδου μητέρ", ἀσπονδόν τ' ἀρὰν
φίλοις πνέουσαν; ως δ' ἐπωλολύξατο
ἡ παντότολμος, ὥσπερ ἐν μάχης τροπῇ.
δοκεῖ δὲ χαίρειν νοστέμψ σωτηρίᾳ.

καὶ τῶνδ' ὅμοιον εἴ τε μὴ πείθω· τέ γάρ;
τὸ μέλλον ἥξει. καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρὼν
ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἔρεις.

XO. τὴν μὲν Θυέστου δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν
ξυνῆκα καὶ πέφρικα· καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει
κλύοντ' ἀληθῶς οὐδὲν ἔξηκασμένα·

τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμου πεσὼν τρέχω.

KA. 'Αγαμέμνονός σέ φημ' ἐπόφεσθαι μόρον.

XO. εὔφημον, ω τάλαινα, κοέμησον στόμα.

KA. ἄλλ' οὕτι Παιῶν τῷδ' ἐπιστατεῖ λόγῳ.

XO. οὐκ, εἰ παρέσται γ'. ἄλλὰ μὴ γένοιτο πω.

KA. σὺ μὲν κατεύχει, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνειν μέλει.

XO. τένος πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦτ' ἄχος πορσύνεται;

KA. ἡ κάρτ' ἀράων παρεκόπης χρησμῶν ἐμῶν.

XO. τοῦ γὰρ τελοῦντος οὐ ξυνῆκα μηχανήν.

KA. καὶ μὴν ἄγαν γ' "Ελλην" ἐπίσταμαι φάτειν.

XO. καὶ γὰρ τὰ πυθόκραντα, δυσμαθῆ δ' ὅμως.

KA. παπᾶς οἶον τὸ πῦρ ἐπέρχεται δέ μοι.

ὅτοτοῖ, Λύκει "Απολλον" οὐ ἔχω, ἔγω.

αὕτη δέπους λέαινα, συγκοειμωμένη

λύκω λέοντος εὐγενοῦς ἀπουσίᾳ,

κτενεῖ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ως δὲ φάρμακον

τεύχουσα κάμοῦ μισθὸν ἐνθήσειν κότῳ

ἐπεύχεται, θήγουσα φωτὶ φάσγανον

ἐμῆς ἀγωγῆς ἀντετίσασθαι φόνον.

τέ δῆτ' ἐμαυτῆς καταγέλωτ' ἔχω τάδε

καὶ σκῆπτρα καὶ μαντεῖα περὶ δέρη στέφη ;
σὲ μὲν πρὸ μοίρας τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθερῶ.
ἢ τ' ἐς φθόρου πεσόντ· ἄγ' ὥδ'· ἄμ' ἔφομαι.
ἄλλην τιν' ἄτην ἀντ' ἐμοῦ πλουτίζετε.
ἴδοὺ δ', 'Απόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμὲ
χρηστηρίαν ἐσθῆτ', ἐποπτεύσας δέ με
κάν τοισδε κόσμοις καταγελωμένην μετὰ
φίλων ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐ διχορρόπως μάτην.

οὐ μὴν ἄτεμοί γ' ἐκ θεῶν τεθνήξομεν.
ηὗει γὰρ ἡμῶν ἄλλος αὖ τεμάορος,
μητροκτόνον φίτυμα, ποινάτωρ πατρός·
φυγὰς δ' ἀλήτης τῇσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος
κάτεισεν ἀτας τάσδε θρεγκώσων φέλοις·
δομώμοται γὰρ ὅρκος ἐκ θεῶν μέγας,
ᾶξειν νιν ὑπτίασμα κειμένου πατρός.
τέ δῆτ' ἐγὼ κάτοικος ὥδ' ἀναστένω,
ἐπεὶ τὸ πρῶτον εἶδον 'Ιλίου πόλειν
πράξασαν ως ἐπραξεῖν, οὐ δ' εἰλον πόλειν
οὕτως ἀπαλλάσσουσιν ἐν θεῶν κρέσει;
ἰοῦσα πράξω, τλήσομαι τὸ κατθαυεῖν.
'Αιδου πύλας δὲ τάσδ' ἔχω προσεννέπειν.
ἐπεύχομαι δὲ καιρίας πληγῆς τυχεῖν,
ως ἀσφάδαστος, αἰμάτων εὔθυησίμων
ἀπορρυέντων, ὅμμα συμβάλω τόδε.

XO. ὡς πολλὰ μὲν τάλαινα, πολλὰ δ' αὖ σοφὴ
γύναι, μακρὰν ἔτεινας· εἰ δ' ἐτητύμως
μόρον τὸν αὐτῆς οἰσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου

βοὸς δίκην πρὸς βωμὸν εὐτόλμως πατεῖς;

KA. οὐκ ἔστ' ἀλυξις, οὐ, ξένοι, χρόνον πλέω.

XO. οὐ δ' ὕστατός γε τοῦ χρόνου πρεσβεύεται.

- KA.* ἥκει τόδ' ἡμαρ̄ σμικρὰ κερδανῶ φυγῇ.
XO. ἀλλ' ἵσθι τλήμων οὐσ' ἀπ' εὔτόλμου φρενός.
KA. οὐδεὶς ἀκούει ταῦτα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.
XO. ἀλλ' εὐκλεῶς τοις κατθανεῖν χάρις βροτῷ.
KA. ίώ, πάτερ, σοῦ τῶν τε γενναίων τέκνων.
XO. τί δ' ἐστὶ χρῆμα; τίς σ' ἀποστρέφει φόβος;
KA. φεῦ, φεῦ.
XO. τί τοῦτ' ἔφευξας; εἴ τι μὴ φρενῶν στύγος.
KA. φόνον δόμοι πνέουσιν αἰματοσταγῆ.
XO. καὶ πῶς; τόδ' ὅζει θυμάτων ἐφεστίων.
KA. δμοιος ἀτμὸς ὕσπερ ἐκ τάφου πρέπει.
XO. οὐ Σύριον ἀγλάισμα δώμασιν λέγεις.
KA. ἀλλ' εἴμι καὶ δόμοισι κωκύσουσ' ἐμὴν
 Ἀγαμέμνονός τε μοῖραν. ἀρκεῖτω βίος.
 ίὼ, ξένοι.
 οὖ τοι δυσοίζω θάμνον ὡς ὄρνις φόβῳ
 ἄλλως. θανούσῃ μαρτυρεῖτέ μοι τόδε,
 δταν γυνὴ γυναικὸς ἀντ' ἐμοῦ θάνη,
 ἀνήρ τε δυσδάμαρτος ἀντ' ἀνδρὸς πέσῃ.
 ἐπιξενοῦμαι ταῦτα δ' ὡς θανουμένη.
XO. ὦ τλῆμον, οἰκτείρω σε θεσφάτου μόρου.
KA. ἄπαξ ἔτ' εἰπεῖν ρῆσιν, οὐ θρῆνον θέλω
 ἐμὸν τὸν ἀτῆς. ἡλέω δ' ἐπεύχομαι
 πρὸς ὑστατὸν φῶς, τοῖς ἐμοῖς τιμαδροῖς
 ἔχθροῖς φονεῦσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς τίνειν δόμοῦ
 δούλης θανούσης, εὔμαροῦς χειρώματος.
 ίὼ βρότεια πράγματος εὔτυχοῦντα μὲν
 σκιᾶς τις ἀν πρέψειεν εἰ δὲ δυστυχῆ,
 βολαῖς ὑγρώσσων σπόγγος ὕλεσεν γραφήν.
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐκείνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολὺ.

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 1052-1301.

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ΚΛ. ἔστηκα δ' ἔνθ' ἔπαισ' ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις.
οὕτω δ' ἔπραξα, καὶ τάδ' οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,
ώς μήτε φεύγειν μήτ' ἀμύνασθαι μόρον.
ἀπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον, ὥσπερ ἵχθυων,
περιστεχίζω, πλοῦτον εἴματος κακὸν.
πάιώ δέ νιν δέετος· κάνω δυσῖν οἰμωγμάτοιν
μεθῆκεν αὐτοῦ κῶλα· καὶ πεπτωκότες
τρίτην ἐπενδέδωμι, τοῦ κατὰ χθονὸς
Διός, νεκρῶν σωτῆρος, εὐκτάκαν χάρεν.
οὕτω τὸν αὐτοῦ θυμὸν ὄρμαίνει πεσῶν·
κάκφυσιῶν ὀξεῖαν αἴματος σφαγὴν
βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ φακάδε φοινίας δρόσου,
χαίρουσαν οὐδὲν ἡσον· ἢ διοσδότω
γάνει σποροτῆτος κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν.
ώς ὁδὸς ἔχόντων, πρέσβος Ἀργείων τόδε,
χαίροιτο· ἀν, εἰς χαίροιτο', ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεύχομαι.
εἰς δ' ἦν πρεπόντως ὥστε ἐπισπένδειν νεκρῷ,
τάδ' ἀν δικαίως ἦν, ὑπερδίκως μὲν οὖν·
τοσῶνδε κρατῆρ' ἐν δόμοις κακῶν ὅδε
πλήσας ἀράνων αὐτὸς ἐκπίνει· μολών.

— AESCH. Ag. 1350-1369.

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πρὸς ἡμῶν
κάππεσεν, ἡμεῖς καὶ καταθάψομεν,
οὐχ ὑπὸ κλαυθμῶν τῶν ἐξ οἴκων,
ἄλλ' Ἰφιγένειά νιν ἀσπασίως
θυγατῆρ, ως χρῆ,
πατέρ' ἀντιάσασα πρὸς ὠκύπορον
πόρθμευμ' ἀχέων,
περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα φελήσει

XO. ὅνειδος ἥκει τόδ' ἀντ' ὄνείδους·
δύσμαχα δ' ἔστε κρῖναι·

φέρει φέροντ', ἐκτένει δ' ὁ κακῶν.
μίμνει δὲ, μέμνοντος ἐν θρόνῳ Διός,
παθεῖν τὸν ἔρξαντα θέσμον γάρ·

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 1529-1541.

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KL. οὖν 'γώ. ξυνῆκα τοῦπος ἐξ αἰνειγμάτων.
δόλοις δολούμεθ', ώσπερ οὖν ἐκτείναμεν.
δοίη τις ἀνδροκμῆτα πέλεκυν ως τάχος·
εἰδῶμεν ἦν νικῶμεν ἦν νικώμεθα·
ἐνταῦθα γάρ δὴ τοῦδ' ἀφεκόμην κακοῦ.

OP. σὲ καὶ ματεύω· τῷδε δ' ἀρκούντως ἔχει.

KL. οὖν 'γώ. τέθυηκας, φέλτατ' Αἰγέσθου βίᾳ.

OP. φιλεῖς τὸν ἄνδρα; τοίγαρ ἐν ταῦτῷ τάφῳ
κείσεις θανόντα δ' οὕτε μή προδῶς ποτέ.

KL. ἐπίσχεις, ω παῖς τόνδε δ' αἰδεσσαι, τέκνουν,
μαστὸν, πρὸς φῶν πολλὰ δὴ βρίζων ἄμα
οὐλοισιν ἐξήμελξας εὐτραφὲς γάλα.

OP. Πυλάδη, τί δράσω; μητέρ' αἰδεσθῶ κτανεῖν;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ποῦ δαὶ τὰ λοεπὰ Λοξίου μαντεύματα
τὰ Πυθόχρηστα πιστὰ δ' εὑρκώματα;
ἄπαντας ἔχθροὺς τῶν θεῶν ἥγοῦ πλέον.

OP. κρίνω σε νικᾶν, καὶ παραινεῖς μοι καλῶς.
ἔπου πρὸς αὐτὸν τόνδε σὲ σφάξαι θέλω·
καὶ ζῶντα γάρ νιν κρείσσον' ἡγήσω πατρός.
τούτῳ θανοῦσα ξυγκάθευδ', ἐπεὶ φιλεῖς
τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, δν δ' ἔχρην φιλεῖν στυγεῖς.

- ΚΛ.* ἐγώ σ' ἔθρεψα, σὺν δὲ γηράναι θέλω.
ΟΡ. πατροκτονοῦσα γάρ ξυνοικήσεις ἐμοί;
ΚΛ. ἡ μοῖρα τούτων, ὡς τέκνου, παραπτία.
ΟΡ. καὶ τόνδε τοίνυν μοῖρ' ἐπόρσυνεν μόρον.
ΚΛ. οὐδὲν σεβίζει γενεθλίους ἀρὰς, τέκνουν;
ΟΡ. τεκοῦσα γάρ μ' ἔρριφας εἰς τὸ δυστυχές.
ΚΛ. οὕτοι σ' ἀπέρριψ' εἰς δόμους δορυξένους.
ΟΡ. διχῶς ἐπράθην, ὅν ἐλευθέρου πατρός.
ΚΛ. ποῦ δῆθ' ὁ τίμος, ὄντειν' ἀντεδεξάμην;
ΟΡ. αἰσχύνομαί σοι τοῦτ' ὄνειδίσαι σαφῶς.
ΚΛ. [μή·] ἀλλ' εἴφ' ὀμοίως καὶ πατρὸς τοῦ σοῦ μάτας.
ΟΡ. μὴ 'λεγχε τὸν πονοῦντ' ἔσω καθημένη.
ΚΛ. ἄλγος γυναιξὶν ἀνδρὸς εἴργεσθαι, τέκνουν.
ΟΡ. τρέφει δέ γ' ἀνδρὸς μόχθος ἡμένας ἔσω.
ΚΛ. κτενεῖν ἔοικας, ὡς τέκνουν, τὴν μητέρα.
ΟΡ. σύ τοι σεαυτὴν, οὐκ ἐγὼ, κατακτενεῖς.
ΚΛ. δρα, φύλαξαι μητρὸς ἐγκότους κύνας.
ΟΡ. τὰς τοῦ πατρὸς δὲ πᾶς φύγω παρεὶς τάδε;
ΚΛ. ἔοικα θρηνεῖν ζῶσα πρὸς τύμφον μάτην.
ΟΡ. πατρὸς γάρ αἷσα τόνδε σούρίζει μόρον.
ΚΛ. οὐ 'γώ. τεκοῦσα τόνδ' ὄφειν ἔθρεψάμην.
ΟΡ. ἡ κάρτα μάντις ὀδὺς ὄνειράτων φόβος.
κτανοῦσ' δν οὐ χρῆν, καὶ τὸ μὴ χρεῶν πάθε.

— AESCHYLUS, Choephoroe, 873–916.

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παλαίφατος δ' ἐν βροτοῖς γέρων λόγος
τέτυκται, μέγαν τελεσθέντα φωτὸς ὅλβον
τεκνοῦσθαι, μηδ' ἀπαΐδα θυήσκειν·
ἐκ δ' ἀγαθᾶς τύχας γένει
βλαστάνειν ἀκόρεστον οἰζύν.

δίχα δ' ἄλλων μονόφρων εἰπὲ τὸ δυσσεβὲς γάρ ἔργον
μέτα μὲν πλείονα τίκτει, σφετέρᾳ δ' εἰκότα γέννα.

οἴκων γὰρ εὐθυδίκων
καλλίπταις πότμος αἰεί.

φελεῖ δὲ τίκτειν "Γέρρις μὲν παλαιὰ νεά-

ζουσαν ἐν κακοῖς βροτῶν

"Γέρριν τότ' ἢ τόθ', ὅτε τὸ κύριον μόλῃ·
νέα δ' ἔφυσεν Κόρον,

δαίμονά τ' ἄμαχον, ἀπόλεμον,

ἀνίερον Θράσος, μελαίνα μελάθροισιν "Ἄτα
εἰδομένα τοκεῦσιν.

Δίκα δὲ λάμπει μὲν ἐν δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν,

τὸν δ' ἐναίσιμον τίει βίον.

τὰ χρυσόπαστα δ' ἔδεθλα σὺν πίνῳ χερῶν
παλευτρόποις ὅμιμασιν

λεποῦσ' ὅσια προσέμολε,

δύναμιν οὐ σέβουσα πλούτου παράσημον αἴνῳ.

πᾶν δ' ἐπὶ τέρμα νωμῆ.

— AESCHYLUS, Agamemnon, 727-755.

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ἀεὶ γὰρ ὄφεις ἔννυχοι πωλεύμεναι
ἐσ παρθενῶνας τοὺς ἔμοὺς παρηγόρουν
λείοισε μύθοις· Ὡ μέγ' εὐδάμων κόρη,
τί παρθενεύει δαρὸν, ἔξον σοι γάμου
τυχεῖν μεγίστου; Ζεὺς γὰρ ἱμέρου βέλει
πρὸς σοῦ τέθαλπται, καὶ ξυνάρεσθαι Κύπριν
θέλει· σὺ δ', ὡ παῖ, μὴ πολακτίσῃς λέχος
τὸ Ζηνὸς, ἀλλ' ἔξελθε πρὸς Λέρονης βαθὺν
λειμῶνα, ποίμνας βουστάσεις τε πρὸς πατρὸς,
ὣς ἂν τὸ Δῖον ὅμμα λωφήσῃ πόθου.

τοιοῖσδε πάσας εὐφρόνας ὄνείρασι
ἔνυειχόμην δύστηνος, ἕς τε δὴ πατρὶ^λ
ἔτλην γεγωνεῖν νυκτίφαντ' ὄνείρατα.

— AESCHYLUS, Prom. 663–675.

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Οὐ φευδὴς ὅδε μῆθος, ἀληθείη δὲ κέκασται,

Κυδίππης παῖδων εὔσεβής θ' δσίης.

ἡδυχαρὴς γὰρ ἔη σκοπὸς ἀνδράσιν ὥρεος οἶτος,

μητρὸς ἐπεὶ φιλίῃ κλεινὸν ἔθεντο πόνουν.

χαίροιτ' εἰν ἐνέροισιν ἐπ' εὔσεβήη, κλυτοὶ ἀνδρεῖς,

καὶ τὸν ἀπ' αἰώνων μῆθον ἔχοιτε μόνοι.

— ANTH. PAL. iii. 18.

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Ὦτε λάρνακε κεῖτ' ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ,

ἄνεμός τ' ἐφόρει μν πνέων κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα,

δεῖμα προσεῖρπε τότ' οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειᾶς,

ἀμφί τε Περσέῃ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ', εἰπέν τ' ὦ τέκος,
οἷον ἔχω πόνουν· σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς·

γαλαθηνῷ λαθεῖ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ

δούρατε χαλκεογύμφῳ,

νυκτὶ ἀλαμπεῖ κυανέῳ τε δυόφῳ καταλείς·

ἄλμαν δ' ὑπερθεν τεῖν κομᾶν βαθεῖαν

παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις, οὐδ' ἀνέμων

φθόγγον, πορφυρέᾳ

κείμενος ἐν χλανίδῃ, πρόσωπον κλεθὲν προσώπῳ.

εἴ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,

καὶ κεν ἔμῶν ὥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὖας.

κέλομαι δ', εῦδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,

εὐδέτω δ' ἀμοτον κακόν·

μεταιθολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ,
ἐκ σέθεν ὅττε δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος
εὔχομας νόσφιν δίκας, σύγγνωθί μοι.

— SIMONIDES, 37.

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‘Ρῆσις βραχεῖα τοῖς φρονοῦσι σώφρονα
πρὸς τοὺς τεκόντας καὶ φυτεύσαντας πρέπει
ἄλλως τε καὶ κόρη τε κάργειᾳ γένος,
αἷς κόσμος ἡ σιγή τε καὶ τὰ παῦρ’ ἔπη.

— SOPHOCLES, Frag. 61.

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γύναι, φέλον μὲν φέγγος ἡ λίου τόδε,
καλὸν δὲ πόντου χεῦμ' ἴδεῖν εὐήνεμον,
γῆ τ' ἡριεύνη θάλλουσα πλούσιόν θ' ὄδωρ,
πολλῶν τ' ἔπαινον ἔστι μοι λέξαι καλῶν·
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν οὕτω λαμπρὸν οὐδ' ἴδεῖν καλὸν
ώς τοῖς ἄπαισι καὶ πόθῳ δεδηγμένοις
παίδων νεογνῶν ἐν δόμοις ἴδεῖν φάσι.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 318.

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τὰ τῆς γε λήθης φάρμακ' ὀρθώσας μόνος,
ἄφωνα καὶ φωνοῦντα συλλαβάς τε θεὶς
ἔξεῦρον ἀνθρώποισι γράμματ' εἰδέναι,
ὡστ' οὐ παρόντα ποντίας ὑπὲρ πλακὸς
τάκει κατ' οὔκους πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι καλῶς,
παισίν τ' ἀποθνήσκοντα χρημάτων μέτρον
γράφαντας εἰπεῖν, τὸν λαβόντα δ' εἰδέναι.

ἄ δ' εἰς ἔριν πίπτουσιν ἀνθρώποις κακὰ
δέλτος διαιρεῖ, κούκ έᾳ φευδῆ λέγειν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 582.

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ἐκάνετ' ἐκάνετε τὰν
πάνσοφον, ὡ Δαναοὶ,
τὰν οὐδέν' ἀλγύνουσαν ἀηδόνα Μουσᾶν.

— EURIPIDES, Frag. 591.

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ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλεις
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν φι λεπόντες ἀθλέαν ἔμε
οἰκήσετ' ἀεὶ μητρὸς ἐστερημένοις·
ἔγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαῖαν εἴμι δὴ φυγὰς,
πρὸν σφῶν ὅνασθαι κάπιδεῖν εὔδαιμονας,
πρὸν λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους
εὗνὰς ἀγῆλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας.
ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ὡ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,
ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις
στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.
ἢ μήν ποθ' ἡ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας
πολλὰς ἐν ύμῖν γηροβοσκήσειν τ' ἔμε
καὶ κατθανοῦσαν χερσὸν εὖ περιστελεῖν,
ζηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποιςε· νῦν δ' ὅλωλε δὴ
γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γάρ ἐστερημένη
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινόν τ' ἐμοί.
ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὅμμασιν φίλοις
ὄφεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμα ἀποστάντες βίου.
φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὅμμασιν, τέκνα;

τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων;
 αἰσθὲ τέ δράσω; καρδία γὰρ οὔχεται,
 γυναικες, ὅμιμα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.
 οὐκ ἀν δυνάμην χαιρέτω βουλεύματα
 τά πρόσθεν· ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.

καύτοι τί πάσχω; βούλομαι γέλωτ' ὀφλεῖν
 ἔχθροὺς μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀζημάτους;
 τολμητέον τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,
 τὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενός.
 χωρεῖτε, πάιδες, ἐς δόμους· ὅτῳ δὲ μὴ
 θέμις παρεῖναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,
 αὐτῷ μελήσει. χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.

ἀλλ' εἴμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδὸν,
 καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτε,
 παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι. δότ', ὦ τέκνα,
 δότ' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.
 ὦ φιλτάτη χεὶρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα,
 καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὔγενὲς τέκνων,
 εύδαιμονοῖτον ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ τὰ δ' ἐνθάδε
 πατὴρ ἀφείλετ'. ὖ γλυκεῖα προσβολὴ,
 ὖ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἥδεστον τέκνων.
 χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ προσβλέπειν
 οἴα τ' ἐς ὄμας, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.

— EURIPIDES, Medea, 1021-1077.

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Τύριον οἶδμα λιποῦσ' ἔβαν
 ἀκροθίνεα Λοξίᾳ
 Φοενίσσας ἀπὸ νάσου

Φοίβῳ δούλα μελάθρων,
ζν' ὑπὸ δειράσι νιφοβόλοις
Παρνασοῦ κατενάσθη.

· · · · ·
 ἔτι δὲ Κασταλίας ὕδωρ
 ἐπιμένει με κόμας ἐμᾶς
 δεῦσαι παρθένειον χλεδὰν
 Φοιβεῖσαι λατρείας.
 ἵω λάμπουσα πέτρα πυρὸς
 δικορύφων σέλας ὑπὲρ ἄκρων
 Βακχεῖαν Διονύσου,
 οὖνα θ' ἀ καθαμέριον
 στάζεις τὸν πολύκαρπον
 οἰνάνθας ἱεῖσα βότρυν,
 ζάθεά τ' ἄντρα δράκοντος, οὐ-
 ρειάλ τε σκοπεῖλ θεῶν,
 νιφόβολόν τ' ὄρος ἵρδν, εἰ-
 λέσσων ἀθανάτας θεοῦ
 χορὸς γενοίμαν ἄφοβος
 παρὰ μεσόμφαλα γύαλα Φοιβου.

— EURIPIDES, Phoenissae, 202–207, 222–238.

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ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων·
 ἥλιος ἥδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,
 ἄστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τόδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος
 ἐξ νύχθ' ἱερὰν,
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαῖ
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερέαν
 ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.
 σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρους καπνὸς εἰς ὄρόφους

Φοίβου πέτεται,
 θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον
 Δελφὶς, ἀείδουσ' "Ελῆσι βοὰς,
 ἀς ἀν 'Απόλλων κελαδήσῃ.
 ἀλλ', ὡ Φοίβου Δελφὸς θέραπες,
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαρᾶς δὲ δρόσοις
 ἀφυδρανάμενοι στείχετε ναούς·
 στόμα τ' εῦφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθὸν,
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν
 μαντεύεσθαι
 γλώσσης ἴδιας ἀποφαίνειν.
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς
 μοχθοῦμεν ἀεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης
 στέφεστίν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν ύγραῖς τε πέδον
 ράντειν νοτερὸν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,
 αὖ βλάπτουσιν
 σέμν' ἀναθήματα, τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς
 φυγάδας θήσομεν· ὡς γάρ ἀμήτωρ
 ἀπάτωρ τε γεγώς τοὺς θρέψαντας
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ἄγ' ὡ νεηθαλὲς ὡ
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,
 δ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν
 σαύρεις ὑπὸ ναοῖς
 κήπων ἔξ ἀθανάτων,
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἰεραὶ
 τάν ἀέναον παγὰν
 ἐκπροϊεῖσας

μυρσίνας ἱερὰν φόβαν,
 ἣ σαύρω δάπεδον θεοῦ
 παναμέρειος ἄμ' ἀελίου πτέρουγε θοῷ
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.
 ὡς Παιὰν ὡς Παιὰν,
 εὐάλων εὐάλων
 εἴης, ὡς Λατοῦς πᾶς.

καλόν γε τὸν πόνον, ὡς
 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω,
 τεμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν·
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι,
 θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,
 οὐθνατοῖς, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις.
 εὐφάμοις δὲ πόνοις μοχθεῖν
 οὐκ ἀποκάμνω.
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ,
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,
 τὸ δ' ὡφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος ὄνομα λέγω
 Φοῖβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.
 ὡς Παιὰν ὡς Παιὰν,
 εὐάλων εὐάλων
 εἴης, ὡς Λατοῦς πᾶς.

— EURIPIDES, Ion, 82-142.

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XO. a'. οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις Ἀθά-
 ναις εὐκίνονες ἥσαν αὐ-
 λαλ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγυε-
 ἀτιδεῖς θεραπεῖαι.

ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξίᾳ
τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-
πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

XO. β'. ἵδον τάνδ' ἄθρησον,

Λερναῖον ὅδραν ἐναίρει
χρυσέας ἄρπαις δὲ διὸς πᾶντας
φίλα, πρόσιδ' ὅσσοις.

XO. α'. ὁρῶ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-

τοῦ πανὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἴ-
ρει τίς· ἄρ' ὃς ἔμαῖσε μυ-
θεύεται παρὰ πήναις
ἀσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, δις
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόνους
Δίψι παιδὶ συναντλεῖ;

XO. γ'. καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον

πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἡππου·
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσαν ἐναίρει
τρισώματον ἀλκάν.

XO. α'. παντᾶ τοι βλέφαρον διώκω.

σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχεσι
λαΐνοισι Γιγάντων.

XO. δ'. ὥδε δερκόμεθ', ὡς φίλαι,

XO. ε'. λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ
γοργωπὸν πάλλουσαν ἔτυν;

XO. ζ'. λεύσσω Παλλάδ' ἐμὰν θεόν.

XO. η'. τέ γάρ; κεραυνὸν
ἀμφίπυρον ὅβριμον ἐν Διὸς
ἐκηβόλοισε χερσέν;

XO. θ'. ὁρῶ, τὸν δάϊον Μίμαντα
πυρὶ καταθαλοῖ.

XO. ι'. καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον

ἀπολέμοις κισσίνοισι βάκτροις
· ἐναέρει Γᾶς τέκνων δὲ βακχεύς.

— EURIPIDES, Ion, 184–218.

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Πρῶτον μὲν εὐχῆ τῇδε πρεσβεύω θεῶν
τὴν πρωτόμαντιν Γαῖαν· ἐκ δὲ τῆς Θέμιν,
ἢ δὴ τὸ μητρὸς δευτέρα τόδ' ἔζετο
μαντεῖον, ὡς λόγος τις· ἐν δὲ τῷ τρίτῳ
λάχει, θελούσης, οὐδὲ πρὸς βίαν τινὸς,
Τεταυλὶς ἄλλῃ πᾶσι χθονὸς καθέζετο
Φοίβη· δίδωσι δ' ἢ γενέθλιον δόσιν
Φοίβῳ· τὸ Φοίβης δ' ὄνομ' ἔχει παρώνυμον.
λιπῶν δὲ λίμνην Δηλίαν τε χοιράδα,
κέλσας ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ναυπόρους τὰς Παλλάδος,
ἐς τήνδε γαῖαν ἥλθε Παρνησσοῦ θ' ἔδρας.
πέμπουσι δ' αὐτὸν καὶ σεβίζουσιν μέγα
κελευθοποιοὶ παῖδες Ἡφαίστου χθόνα
ἀνήμερον τιθέντες ἡμερωμένην.
μολόντα δ' αὐτὸν κάρτα τιμαλφεῖ λεώς,
Δελφός τε χώρας τῆσδε πρυμνήτης ἄναξ.
τέχνης δέ νιν Ζεὺς ἔνθεον κτίσας φρένα,
ζεῖ τέταρτον τόνδε μάντεν ἐν θρόνοις.
Διὸς προφήτης δ' ἐστὶ Λοξίας πατρὸς.
τούτους ἐν εὐχαῖς φροιμάζομαι θεούς.
Παλλὰς προναία δ' ἐν λόγοις πρεσβεύεται.
σέβω δὲ νύμφας, ἔνθα Κωρυκὶς πέτρα
κοιλη, φέλορνις, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφή·
(Βρόμος δ' ἔχει τὸν χῶρον, οὐδὲ ἀμνημονῶ,
ἢ οὐτε Βάκχαις ἐστρατήγησεν θεὸς,
λαγῶ δίκην Πενθεῖ καταρράφας μόρον·)

Πλειστοῦ τε πηγὰς, καὶ Ποσειδῶνος κράτος
καλοῦσα, καὶ Τέλειου ὄφειστον Δία.
ἔπειτα μάντεις εἰς θρόνους καθιζάνω.

— AESCHYLUS, Eumen. 1-29.

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έμοὶ πατὴρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἦν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρές. ἡγόμην δ' ἀνὴρ
ἀστῶν μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεῖ, πρέν μοι τύχη
τοιάδ' ἐπέστη, θαυμάσαι μὲν ἀξία,
σπουδῆς γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς οὐκ ἀξία.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἐν δείπνοις μ' ὑπερπλησθεὶς μέθη
καλεῖ παρ' οὖν φ πλαστὸς ὡς εἴην πατρί.
κάγὼ βαρυνθεὶς τὴν μὲν οὖσαν ἡμέραν
μόλις κατέσχον, θάτερα δ' ἵων πέλας
μητρὸς πατρός τ' ἥλεγχον· οἱ δὲ δυσφόρως
τοῦνειδος ἥγον τῷ μεθέντι τὸν λόγον.
κάγὼ τὰ μὲν κείνοιν ἐτερπόμην, ὅμως δ'
ἐκνιζέ μ' ἀεὶ τοῦθ'. ὄφειρπε γὰρ πολὺ.
λάθρα δὲ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς πορεύομαι
Πυθώδε, καὶ μ' ὁ Φοῖβος ὅν μὲν ἱκόμην
ἄτεμον ἐξέπεμψεν, ἄλλα δ' ἄθλα
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δύστηνα προύφηνεν λέγων,
ὡς μητρὶ μὲν χρείη με μιχθῆναι, γένος δ'
ἄτητον ἀνθρώποισι δηλώσοιμ' ὀρᾶν,
φονεὺς δ' ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.
κάγὼ πακούσας τῶντα τὴν Κορινθίαν
ἄστροις τὸ λοιπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος χθόνα
ἔφευγον, ἔνθα μήποτ' ὄφοί μην κακῶν
χρησμῶν ὀνείδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελούμενα.
στείχων δ' ἴκνοῦμαι τούσδε τοὺς χώρους, ἐν οἷς

σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὄλλυσθαι λέγεις.
 καὶ σοι, γύναι, τάληθὲς ἔξερῶ. τρεπλῆς
 δτ' ἦν κελεύθου τῆσδ' ὀδοιπορῶν πελας,
 ἐνταῦθα μοι κῆρυξ τε κάπι πωλικῆς
 ἀνὴρ ἀπήνης ἐμβεβώς, οἶον σὺ φῆς,
 ξυνηντίαζον· κάξ ὁδοῦ μ' δ' θ' ἡγεμῶν
 αὐτός θ' δὲ πρέσβυς πρὸς βίαν ἡλαυνέτην.
 κάγὼ τὸν ἔκτρέποντα, τὸν τροχηλάτην,
 παίω δὲ δρῆς· καὶ μ' δὲ πρέσβυς ὡς ὁρᾶ
 ὅχους παραστέιχοντα τηρήσας μέσον
 κάρα διπλοῖς κέντροισί μου καθίκετο.
 οὐ μὴν ἵσην γ' ἔτισεν, ἀλλὰ συντόνως
 σκήπτρῳ τυπεὶς ἐκ τῆσδε χειρὸς ὕπτιος
 μέσης ἀπήνης εὔθὺς ἐκκυλένδεται·
 κτείνω δὲ τοὺς ἑύμπαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ἔνεν
 τούτῳ προσήκει Λαῖου τε συγγενές,
 τίς ἔχθροδάμων μᾶλλον ἀν γένοιτ' ἀνήρ;
 τίς τοῦδε τάνδρός ἐστ' ἔτ' ἀθλιώτερος;
 δοῦ μὴ ἔνων ἔξεστι μηδὲ ἀστῶν τινὲς
 δόμοις δέχεσθαι, μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν τινὰ,
 ὀθεῖν δὲ ἀπ' οἴκων. καὶ τάδ' οὕτις ἄλλος ἦν
 ἢ 'γὼ 'π' ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ' ἀράς δὲ προστιθείς.

μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ὡς θεῶν ἀγνὸν σέβας,
 ἴδοιμε ταύτην ἡμέραν, ἀλλ' ἐκ βροτῶν
 βαίην ἀφαντος πρόσθεν ἢ τοιάνδ' ἴδεῖν
 κηλεῖδ' ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾶς ἀφεγμένην.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Tyr. 774-833.

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μέλπει δ' ἐν δένδρεσι λεπτὰν
ἀηδῶν ἀρμονίαν
δρθρευομένα γέοις
"Ιτυν "Ιτυν πολύθρονον.

— EURIPIDES, Fragment 775.

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εἰ δὲ κυρεῖ τις πέλας οἰωνοπόλων
ἔγγαιος, οἴκτον οἰκτρὸν ἀτῶν
δοξάσει τις ἀκούειν ὅπα τᾶς Τηρεῖας
μήτιδος οἰκτρᾶς ἀλόχου
κερκηλάτου τ' ἀηδόνος·
ἄτ' ἀπὸ χώρων ποταμῶν τ' εἰργομένα
πενθεῖ νέοικτον οἴτον ἡθέων,
ξυντίθησι δὲ παιδὸς μόρον, ὡς αὐτοφόνως
ἄλετο πρὸς χειρὸς ἔθεν,
δυσμάτορος κότου τυχών.

— AESCHYLUS, Supplices, 56–65.

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ἄλλ' ἔμέ γ' ἀ στονόεσσ' ἄραρεν φρένας,
ἀ "Ιτυν, αἱὲν "Ιτυν ὀλοφύρεται,
δρνις ἀτυζομένα, Δεὶς ἄγγελος.

— SOPHOCLES, Electra, 147–149.

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ἄγε, σύννομέ μοι, παῖσαι μὲν ὑπνου,
λῦσον δὲ νόμους λερῶν ὕμνων,
οἵς διὰ θείου στόματος θρηνεῖς
τὸν ἔμδον καὶ σὸν πολύδακρυν "Ιτυν·

ἐλελιζομένης δ' ἵεροῖς μέλεσιν
γένυσος ξουθῆς
καθαρὰ χωρεῖ διὰ φυλλοκόμου
σμύλακος ἡχώ πρὸς Διὸς ἔδρας,
ἢν' δὲ χρυσοκόμας Φοῖβος ἀκούων
τοῖς σοῖς ἐλέγοις ἀντιφάλλων
ἐλεφαντόδετον φόρμιγγα θεῶν
ζστησει χορούς· διὰ δὲ ἀθανάτων
στομάτων χωρεῖ ξύμφωνος ὁμοῦ
θεία μακάρων ὀλολυγή.

— ARISTOPHANES, *Ornithes*, 209-222.

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ἥμος δ' αἰγλήντα περιστρέφετ' οὐρανὸν ἄστρα
παντοθε μαρμαίρουντα, πόνου δ' ἐπιλήθεται ἀνήρ,
δὴ τότε 'Αθηναίη μακάρων ἔδος αἰπὺ λιποῦσα
ἥλυθε παρθενικῇ ἀπαλόχροϊ παντ' εἰκυῖα
ἐς νῆας καὶ λαύν· ἀρηφέλου δ' ἄρο' 'Επειοῦ
ἔστη ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐν ὀνέραι, καὶ μν ἀνώγει
τεῦξαι δούρειον ἐππον· ἔφη δέ οἱ ἐγκονέοντε
αὐτὴ συγκαμέειν, αὐτὴ δ' ἄφαρ ἀγχόθε βῆναι
ἔργον ἔς ὀτρύνουσα· θεῆς δ' ὅγε μῦθον ἀκούσας
καγχαλόων ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀκηδέος ἔκθορεν ὅπνου·
ἔγνω δ' ἀθάνατον θεὸν ἄμβροτον· οὐδὲ οἱ ἥτορ
ἄλλο παρὲς ὤρμακνε, νόου δ' ἔχεν αἰὲν ἐπ' ἔργῳ
θεσπεσιώ· πινυτὴ δὲ περὶ φρένας ἦιε τέχνη.

'Ηῶς δ' ὀππόθ' ἕκανεν ἀπωσαμένη κνέφας ἦν
εἰς ἔρεβος, χαροπὴ δὲ δι' ἥέρος ἦιεν αἴγλη,
δὴ τότε θεῖον ὄνειρον ἐν 'Αργείοισιν 'Επειός,
ώς ἔδειν, ως ἥκουσεν, ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·
οἱ δέ οἱ εἰσαῦοντες ἀπειρέσιον κεχάροντο.

— Q. SMYRNAEUS, xii. 104-121.

XO. θρέομαι φοβερὰ μεγάλ' ἄχη.

μεθεῖται στρατὸς στρατόπεδον λεπάν·

ῥεῖ πολὺς ὅδε λεώς πρόδρομος ἵππότας·

αἰθερία κύνες με πείθει φανεῖσ',

ἄναδος σαφῆς ἔτυμος ἄγγελος.

Ἐτι δὲ γᾶς ἐμᾶς πεδί' ὀπλόκτυπ' ὡσὶ χρίμπτει βοάν·

ποτάται, βρέμει δ' ἀμαχέτου δίκαν ὑδατος ὄροτύπου.

ἷώ ἵω, θεοὶ θεάκ τ', ὄρθμενον κακὸν ἀλεύσατε·

βοῷ ὑπὲρ τειχέων

δι λεύκασπις ὅρνυται λαδς εὐτρεπής ἐπὶ πόλειν

διώκων πόδα.

τίς ἄρα ρύσεται, τίς ἄρ' ἐπαρκέσει θεῶν ἢ θεᾶν;

προδώσεις, παλαίχθων "Αρης, τὰν τεὰν γᾶν;

ῳ χρυσοπήληξ δαιμον, ἔπιδ' ἔπιδε πόλειν

τεὰν, ἄν ποτ' εὐφειλήταν ἔθου.

θεοὶ πολεάοχοι [χθονὸς,] ἵτ' ἵτε πάντες ὥ,

ζδετε παρθένων ἱκέσιον λόχον δουλοσύνας ὑπέρ.

κῦμα [γὰρ] περὶ πτόλειν

δοχμολοφάν ἀνδρῶν καχλάζει πνοαῖς "Αρεος ὄρθμενον.

ἀλλ', ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ παντελές,

πάντως ἄρηξον δαιῶν ἄλωσιν.

'Αργέειοι δὲ πόλισμα Κάδμου

κυκλοῦνται φόβοις δ' ἀρείων ὅπλων·

διάδετοί τε δὴ γένυος ἵππεις

κενύρονται φόνον χαλινοί.

ἐπτὰ δ' ἀγάνορες πρέποντες στρατοῦ

δορυσσοῖς σάγας πύλαις ἐβδόμας

προσίστανται πάλῳ λαχόντες

— AESCHYLUS, The Seven against Thebes, 78-119.

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XO. ὡ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους
ὅδε,

δες τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ὥδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνὴρ,
ὅστις οὐ ζήλω πολιτῶν τῆς τύχης ἐπέβλεπεν.

εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
ώστε θυητὸν ὄντ' ἐκείνην τὴν τελευταίαν χρεῶν
ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
τέρομα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθῶν.

— SOPHOCLES, Oed. Tyr. 1523-1530.

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ὦ Σεμέλας τροφοὶ Θῆ-
βαι στεφανοῦσθε κισσῷ.
βρύετε βρύετε χλοήρει
σμέλακε καλλικάρπω,
καὶ καταβακχιοῦσθε δρυδὲς
ἢ ἐλάτας κλάδοσι,
στικτῶν τ' ἐνδυτὰ νεβρίδων
στέφετε λευκοτρίχων πλοκάμων
μαλλοῖς· ἀμφὶ δὲ νάρθηκας ύβρε-
στὰς ὁσιοῦσθ'. αὐτίκα γὰ πᾶσα χορεύσει,
Βρόμως εὗτ' ἀν ἄγη θιάσους
εἰς ὄρος εἰς ὄρος, ἔνθα μένει
θηλυγενῆς ὄχλος
ἀφ' ἴστῶν παρὰ κερκίδων τ'
οἰστρηθεὶς Διονύσῳ.

· · · · ·
ἥδης ἐν οὔρεσιν ὅς ἀν
ἐκ θιάσων δρομαίων
πέσῃ πεδόσε, νεβρίδος ἔχων

ιερὸν ἐνδυτὸν, ἀγρεύων
 αἷμα τραγοκτόνου, ὡμοφάγον χάριν,
 λέμενος εἰς ὅρεα Φρύγια, Λύδαι.
 ὁ δ' ἔξαρχος Βρόμος, εὐοῖ.
 φεῦ δὲ γάλακτι πέδον, φεῦ δ' οἶνῳ, φεῦ δὲ μελισσᾶν
 νέκταρι, Συρίας δ' ὡς λιβάνου καπνός.
 ὁ βακχεὺς δ' ἔχων
 πυρσώδη φλόγα πεύκας
 ἐκ νάρθηκος ἀΐσσει
 δρόμῳ, χοροὺς ἐρεθίζων πλανάτας,
 ἵαχαῖς τ' ἀναπάλλων,
 τρυφερὸν πλόκαμον εἰς αἱθέρα φέπτων.
 ἄμα δ' ἐπ' εὐάσμασιν ἐπιβρέμει
 τοιάδ'; ὡς τοτε βάκχας,
 ὡς τοτε βάκχα,
 Τμώλου χρυσορόbus χλεδὰ,
 μέλπετε τὸν Διένυσον
 βαρυβρόμων ὑπὸ τυμπάνων,
 εὗει τὸν εὔειν ἀγαλλόμεναι θεὸν
 ἐν Φρυγίᾳσι βοαις ἐνοπαῖσι τε,
 λωτὸς ὅταν εὐκέλαδος ιερὸς ιερὰ
 παύγματα βρέμῃ σύνοχα φοιτάσιν
 εἰς ὅρος εἰς ὅρος· ἡδομένα δ' ἄρα
 πῶλος ὅπως ἄμα ματέρι φορβάδε
 κῶλον ἄγει ταχύπουν σκερτήμασι βάκχα.

— EURIPIDES, Bacchae, 105-119, 135-169.

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χαλεπὸν

θεῶν παρατρέψαι νόδον
 ἄνδρεσσιν ἐπιγθονέοις.

καὶ γὰρ ἄν πλάξιππος Οἰνεὺς
 πᾶσεν καλυκοστεφάνου
 σεμνᾶς χόλου Ἀρτέμιδος λευκωλένου
 λεσσόμενος πολέων
 τ' αἰγῶν θυσίασι πατήρ
 καὶ βοῶν φοινικονώτων.
 ἀλλ' ἀνίκατον θεὰ
 ἔσχεν χόλου, εὐρυβίαν δ' ἔσσεν[ε] κούρα
 κάπρον ἀναιδομάχαν
 ἐς καλλίχορον Καλυδῶ-
 ν'. ἐνθα πλημωρῶν σθένει
 δροχους ἐπέκειρεν δδόντε,
 σφᾶξέ τε μῆλα, βροτῶν
 θ' δστις εἴσαντ' ἄν μόλοι.
 τῷ δὲ στυγεράν δῆριν Ἐλλάνων ἄριστος
 στασάμεθ' ἐνδυκέως

Ἐξ ἄματα συνεχέως ἐπει δὲ δαίμων
 κάρτος Αἰτωλοῖς ὅρεξεν,
 θάπτομεν οδς κατέπεφ-
 νεν σūς ἐρεβρύχας ἐπαΐσσων βίᾳ.

Θεστίου κούρα δαῦφρων
 μάτηρ κακόποτμος ἐμοὶ^λ
 βούλευσεν ὅλεθρον ἀτάρβακτος γυνά.
 καὶ τε δαυδαλέας
 ἐκ λάρυακος ὡκύμορον
 φιτρὸν ἀγκλαύσασα τὸν δὴ
 μοῖρ' ἐπέκλωσεν τότε
 ζωᾶς ὅρον ἀμετέρας ἔμμεν.

μίνυνθα δέ μοι φυχὰ γλυκεῖα·
γνῶν δ' ὀλεγοσθενέων,
αἴα· πύματον δὲ πνέων δάκρυσα τλ[άμων]
ἀγλαὰν ἥβαν προλείπων.

φασὶν ἀδεισιβόν
'Αμφιτρύωνος παῖδα μοῦνον δὴ τότε
τέγξαι βλέφαρον, ταλαπενθέος
πότμον οἰκτείροντα φωτός.
καὶ νεν ἀμειβόμενος
τόδ' ἔφα· θνατοῖσι μὴ φῦναι φέρεστον,
μήτ' ἀελέου προσιδεῖν
φέγγος. ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ τις ἐστιν
πρᾶξις τάδε μυρομένοις,

— BACCHYLIDES, v. 94-116, 137-144, 151-163.

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ὑμέων δ' οὐ περ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
οὐδ' οὐ προφρονέως μέμαθ' "Εκτορος ἀντίον ἐλθεῖν."
"Ως νείκεσσ' ὁ γέρων, οἱ δ' ἐνυέα πάντες ἀνέσταν.
ῷρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεῖδης ὥρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὅπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντη,
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Εὔρυπυλος, Εὔάμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός,
ὅν δὲ Θόας Ἀνδραιμονίδης καὶ δῖος Ὁδυσσεύς·
πάντες ἄρ' οὐ γ' ἔθελον πολεμίζειν "Εκτορε δίψ.
τοῖς δ' αὐτις μετέειπε Γερήνεος ἐππότα Νέστωρ·
"κλήρῳ νῦν πεπάλασθε διαμπερές, δις κε λάχησιν
οὗτος γάρ δὴ ὄνήσει ἔϋκυνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς,
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς δν θυμὸν ὄνήσεται, αἵ κε φύγησε

δητού ἐκ πολέμου καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος.”

“Ως ἔφαθ’, οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημήναντο ἔκαστος,
ἐν δ’ ἔβαλον κυνέη Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.

λαοὶ δ’ ἡρήσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον·
ῶδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν ἵδων εἰς οὐρανὸν εὔρυν·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ Αἴαντα λαχεῖν, ἦ Τυδέος υἱόν,
ἢ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκήνης.”

“Ως ἄρ’ ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
ἐκ δ’ ἔθορε κλῆρος κυνέης, δν ἄρ’ ἥθελον αὐτοί,
Αἴαντος· κῆρυξ δὲ φέρων ἀν’ ὅμιλον ἀπάντη
δεῖξ’ ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.

οἱ δ’ οὐ γιγνώσκοντες ἀπηνήναντο ἔκαστος.

ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ τὸν ἵκανε φέρων ἀν’ ὅμιλον ἀπάντη,
ὅς μν ἐπιγράφας κυνέη βάλε, φαίδεμος Αἴας,
ἥ τοι ὑπέσχεθε χεῖρ’, ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἔμβαλεν ἄγχε παραστάς,
γνῶ δὲ κλῆρου σῆμα ἵδων, γήθησε δὲ θυμῷ.

τὸν μὲν πὰρ πόδ’ ἐδύ χαμάδεις βάλε φώνησέν τε·

“ὦ φίλοι, ἢ τοις κλῆρος ἐμός, χάρω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
θυμῷ, ἐπεὶ δοκέω νικησέμεν “Εκτορα δῖον.

— HOMER, Il. vii. 159-192.

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“Ἄρειστον μὲν ὅδωρ, ὁ δὲ χρυσὸς αἰθόμενον πῦρ
ἄτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ μεγάνορος ἔξοχα πλούτου·

εἰ δ’ ἄειθλα γαρύεν

ζλδεαι, φίλον ἡτορ,

μηκέθ’ ἀλίου σκόπει

ἄλλο θαλπυότερον ἐν ἀμέρᾳ φαεννὸν ἄστρον ἐρήμας δε’
αἰθέρος·

μηδ’ Ὁλυμπίας ἀγῶνα φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν·

ὅθεν δὲ πολύφατος ὅμνος ἀμφιβάλλεται

σοφῶν μητίεσσι, κελαδεῖν
Κρόνου παιδ'.

— PINDAR, Ol. i. 1-10.

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λευκώλενε Καλλέπτα,
στᾶσον εύποέητον ἄρμα
ἀώτοῦ, Δία τε Κρονίδαν
ὅμνησον 'Ολύμπιον ἀρχαγὸν θεῶν,
τὸν τ' ἀκαμαντορόβαν
'Αλφεόν, Πέλοπός τε βίαν,
καὶ Πίσαν, ἔνθ' ὁ κλεεννὸς
[πο]σσὶ νικάσας δρόμῳ
[αὖξ]εν Φερένικος ἐϋπύργους Συρακούσ-
σας, Ἱέρωντε φέρων
[εὗδ]αιμονέας πέταλον.

— BACCHYLIDES, v. 176-186.

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Ματερ ὡ χρυσοστεφάνων ἀέθλων Οὐλυμπία,
δέσποιν' ἀλαθείας· ἵνα μάντιες ἄνδρες
ἐμπύροις τεκμαρόμενοι παραπειρῶνται Διός ἀργικε-
ράνουο,
εἴ τιν' ἔχει λόγον ἀνθρώπων πέρε
μακομένων μεγάλαν
ἀρετὰν θυμῷ λαβεῖν,
τῶν δὲ μόχθων ἀμπνοάν·

ἄνεταν δὲ πρὸς χάριν εὔσεβίας ἀνδρῶν λιταῖς.
ἀλλ' ὡ Πίσας εῦδενδρον ἐπ' Ἀλφεῷ ἄλσος,
τὸνδε κῶμον καὶ στεφαναφορέαν δέξαι. μέγα τοι
κλέος αἰεί,

φέτινε σὸν γέρας ἔσπητ' ἀγλαόν·
ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἔβαν
ἀγαθῶν, πολλὰ δ' ὅδοι
σὺν θεοῖς εὐπραγίας.

— PINDAR, Ol. viii. 1-14.

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καὶ τότ' ἐγείνατο παιδα πολύτροπον, αἰμωλομήτην,
ληϊστῆρ', ἐλατῆρα βοῶν, ἡγήτορ' ὀνείρων,
νυκτὸς ὀπωπητῆρα, πυληδόκου, δς τάχ' ἔμελλεν
ἀμφανέειν κλυτὰ ἔργα μετ' ἀθανάτοιςι θεοῖσιν.
ἡῷος γεγονώς μέσω ἥματι ἐγκιθάριζεν,
ἔσπέριος βοῦς κλέψεν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος,
τετράδι τῇ προτέρῃ, τῇ μν τέκε πότνια Μᾶτα.
δς καὶ ἐπεὶ δὴ μητρὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτων θόρε γυέων,
οὐκέτε δηρὸν ἔκειτο μένων ἱερῷ ἐνὶ λίκνῳ,
ἄλλ' ὁ γ' ἀνατέξας ζήτει βόας Ἀπόλλωνος,
οὐδὸν ὑπερβαίνων ὑψηρεφέος ἄντροιο.

— HOMER, Hymn to Hermes, 13-23.

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ὦ Πέλοπος ἀ πρόσθεν
πολύπονος ἵππεία,
ώς ἔμολες αἰανή
τῷδε γᾶ.
εὗτε γάρ δ ποντισθεὶς
Μυρτίλος ἐκοιμάθη,
παγχρύσων ἐκ δίφρων
δυστάνοις αἰκίας
πρόρριζος ἐκριφθεὶς,
οὕ τέ πω

ἔλεπεν ἐκ τοῦδ' οἴκου
πολύπονος ἀκία.

— SOPHOCLES, Electra, 504–515.

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πρὸς εὐάνθεμον δ' ὅτε φυὰν
λάχνας νιν μέλαν γένεσον ἔρεφον.
ἔτοῖμον ανεφρόντισεν γάμον

Πισάτα παρὰ πατρὸς εὔδοξον ‘Ιπποδάμειαν
σχεθέμεν. ἄγχι δ' ἐλθὼν πολιᾶς ἀλὸς οἶος ἐν ὄρφνῃ
ἄπιεν βαρύκτυπον
Εὐτρίαιναν· δ δ' αὐτῷ
πάρ ποδὲ σχεδὸν φάνη.
τῷ μὲν εἶπε· “Φίλια δῶρα Κυπρίας ἄγ’ εἴ τι, Ποσείδαον,

ἔς χάριν

“τέλλεται, πέδασον ἔγχος Οἰνομάου χάλκεον,
“ἔμὲ δ' ἐπὶ ταχυτάτων πόρευσον ἀρμάτων
“ἔς Ἀλιν, κράτει δὲ πέλασον.
“ἐπεὶ τρεῖς τε καὶ δέκ' ἀνδρας ὀλέσαις
“ἔρωντας ἀναβάλλεται γάμον
“θυγατρός.

ώς ἔννεπεν· οὐδ' ἀκράντοις ἐφάψατ' ὡν ἔπεσι. τὸν μὲν
ἀγάλλων θεδεῖς
ἔδωκεν δίφρον τε χρύσεον πτεροῖσίν τ' ἀκάμαντας
ἴππους.
ἔλεν δ' Οἰνομάου βίαν παρθένον τε σύνευνον·

— PINDAR, Ol. i. 67–88.

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'Αλκένοος δὲ τότε' ἥρχε, θεῶν ἄπο μήδεα εἰδώς·
τοῦ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα θεὰ γλωκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
νόστον Ὁδυσσῆι μεγαλήτορε μητείωσα.
βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἐς θάλαμον πολυδάίδαλον, φῶνε κούρη
κοιμᾶται ἀθανάτησι φυὴν καὶ εἶδος ὁμοίη,
Ναυσικά, θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἀλκενόοιο,
πάρ δὲ δύ' ἀμφίπολοι, Χαρέτων ἄπο κάλλος ἔχουσαι,
σταθμοῖν ἐκάτερθε· θύραι δ' ἐπέκειντο φαειναί.
ἢ δ' ἀνέμου ως πνοιῇ ἐπέσσυτο δέμνια κούρης,
στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς, καὶ μν πρὸς μῆθον ἔειπεν,

"Ναυσικά, τί νύ σ' ὡδε μεθήμονα γείνατο μήτηρ;
εἴματα μέν τοι κεῖται ἀκηδέα σιγαλόεντα,
σοὶ δὲ γάμος σχεδόν ἐστιν, ἵνα χρὴ καλὰ μὲν αὐτὴν
ἔννυσθαι, τὰ δὲ τοῖσι παρασχεῖν οἵ κέ σ' ἄγωνται.
ἐκ γάρ τοι τούτων φάτεις ἀνθρώπους ἀναβάνειε
ἐσθλή, χάρουσιν δὲ πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
ἄλλ' ἵμεν πλυνέουσαι ἅμ' ἡοῖς φαινομένηφε·
καὶ τοι ἐγὼ συνέρεθος ἅμ' ἔφομαι, δόφρα τάχεστα
ἔντυνεαι, ἐπεὶ οὖ τοι ἔτι δὴν παρθένος ἔσσεαι·
ἥδη γάρ σε μνῶνται ἀριστῆες κατὰ δῆμον
πάντων Φαήκων, δθε τοι γένος ἐστὶ καὶ αὐτῇ.
ἄλλ' ἄγ' ἐπότρυνον πατέρα κλυτὸν ἡῶθε πρὸ^τ
ἡμένους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐφοπλέσαι, ἢ κεν ἄγησε
ζῶστρά τε καὶ πέπλους καὶ δήρεα σιγαλόεντα.
καὶ δὲ σοὶ ὡδ' αὐτῇ πολὺ κάλλιον ἡὲ πόδεσσιν
ἕρχεσθαι· πολλὸν γάρ ἀπὸ πλυνοί εἰσι πόληος."

"Η μὲν ἄρ' ως εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλωκῶπις Ἀθήνη
Οὔλυμπόνδ", δθε φασὶ θεῶν ἔδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ^τ
ἔμμεναι· οὕτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται οὕτε ποτ' ὅμβρῳ

δεύεται οὕτε χιῶν ἐπιπίλναται, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἴθρη
πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη·
τῷ ἔνι τέρπονται μάκαρες θεοὶ ἡματα πάντα.
Ἐνθ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις, ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε κούρη.

Αὐτίκα δ' Ἡώς ἥλθεν ἐῦθρονος, ἣ μν ἔγειρε
Ναυσικάαν εὔπεπλον· ἄφαρ δ' ἀπεθαύμασ' ὅνειρον,
βῆ δ' ἔμεναι διὰ δώμαθ', ὧν' ἀγγείλειε τοκεῦσι,
πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ· κιχήσατο δ' ἔνδον ἔόντας·
ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ ἥστο σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν,
ἡ λάκατα στρωφῶσ' ἀλεπόρφυρα· τῷ δὲ θύραζε
ἐρχομένῳ ξύμβλητο μετὰ κλειτοὺς βασιλῆας
ἔς βουλήν, ὧνα μν κάλεον Φαίηκες ἀγαοί.
ἢ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχι στᾶσα φίλον πατέρα προσέειπε·

“Πάππα φίλ’, οὐκ ἀν δή μοι ἐφοπλέσσειας ἀπήνην
ὑψηλὴν εὔκυκλον, ὧνα κλυτὰ εἴματ’ ἄγωματ
ἔς ποταμὸν πλυνέουσα, τά μοι φέρυπωμένα κεῖται;
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ ἔοικε μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἔόντα
βουλὰς βουλεύειν καθαρὰ χροῖ εἴματ’ ἔχοντα.
πέντε δέ τοι φίλοι μνεῖς ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάσιν,
οἱ δύ' ὀπυέοντες, τρεῖς δ' ἥθεοι θαλέθοντες·
οἱ δ' αἰεὶ ἐθέλουσι νεόπλυτα εἴματ’ ἔχοντες
ἔς χορὸν ἔρχεσθαι· τὰ δ' ἐμῇ φρενὶ πάντα μέμηλεν.”

“Ως ἔφατ· αἰδετο γὰρ θαλερὸν γάμον ἔξονομῆναι
πατρὶ φίλῳ· ὁ δὲ πάντα νόει καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“Οὕτε τοι ἡμεδύνων φθονέω, τέκος, οὕτε τευ ἄλλου.
ἔρχευ· ἀτάρ τοι δμῶες ἐφοπλέσσουσιν ἀπήνην
ὑψηλὴν εὔκυκλον, ὑπερτερή ἀραρυῖαν.”

“Ως εἰπὼν δμῶεσσιν ἐκέκλετο, τοὺς δ' ἐπίθοντο.
οἱ μὲν ἄρο’ ἐκτὸς ἄμαξαν ἐῦτροχον ἡμιονείην
ἄπλεον, ἡμεδύνουσ θ’ ὅπαγον ζεῦξάν θ’ ὅπ’ ἀπήνη·
κούρη δ’ ἐκ θαλάμοσο φέρεν ἐσθῆτα φαεινήν.

καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐϋξέστω ἐπ' ἀπήνη,
μήτηρ δ' ἐν κίστῃ ἐτίθει μενοεικέ' ἐδωδὴν
παντοίην, ἐν δ' ὄφα τίθει, ἐν δ' οἶνον ἔχευεν
ἀσκῷ ἐν αἰγείῳ· κούρη δ' ἐπεβήσετ' ἀπήνης.
δῶκεν δὲ χρυσέην ἐν ληκύθῳ ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον,
ἥσος χυτλώσαιτο σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν.
ἡ δ' ἔλαιβεν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνέα σιγαλίεντα,
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάου· καναχὴ δ' ἦν ἡμιόνοις·
αἱ δ' ἄμοτον τανύοντο, φέρον δ' ἐσθῆτα καὶ αὐτήν,
οὐκ οὖην, ἄμα τῇ γε καὶ ἀμφίπολος κίον ἄλλαι.

Αἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ποταμῷο ῥόον περικαλλέ' ἴκοντο,
ἐνθ' ἡ τοι πλυνολήσαν ἐπηετανόν, πολὺ δ' ὕδωρ
καλὸν ὑπεκπρορέει μάλα περ ῥυπόωντα καθῆραι,
ἐνθ' αὖ γ' ἡμιόνους μὲν ὑπεκπροέλυσαν ἀπήνης.
καὶ τὰς μὲν σεῦαν ποταμὸν πάρα δεινήεντα
τρώγειν ἄγρωστιν μελιηδέα· ταὶ δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης
εἴματα χερσὸν ἔλοντο καὶ ἐσφόρεον μέλαν ὕδωρ,
στεῖβον δ' ἐν βόθροισι θοῶς ἔριδα προφέρουσαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πλῦνάν τε κάθηράν τε ῥύπα πάντα,
ἔξείης πέτασαν παρὰ θῖν' ἀλός, ἥχι μάλιστα
λάϊγγας ποτὶ χέρσον ἀποπλύνεσκε θάλασσα.
αἱ δὲ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρισάμεναι λέπ' ἐλάϊψ
δεῖπνον ἐπειθ' εἴλοντο παρ' ὅχθησιν ποταμῷο,
εἴματα δ' ἡελίοιο μένον τερσήμεναι αὐγῇ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σίτου τάρφθειν δμψαί τε καὶ αὐτή,
σφαίρῃ ταὶ γ' ἄρ' ἐπαιζον, ἀπὸ κρήδεμνα βαλοῦσαι·
τῆσι δὲ Ναυσικάλευκώλενος ἥρχετο μολπῆς.
οἵη δ' "Ἄρτεμις εἶσι κατ' οὔρεος ἵοχέαρα,
ἥ κατὰ Τηῦγετον περιμήκετον Ἡ Ἐρύμανθον
τερπομένη κάπροισι καὶ ὠκείης ἐλάφοισι·
τῇ δέ θ' ἄμα νύμφαι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοι,

ἀγρονόμοις παίζουσι· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα Λητώ·
πασάων δ' ὑπὲρ ἡ γε κάρη ἔχει ἡδὲ μέτωπα,
ῥεῖά τ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι·
ῶς ἡ γ' ἀμφιπόλοισι μετέπρεπε παρθένος ἀδμῆς.

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ ἄρ' ἔμελλε πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι
ζεύξασ' ἡμιόνους πτύξασά τε εἴματα καλά,
ἐνθ' αὐτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε θεὰ γλωκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ῶς Ὁδυσσεὺς ἔγροιτο, ἵδοι τ' εὐώπιδα κούρην,
ἢ οἱ Φαιήκων ἀνδρῶν πόλιν ἤγήσαιτο.
σφαιραν ἔπειτ' ἔρριψε μετ' ἀμφίπολον βασίλεια·
ἀμφιπόλου μὲν ἄμαρτε, βαθείη δ' ἔμβαλε δίνη,
αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄϋσαν. ὁ δ' ἔγρετο δῖος Ὁδυσσεύς,
ἔζόμενος δ' ὕρματινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·

"Ὥ μοι ἔγώ, τέων αὗτε βροτῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἱκάνω;
ἢ ρ' οὐ γ' ὑβριστάί τε καὶ ἄγριοι οὐδὲ δίκαιοι,
ἢ φιλόξεινοι, καὶ σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεοῦδής;
ῶς τέ με κουράων ἀμφήλυθε θῆλυς ἀυτή,
νυμφάων, αἱ ἔχουσ' ὄρέων αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα
καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσεα ποιήεντα.
ἢ νύ που ἀνθρώπων εἰμὶ σχεδὸν αὐδηέντων;
ἄλλ' ἄγ', ἔγών αὐτὸς πειρήσομαι ἡδὲ ἴδωμαι."

"Ως εἰπὼν θάμνων ὑπεδύσετο δῖος Ὁδυσσεύς,

σμερδαλέος δ' αὐτῇσε φάνη κεκακωμένος ἄλμη,
τρέσσαν δ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλη ἐπ' ἱένας προύχούσας·
οὖη δ' Ἀλκινόου θυγάτηρ μένε· τῇ γὰρ Ἀθήνη
θάρσος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε καὶ ἐκ δέος εἴλετο γυνῶν.
στῇ δ' ἄντα σχομένη· ὁ δὲ μεριμήριξεν Ὁδυσσεύς,
ἢ γούνων λίσσοιτο λαβῶν εὐώπιδα κούρην,
ἢ αἵτως ἐπέεσσιν ἀποσταδὰ μειλεχίοισε
λίσσοιτ', εἰ δείξειε πόλιν καὶ εἴματα δοίη.

ώς ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντε δοάσσατο κέρδειν εἶναι,
λίσσεσθαι ἐπέεσσιν ἀποσταδὰ μειλεχίοισι,
μή οἱ γοῦνα λαβόντε χολώσαιτο φρένα κούρη.
αὐτίκα μειλέχειν καὶ κερδαλέον φάτο μῆθον·

“Γουνοῦμά σε, ἄνασσα· θεός νύ τις ἡ βροτός ἐσσι;
εἰ μέν τις θεός ἐσσι, τοὺς οὐρανὸν εὔρυν ἔχουσιν,
Ἄρτεμιδί σε ἐγώ γε, Διὸς κούρη μεγάλοιο,
εἶδός τε μέγεθός τε φυήν τ’ ἄγχιστα ἐῖσκω·
εἰ δέ τις ἐσσι βροτῶν, τοὺς ἐπὶ χθονὶ ναιετάουσι,
τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μῆτηρ,
τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνητος μάλα πού σφισι θυμὸς
αἰὲν ἔϋφροσύνησιν ἵαίνεται εἴνεκα σεῖο,
λευσσόντων τοιόνδε θάλος χορὸν εἰσοιχνεῦσαν.
κεῖνος δ’ αὖ περὶ κῆρε μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
δις κέ σ’ ἐέδνοισι βρέσας οἰκόνδ’ ἀγάγηται.
οὐ γάρ πω τοιοῦτον ἐγώ ἵδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
οὕτ’ ἄνδρ’ οὕτε γυναῖκα· σέβας μ’ ἔχει εἰσορόωντα.

ώς σέ, γύναι, ἄγαμαί τε τέθηπά τε δείδιά τ’ αἰνῶς
γούνων ἄφασθαι· χαλεπὸν δέ με πένθος ἱκάνει.
χθιζός ἐεικοστῷ φύγον ἥματε οὖνοπα πόντον·
τόφρα δέ μ’ αἰεὶ κῦμ’ ἐφόρει κραυπναί τε θύελλαι
νήσου ἀπ’ Ὡρυγίης· νῦν δ’ ἐνθάδε κάββαλε δαίμων,
ὅφρα τί που καὶ τῇδε πάθω κακόν· οὐ γάρ δέω
παύσεσθ’, ἀλλ’ ἔτε πολλὰ θεοὶ τελέουσι πάροιθεν.
ἀλλά, ἄνασσ’, ἐλέαιρε· σὲ γάρ κακὰ πολλὰ μογήσας
ἔς πρωτην ἱκόμην, τῶν δ’ ἄλλων οὐ τινα οἰδα
ἀνθρώπων, οὐ τήνδε πόλιν καὶ γαῖαν ἔχουσιν.
ἄστυ δέ μοι δεῖξον, δδος δὲ ῥάκος ἀμφιβαλέσθαι,
εἴ τί που εἴλυμα σπείρων ἔχεις ἐνθάδ’ ἴοῦσα.
σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τόσα δοῖεν δσα φρεσὶ σῆσι μενοινᾶς,

ἄνδρα τε καὶ οἰκους καὶ διοφροσύνην ὀπάσειαν
ἐσθλήν· οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρείσσου καὶ ἄρειον,
ἡ δθ' διοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἰκους ἔχητον
ἀνὴρ ἡδὲ γυνὴ· πολλ' ἀλγεα δυσμενέεσσι,
χάρματα δ' εὔμενέτησι· μάλιστα δέ τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῖς.”

“Ἡ ρά, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοισι κέλευσε·
“στῆτέ μοι, ἀμφίπολοι· πόσε φεύγετε φῶτα ἵδοῦσαι;
ἢ μή πού τινα δυσμενέων φάσθ; ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν;
οὐκ ἔσθ; οὐτος ἀνὴρ διερὸς βροτὸς οὐδὲ γένηται,
δις κεν Φαιήκων ἀνδρῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἵκηται
δηϊοτῆτα φέρων· μάλα γὰρ φίλοι ἀθανάτοισιν.
οἰκέομεν δ' ἀπάνευθε πολυκλύστῳ ἐνὶ πόντῳ,
ἔσχατος, οὐδέ τις ἄμμι βροτῶν ἐπιμέσγεται ἄλλος.
ἄλλ' ὅδε τις δύστηνος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνει,
τὸν νῦν χρὴ κομέειν· πρὸς γὰρ Διός εἰσιν ἄπαντες
ξεῖνοί τε πτωχοί τε, δόσις δ' ὀλίγη τε φίλη τε.
ἄλλὰ δότ', ἀμφίπολοι, ξεῖνων βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε,
λούσατέ τ' ἐν ποταμῷ, δθ' ἐπὶ σκέπας ἔστ' ἀνέμοιο.”

ώς ἄρα τῷ κατέχειε χάριν κεφαλῇ τε καὶ ὥμοις.
ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιῶν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσης,
κάλλεῃ καὶ χάρεσι στίλβων· θηεῖτο δὲ κούρη.
δή ρά τότ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·

“Κλῦτέ μεν, ἀμφίπολοι λευκώλενοι, ὅφρα τι εἴπω.
οὐ πάντων ἀέκητε θεῶν, οὐ "Ολυμπον ἔχουσι,
Φαιήκεσσος" ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐπιμέσγεται ἀντιθέοισι·
πρόσθεν μὲν γὰρ δή μοι ἀεικέλεος δέατ' εἶναι,
νῦν δὲ θεοῖσιν ἔοικε, τοὺς οὐρανὸν εύροντες.
αλλ' γὰρ ἔμοι τοιόσδε πόσις κεκλημένος εἴη
ἐνθάδε ναιετάων, καὶ οἱ ἄδοι αὐτόθι μύμνειν.

ἀλλὰ δότ', ἀμφίπολοι, ξείνῳ βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε."

"Ως ἔφαθ', αἰ δ' ἄρα τῆς μάλα μὲν κλύον ἥδ' ἐπίθουντο,

πάρ δ' ἄρ' Ὁδυσσῆς ἔθεσαν βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε.

ἢ τοι δὲ πᾶνε καὶ ἡσθε πολύτλας δῖος Ὁδυσσεὺς
ἀρπαλέως· δηρὸν γὰρ ἐδητύος ἦν ἄπαστος.

Αὐτὰρ Ναυσικά λευκάλενος ἄλλ' ἐνόησεν
εἴματ' ἄρα πτύξασα τέθει καλῆς ἐπ' ἀπήνης,
ζεῦξεν δὲ ἡμίόνους κρατερώνυχας, ἀν δὲ ἔβη αὐτῇ.
ἄτρυνεν δὲ Ὁδυσῆα, ἕπος τούτου ἔφατ' ἔκ τούτου δύομαζεν.

"Ορσεο δὴ νῦν, ξεῖνε, πόλεινδ' ἔμεν, ὅφρα σε πέμψω
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πρὸς δῶμα δαΐφρονος, ἔνθα σέ φημι
πάντων Φασήκων εἰδησέμεν ὅσσοι ἄριστοι.
ἄλλὰ μάλιστα ὠδ' ἔρδειν δοκέεις δέ μοι οὐκ ἀπινύσσειν
ὅφρος ἀν μέν καὶ ἀγροὺς ἵομεν καὶ ἔργος ἀνθρώπων,
τόφρα σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι μεθ' ἡμίόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν
καρπαλέμως ἔρχεσθαι· ἐγὼ δὲ δόδον ἡγεμονεύσω.
αὐτὰρ ἐπήν πόλειος ἐπιβήσομεν ἦν πέρι πύργος

τῶν ἀλεείνω φῆμιν ἀδευκέα, μή τις ὀπίσσω
μωμεύῃ· μάλα δὲ εἰσὶν ὑπερφέαλοι κατὰ δῆμον·
καὶ νύ τις ὠδὲ εἴπησι κακώτερος ἀντιβολήσας·
"τίς δέ" ὅδε Ναυσικά ἔπειτα καλές τε μέγας τε
ξεῖνος; ποῦ δέ μιν εὔρε; πόσιες νύ οἱ ἔσσεται αὐτῇ.
ἢ τινά που πλαγχθέντα κομίσσατο ἡς ἀπὸ νηδὸς
ἀνδρῶν τηλεδαπῶν, ἐπεὶ οὖτις εἴγυθεν εἰσιν·
ἢ τίς οἱ εὔξαμένη πολυάρητος θεὸς ἥλθεν
οὐρανόθεν καταβάς, ἔξει δέ μιν ἤματα πάντα.
βέλτερον, εἰ καύτῃ περ ἐποιχομένη πόσιν εὔρεν
ἄλλοθεν· ἢ γὰρ τούσδε γ' ἀτεμάζει κατὰ δῆμον

Φαίηκας, τοί μν μνῶνται πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοί·”
ῶς ἐρέουσιν, ἐμοὶ δέ κ' ὄνείδεα ταῦτα γένοιτο.

Ἐνθα καθεζόμενος μεῖνας χρόνον, εἰς ὁ κεν ἡμεῖς
ἀστυδε ἔλθωμεν καὶ ἱκώμεθα δώματα πατρός.
ἀώταρ ἐπὴν ἡμέας ἔλπη ποτὶ δώματ' ἀφῆθαι,
καὶ τότε Φαίήκων ἔμεν ἐς πόλιν ἥδ' ἐρέεσθαι
δώματα πατρὸς ἐμοῦ μεγαλήτορος Ἀλκενόοιο.
φεῖα δ' ἀρίγνωτ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἀν πᾶς ἡγήσατο
νήπιος. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι ἐοικότα τοῖσι τέτυκται
δώματα Φαίήκων, οἷος δόμος Ἀλκενόοιο
ἡρωος. ἀλλ' ὅπτετ' ἄν σε δόμος κεκύθωσε καὶ ὡλῇ,
ῶκα μάλα μεγάροιο διελθέμεν, ὅφρ' ἄν ἔκηαι
μητέρ' ἐμήν· ἡ δ' ἡσταὶ ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,
ἡλάκατα στρωφῶσ' ἀλιπόρφυρα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
κίονι κεκλιμένη· δμῳαὶ δέ οἱ ἤστ' ὅπισθεν.
Ἐνθα δὲ πατρὸς ἐμοῖο θρόνος ποτικέκλιται αὐτῇ,
τῷ ὁ γε οἰνοποτάζει ἐφήμενος ἀθάνατος ὡς.
τὸν παραμειψάμενος μητρὸς ποτὶ γούνασι χεῖρας
βάλλειν ἡμετέρης, ἵνα νόστιμον ἤμαρ ὕδηαι
χάρων καρπαλίμως, εἰ καὶ μάλα τηλόθεν ἐσσί.
[εἴ κέν τοι κείνη γε φίλα φρονέησ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ἔλπωρή τοι ἔπειτα φίλους τ' ἰδέειν καὶ ἱκέσθαι
οἶκον ἔϋκτίμενον καὶ σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.]”

“Ως ἄρα φωνήσασ’ ἤμασεν μάστιγε φαεινῇ
ἡμέρουσι· αἱ δ' ὡκα λέπον ποταμοῖο ρέεθρα.
αἱ δ' εὖ μὲν τρώχων, εὖ δὲ πλέσσοντο πόδεσσιν.
ἡ δὲ μάλ’ ἡνιόχευεν, ὅπως ἀμ’ ἐποίατο πεζοὶ
ἀμφίπολοι τ' Ὁδυσεύς τε· νόψι δ' ἐπέβαλλεν ἡμάσθλην·

— HOMER, Odyssey, vi. 12-320.

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ἢκ δ' ἀσαμένθου βὰς ἄνδρας μέτα οἰνοποτῆρας
ἥσε· Ναυσικάα δὲ θεῶν ἅπο κάλλος ἔχουσα
στῇ δα παρὰ σταθμὸν τέγεος πύκα ποιητοῖο,
θαύμαζεν δ' Ὁδυσῆα ἐν ὁφθαλμοῖσιν ὄρωσα,
καὶ μὲν φωνήσασ' ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηγύδα·

“*Xaῖρε, ξεῖν*”, ζνα καὶ ποτ’ ἐών ἐν πατρίδει γαῖη
μνήσῃ ἐμεῖ”, ὅτι μοι πρώτῃ ζωάγρι’ ὁφέλεις.”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητες Ὁδυσσεύς·
“*Ναυσικάα, θύγατερ μεγαλήτορος Αλκινόοιο,*
οὕτω νῦν Ζεὺς θείη, ἐρέγδουπος πόσεις *Ηρης,*
οἴκαδέ τ' ἐλθέμεναι καὶ νόστεμον ἥμαρ ἵδεσθαι·
τῷ κέν τοι καὶ κεῖθι θεῷ ὡς εὐχετοῦμην
αἰεὶ ἥματα πάντα· σὺ γάρ μ' ἐβιώσαο, κούρη.”

— HOMER, Odyssey, viii. 456-468.

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